

Scent Reception and Binding

St. John's Head

Leah Huizar



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Some sudden flash in the silk
shirt passing, purple air

carrying a particular salt.
The warm rubber of summer

sneakers & suggestion of Guess
perfume but from where? When?

What girl was I
then? Just under

the tongue, long emptied
shells drift back to a churning

gray shore. I won't succeed in re-grasping
whatever it was that must

once have been
important. I stood on the street

nearly touching a fold in time, the esters
of an afternoon from the last

millennium, carried away
on some stranger's passing body.

St. John's Head

Autumn's ether carries the currents of a distant
clash: *Those* people; *my* backyard. God only knows.
We take no evidence. We absorb no change
in our routine. We go to bed

and rise again, year over year. One night,
a moment's precision will mattered more than

the others. Boom. Break. Deep
as night in the country. That's how it'll go,

isn't it? The air, the autumn,
the accretion of unease,

the leaves thick on my boots.
The waiting for cold fire to take the last

leaf on the last branch
of this maple and like a revelation, Saint

John's stained-glass pattern will shatter
over pews some unexpected Someday,

on a morning when no morning arrives,
and the silver sun is no sun,

and swift cold flashes split the clouds;
I might believe,

selfishly, finally, only, that the world would end,
the morning it ends for me.



Leah Huizar

Leah Huizar is a Mexican-American writer and poet originally from Southern California. Her creative writing and research centers on the cultural and historic landscape of the West Coast and the ways in which gender, religion, and colonization have shaped it. Her first book of poems, *Inland Empire*, was published by Noemi Press. She holds an MFA from Penn State and is an assistant professor of English at Drake University. She can be found online at leahhuizar.com.