Scent

Bianchi, Maurizio

My brain is haunted by this scent
it takes me back to a past event
it's like a drug that I need every day
I need to preserve it, have to get it my wayForever I'll have this desire
this scent - keeps me alive and fills my soul
Forever engulfed by its fire
this scent - consumes my mind and takes controlThe feelings I get when memory comes back
goves me something in my life I lack
it takes me awat to the place I seek
and my being reaches its highest peakI follow the trail it leaves behind
boxing it up is on my mind
preserving this scent is my aim
I satisfy my senses, that scent must sustain.

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