

Elizabeth Glines

A fabricated sea breeze

Growing up relatively close to the water, a random Boston sea breeze was a frequent event. We would be outside on the porch watching the constant summer movement of the surrounding people when a certain whoosh sound would rattle the trees from that one special direction. Everyone would turn their heads, freeze and take in the salty air.

I figured that Manhattan would be no different, but the overwhelming potency of life in this city, which ironically is often filled with cigarettes and greasy food, often overwhelms my senses.

While walking down 8th Ave, not too far from the river, I inhaled deeply, after almost being hit by a car. I felt a breeze but it was from an odd direction. The rustle in a nearby tree told me this mighty wind had come from the ocean. I tilted my head back, and let my nostrils fill like a parachute with sea fresh air. I closed my eyes and held my salty lungs in for one long moment. I hadn't felt this free of interruption for a long time. How could this exist in such a complex place? Slowly the scent began to break down. What I thought was authentic ocean air, unraveled into a disappointing collection of Chinese food, dried piss and stale cigarettes. Who knew that the formula for making the freshest scent consisted of such rancid ingredients!