

# Forgotten Paths

Julie A. Sellers

The scent of lilacs and cookies  
mingles on the April afternoon breeze.  
One would not be here  
without the other.  
It's all thanks to Jerry,  
up the street.  
"Pick yourself a bouquet,"  
he said, when he saw me  
stop to smell his lilacs,  
eyes closed, face upturned, enraptured.  
Jerry is retired,  
a skilled gardener.  
I am neither.  
And so, I took him at his word  
and traveled many a forgotten path  
on this perfume that carried me  
to abandoned gardens  
of years gone by.  
Later, when I knocked on his door  
with the plate of homemade cookies  
as my way of thanks,  
I saw a kindred light on Jerry's face.  
He took a bite, and  
eyes closed, face upturned, enraptured,  
he traveled a forgotten path of his own.