

# no more than a scent

*by* Juan Carlos Pareja

Art evades me persistently.  
Tonight is no exception.

Outside, the bitter wind blows:  
suddenly, an oddity comes to mind  
a memory, a glance.

A mid summer night  
heavy and tainted  
under the neon lights.

A foolish smile invites me in  
come through the threshold of sin  
she appears to whisper.

Her dark, silky hair  
melts into the  
blanket of night.

Her thighs exude weakness  
and her eyes, her powerful eyes  
kindly request a cease-fire  
of rational thought.

Calmly we fly away,  
into the night and through  
the Pillars of creation.

Electrons and neutrons  
and even the quirky quarks dance  
to the rhythm of us.

Glorious nebulas guide us  
responding to my despotic  
and all-mighty snap.

We travel,  
unblinking and uncontrolled  
straight into Leonardo's  
immaculate hands.

Who receives us joyful  
and victorious,  
holding the taste of immortality  
on the tip of his tongue.

All that I am  
I owe to your mystery eyes,  
I whisper to her.

Suddenly this never ending  
blanket that I call solitude  
unfolds  
and I find myself again  
in this god forsaken place.

Yet somewhere in my mind  
Eternity hides, all of her.  
Hidden from reality;  
no more than a scent.

