

**Hazy** by Ruby Higgins

He knows what it smells like

Even if he hasn't been there for three years.

He knows what the dust suspended in the sunlight coming through the window looks like.

He knows every bump and groove in the oak bed frame that he would lie in and think

(in the smallest of voices) "Sometimes I wish I were back there

so that I could be reminded of what wishing to be here feels like."

In his mind he knew such thoughts were shameful.

Well, now he is back there. There is bad, there makes him homesick. There has become here.

He knows what it smells like,

Even if he can't fully remember a conversation with his long gone grandfather.

To go back would be like being released from prison after twenty years.

One day he'll wake up as an old man

And he'll remember everything his grandfather taught him.

Until then, he will try to find the smell in other places, even though it's likely he'll fail.