

A MEMORY

The hiss of the striking match
and then the smoke from his thick cigar
plumes the air and encases him
in an optical illusionary cloud;
a mystery figure – tall, dark, sun kissed skin,
short greying hair frames a striking face.
Under his tilted Panama
the red silk shirt collar just
visible beneath a well cut suit.
An aroma of pine cones from his cologne
mates with the rich cigar smoke.
In the distance of his framed picture image
an abundance of dark flowers,
sea blues and crimsons
lock the picture safe in a childhood memory
caught somewhere between stories of the
mermaids and monsters in the deep wide ocean
and something called reality.