

Bubblegum in the bathroom

(For Nina)

The bathroom cabinet smells like bubblegum.
It is evocative, vivid, unexpected,
creating a sensation
that somehow, some way, something
was taken out of time.
The smell, like a taste of childhood;
a surprise, stuffed between
the skin cream and dental floss.

It is familiar, pleasant, known
standing firmly above all the differences;
the everyday unusual, unfamiliar,
foreign.

This scent, the bubblegum,
is a small bit of me
a piece to count among the others
scattered around here like stray confetti
reflecting bits of America and Canada
within the heart of Germany.

These small specks of identity
speak much louder than whispered memory,
they announce a presence
a purpose.

I am no longer a tourist
I live here
I have weight.

Steven J. Sackinger
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MMX