

## The Secret Place

How does the mind know a smell?  
How is it that I can breathe in some mixture  
Of rain and grass  
And find myself lying  
On a concrete roof, miles from where I stand?

The way the ground was warm against my back and palms,  
The sight of an emerald growth of trees and vines beyond the city lights,  
Flooding in without notice?

And then, I recall the smell of the rain.  
That mucky rain that begins and ends when it deems proper,  
And that very rain that smells of a memory not 'oft repeated.

I am there now, in that memory, as much as I was years ago,  
When dark clouds loomed over a silent jungle, threatening to roar,  
In agony I suppose.

Or, as this I would rather perceive,  
They cry and lash out only to prove they cannot be tamed -  
That they will remain in their secret place,  
Just as that rooftop remains a secret place to all those  
Who cannot be taken there by the smell of the rain.