

Faux de Toilette

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There are
two thousand odes to
a woman's
scent

My own smell: desperation
and whiskey
hopelessness and smoke
fear and
the gratuitous garlic of
my last meal

I find myself browsing
the perfume aisles
till my olfactory center implodes
sweet raspberry turns
sickly with my sweat
faultless floral mutates on my throat:
a misplaced mask
on my wrist, seductive cinnamon
just sedates

I try them all
a decathelon of crystalline bottles
as if I could find it:
the one that denies my truth
and defines
a perfect feminine