



INTO THE BANKS

Writing from Alexandre Dumas Elementary School, Hall and King Branch Libraries, and San Lucas Church.

Published by the Neighborhood Writing Alliance
Spring 2010

Journal of Ordinary Thought **Into the Banks** **Spring 2010**

Writing from Alexandre Dumas Elementary School, Hall and King Branch Libraries, and San Lucas Church.

Photography by [David Schalliol](#)

AROMAS **Alice Brown**

Coconut oil reminds me of my boyfriend when we first met. He smelled so smooth and sweet I thought he'd been with another woman.

I tried to remember that scent and see if he'd wear it again. He did.

But it wasn't from another woman—

he had the cologne in his bag, along with dozens of others.

For conversation's sake, he asked me to smell them.

And of all the bottles—

the sweetness of Calvin Klein,

the harshness of Halston,

the age of Old Spice,

the chocolate-chip aroma of Tommy Hilfiger—

I chose the coconut,

because I'd learned to trust his scent.

LAVENDER

Darlene Haynes

I was lavender like my sheets
when my pink socks were on,
and I felt like a little girl
running in the springtime.

My sister,
with her smiling red lips,
waved at me from the doorway,
happy that I could run again.

Gillian Beret, a muscle attacker, had taken the
power of mobility away,
and my eyes and left thumb were the only
movable things left,

yet
God, in His mercy, gave me power,
and like the wind I ran,
and
laughed,

and sang.

I was green with healthiness
and clear
on how to thank God for being able to walk
normally
down the street,
pink and giddy with good thoughts.

I had a second chance at life.

A miracle child!

Yes I was!

And as blessed and ecstatic as
my puppy was in his lovely lavender scarf,
there was healing in his yelps,
therapy in his licks,
and comfort in his warmth at my bedside.

QUAKE DAY

Marita A. DeMarinis

C'est la vie! Je voudrais un café au lait! Merci beaucoup ma mère! Au revoir!
Just another ordinary day...The sun is shining, the streets are full of people...
Some going somewhere and some going nowhere...

I live my life to the fullest! Okay, so I don't drink café au lait.
No money for the milk, but it sounds good.
I have watered down café,
As Mummy recycles the coffee grounds.

Did you say poverty? That I live in poverty?
Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? What is that?
Quel est le problème? What is the problem?

I have a good life and a good family who loves me.
I have food to eat, and I have a home to sleep in.
It may not be a lot, but it is enough.

Au revoir Mummy...off to the market square I go.
Red beans and rice tonight...
Red beans, red beans...
Hmmm...who would ever think red beans
Would change my life forever?!

Je voudrais les haricots rouges, s'il vous plaît.
Yes, that is it, I would like the red beans, please.
Rouge, Rouge...like the color of blood...

The sound of rouge starts to make the earth rumble...
The lights flicker on and off...
The hands of time stop forever...

O mon Dieu! Oh my God!
The windows are shattering...
The glass is shooting like arrows... the roof is caving in...
I feel the earth tremble, it started with a murmur...
Now the earth is growling like an angry dog!!!
Louder and louder...the earth is biting me with her angry teeth...
STOP, STOP...NO, NO, STOP EATING ME ALIVE!!!!

Mummy, Mummy...I forgot to tell you...
Je t'aime, Je t'aime, I Love You, I Love You...
Au revoir!