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Redolence

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Jennifer K. Dick

Redolence

There are only pages

Tuned in

Perfumed

The beginnings of things (turn round)

A hand can hold a petal cannot contain

Open the boxed scent

Lowling bottle crawl

The oil in her capped hair cupped

Prop crucible cacophony

This pickled netting

Soured sensation of breath breathing

A wriggled nose (wrinkling)

Basin of silk worm larvae

Taste

Upon the hill an enfolded graveyard

Azure amnesiac ebb

To where do we fold up

Clock's even trickle

Figures fustian forensics

Bank teller counting down notes

Inhale the beach's slow decline

Exhale as automatic

Pressed

To hold under slide layers

absorb

Waxed

To extract

Curved street-curl rising above village

Pomegranate

rose

tulip

Gathered in baskets

Market lemons grown brown

Breeze certain as seasons

Eau de toilette

essential oil

A watch stopped

wreckage

Nautilus or nostril

Swirl in low tide-pools wading

Wait at horizon slip for slide

Sail

broom

bracken

Glide back into shore

And where would she be without them

And where are each of us climbing to

Inclined

calculations

apraxia

An abrasive voice tickling the hairs of her nose

Recoil is to leap as harmony is to nail

A page leafing through a book

Barometer falling

Pleonastic

plummet

Steal into the morgue at night

Pasts finger (figure in)

Pool compressed plumes encased in an oily surface

Frames fauna

fumbling

Chlorine of her gaze

The marital / martial

Couplings between paper mâché

Sedimentation oaken glare

graze

Porous volcanic rock

distill

Clasp glass walls at the edge of a (measured) city

Calibrate

Effectiveness and purity of the machine

Rice powder cardboard oval

To touch her wisping breath

Face

Could a whisper reach

foam

Dream-serpent molded in crystal bottle

An appendix an epigram brothel

Stone

silver

papyrus

Tourists turning on the roundabout

Itemized merchandise to offload

Froth

A miniature collectible

Confiscate false vocalization

Ocean-sea

She says a book is

Churning gurgle snap

An Italian remiss at the bordered crossing

Oceano-mare house of fog

Porch door sliding past to enter

Her

This illusion of scent

An odor familiar

Re-collected

Lions to dig her a grave

Gravure glaze geranium

Pastel walls and objects

Shattered windows and gutted buildings

Cat-tiptoe oversill

Aromatic factory crushed undertire

Receding wave

Sweet as almond soap

Remorse

Marseille downriver or wind

Fragonard *Lalique* *Chanel*

Gifts or a horn from a civet

Concentric rendez-vous

Unabashed resting place for castor oil and musk sacks

Her dainty reflections