

SMALL ECSTASIES

BY DIANA RAAB

After it rains, what about
the petanque
or the scent of roses?

What about the Quan Yin,
on my desk who radiates compassion?

Or the morning coffee brought by my love,
or opening a gift made by my grandchild?

What about the taste of milk chocolate
or a smores around a crackling fire pit
on a cool fall evening?

What about Rumi, my apricot puppy,
my muse, who paws the poem pages he likes?

So much of what we love
Is forgotten during the course of a day.

So much of what we remember,
a surprise, like
grandma's perfume, Soir de Paris,
that she applied the evening before
she took her life in my childhood home.

What about Madeleine moments—
like the smell of my grandson's Crayola crayons
bringing me back to own childhood,

or how he asks me to put his drawing



Snipping T
Screenshot c
Automaticall