

## SEASONS

The wind

Going over on the ferry

On a summer night, it is 9pm

But not getting dark here

Running up the highway

Nostrils filled with dust

I can smell Fireweed

And the trees by the roadside

Though I cannot identify them

Only interrupted by the exhaust

Of an occasional passing truck

It is dry now

Though it has rained so much this year

When we sandbagged in the spring

The scent of mud and wet sand

The sweat of those working together

To aid their neighbours

Reinvigorated by hot coffee

Relief from,

The persistent damp

That follows you everywhere

I learned a new skill this summer  
Made a medicine bag down in Vancouver  
Mint and sweetgrass  
So close to the ocean  
The air was different  
The medicine bag will remind me  
Of my time there  
Scent evokes the strongest memories  
Changing times and changing seasons

Soon running up the highway  
Will smell like winter  
Fresh snow and dropping temperatures  
And the reassuring wood smoke.