

the origin of perfume

by Jerry Ratch

I see young girls in their white summer dresses and remember how I was like that, light youth that barely touched the ground. Screwing and unscrewing the lid of a salt shaker (sitting at a table.) Swinging a shoe off the tip of my toes. Rubbing a foot up and down the leg of the table.

And I watch a young couple across the street. They are on a search in new cheap clothing to find the gaiety of life. They go from store to store. They are really living. I know that this is what they will remember of each other. This, and their floating nights, near the ceiling of their youth.

And I remember reading a book (in a dream) entitled, *"The Origin of Perfume."* And I was in it, and it smelled exactly like you.

