

Copyright ©  
04.2019

## Time Warp by Tracy Leigh

Today I caught a whiff of a nurse's perfume as she walked past me. I'd spent most of my morning nauseous and a bit disoriented so I sat very still breathing in the mildly clean fragrance. For a few moments I risked an asthma attack to reflect on what it is like to smell like a lady. Mild fragrances, associated with the feminine pleasures I'm accustomed to, sent memory lane whirring at warped speed through my cranial archives.

Oh how I yearn for home, my life as it should be, not the hellacious time capsule I'm trapped in. I still hope I'll wake up one day and find this was all a terrible nightmare as a result of too many scary movies or an over indulgence of uncompromising spicy food.

As the nurse walked by again my throat choked up a bit, tears formed in my eyes. I was unsure if it was due to my reminiscing or the allergic reaction to yet another lengthy inhalation of the welcomed fragrance. Jerked back to reality by a voice speaking to me, I'm positive only a few minutes had passed, but I had unexpectantly spent them somewhere other than here.

Tracy Leigh Camburn

Tracy Leigh - Pen Name  
Huron Valley Women's  
3201 Bemis Rd.  
Ypsilanti, MI 48197

resentencing ~ Short Story