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.
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.