

ABOVE LAKE POCOTOPAUG

Leland Jamieson

How weird that in our wilderness
of scarlet oak and maple wood
I seem to sniff a fragrant mess

of chestnuts roasting within a hood
a street-side vendor tends—he'd earn
a dollar if I'd stop. I would.

That roasted fragrance—slightest burn—
I can't, mid-summer, truly smell.
Must be my Proustian mind's return

to New York City—there to quell
my hunger for a holiday?
Or yet to peddle poems I sell?

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