

Daisy

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Erin Andreucci

The first smell that I could identify
Whenever mom walked past me,
Or gave me a big hug
The smell of a field of daisies filled my nose
Walking into her bathroom,
I could even faintly smell it
Drifting through the air
Daisy was quite popular,
I would smell it
On others,
But it would only remind me
Of mom.
Mom getting ready for work,
Or a night out with friends
She would never forget to spray
Her Daisy.
Forgetting Daisy
Was equivalent to
Forgetting her purse,
Or a jacket,
Or even a shoe.
In mom's mind, there is no better smell
Then Daisy
For my twenty years of life
That smell has never changed
And it will always be a memory
No matter how far away I am,
Of mom.