Lemon-Scented

by Alyssa Wolford

My home is a garden of its own,

The walls lined with aromas galore.

The source of it quite unknown

But leaves me wanting more.

Mommy smells of caramel strawberries,

The flavor of a sweet soul,

The red shining as her heart carries

Her sweet drizzle of gold.

Father is of pineapple and avocado,

Soft with hard skins and seeds,

Never leaves dreams to the fate of tomorrow,

Just the texture that Mommy needs.

Mr. Whiskers is roasted peanuts

As his warm fur brushes my face.

We saved him, but his paws still have cuts,

And memories we cannot replace.

As for me and the smell of my story,

I’m sour, but not quite demented.

My soul is restless and ever free.

I believe that I am lemon scented,

That’s the scent my parents intended.