

## Ol d factory, Ol d man

Omnipresent disinfecting, old smell in the air,  
lingering the hallways, wafting to the place of despair.  
To confirm it was you,  
ingrained in my ol d factory, it was true.  
In the bowels of the hospital that day,  
there we stood stiff in disbelief and dismay.

Pungent coffee, burned and disgraced, for sitting too long on its hot plate.  
Impatiently also waiting for me on that April date.  
Promise of a perk, and aroma of a hard, bitter tomorrow,  
disappointment that its pungence was the only thing noticed in my sorrow.

Caramel coloured rotary phone, a sweet ring and the voice of my matriarch, so calm.  
How could she remain so composed, emitting a balm?  
Attempts to soothe the agony of the sharpest dart,  
so violently and abruptly piercing my heart.

Not a trance nor a spell.  
Your heart stopped, mine broke harder, into the abyss of a hell.  
To think that call on the wall was the truth,  
smelling of uncertain beginnings and an unjust end to my youth.

Dewiness and stench of a dingy basement suite,  
juxtaposed with prospect of a neuropsych exam, a potential feat.  
Similar to an omission of a coffee perk  
on this day, nor any that year would this work.

Notes in the nostril of exhausted shagged rug,  
patchouli and sweat of a yukonner, the warmth of their hug.

Olfactory blues,  
imbedded in the intermingled archives of my hippocampus and amygdala too.  
That day making history.  
Salt of the earth you were, engulfing my nostrils, direct flight to the epicentres of the mystery.

No frills, kind of guy. Cedar, smoky, peaty scotch buttered up with some ice,  
Irish Spring soap and the stickiest of rice.  
Spruce needles, water kissed fossils and wet slate we would smell at Labarge.  
Like rain on pavement but better, an essence to recharge.

Mosquito bites and waterside forehead kisses,  
still moments of reminisces.  
Wafts of wild chives and lupine so sweet,  
the promise of summer on its way with its meat.

Recalled are the whiffs in my bulb, olfactory blues,  
the gritty nitty clues  
for the journey ahead.

Sweet colostrum and warm new breath,  
not enough sweet new being to offset the death.  
Omnipresent smell of disinfectant and new,  
rich coffee with the fixings a creamy, spicy brew.  
Inferno its called as I curl up and deeply breathe in.  
A sigh of relief while enveloping my kin.