

The Smell Of Morning

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(a splurge of 448 words)

My mornings smell different depending on the season. Not only nature's seasons, but the season of my life now I reflect from mature years - the third age as U3A reminds me every morning while eager students search for parking outside my house because their meeting place is at the end of the street.

I sleep with the window open and the noise of passing traffic and revving of parked cars plus their exhaust fumes can drift into the house when the southerly wind is blowing. The fumes are not the life threatening lead strains from years ago, but smelly all the same.

When my roses bloom and the geraniums flower the slightest breeze wafts their perfume into the bedroom because invariably the window is open wider in spring and summer. Up until a year ago several lavender bushes perfumed the garden too, but after 15 years they became more a woody brush than flowering bush - replaced with another hardy lavender that alas is not as scented.

When I first came to Mordialloc, the smell of horses, good and bad, always evident. Barkly street and several others housed large stables. The patch of grass frilling the railway line an ideal spot for horses to exercise, nibble on and leave reminders of their visit. Latterly, the same patch of grass I've renamed 'Shit Alley' because numerous pet owners walk their dogs, but refuse to do poop parade. The strip also becomes a bog in winter with an ever-increasing number of cars getting bogged.

I'm used to the smell of dogs because Aurora (now Josie) reminds me every morning of her presence, finding her way onto the bed during the night. Since John died I no longer wake to his masculine smell or snuggle under a doona where the smell of our sex lingered.

The kitchen smells radically different in the morning too since John has gone and the girls have grown up. His passion for Sunday brunch fry-up, and the scent of the greasy delight of bacon, eggs, fried bread, mushrooms, onions, no longer clings for hours to the walls. The girls nor I eat cooked breakfasts but occasionally a brunch will see me cook bacon and eggs for Mary.

It's winter now and the smell of dewed grass strong when I check the mailbox and the air heavy with the aroma from the rosemary bush and salty scents drifting from the seashore. After a stormy night the salt air tainted with the rubbish spewing out to sea from the storm water drains feeding into the huge pipeline at Parkdale/Mentone and there is always a strong smell of fish and seaweed after a night of heavy rain.