

HOME

Woman Two: Smells never change. The seasons change and change. Winter to spring to fall. But the smells never change. The smell of the rooms. The grave-like smell of the rooms that house the displaced faces. Smelling of Sloan's Liniment or alcohol or witch hazel, or urine, or Youth Dew or Chanel Number Five, or minks, or diamonds, or vomit and cuss words, or heat or cold, or longing. The smoky, dry, white hot summer of the urban genre has once again turned to winter. Bundle up, bird. Bundle up tight. Not much heat this year. Even less than last. Smelling of radiators, rust and steam. Pipes clanging and banging. The animal smells of vice and the low-life. As you watch from your window, in your cubicle of a room. Smells of the legit life. Add to the smells of your loneliness. But the dead promises of the wonderland have no smells. Steak, champagne, tossed salad with Russian have no smells. But frost from your mouth smells. "Far from natural space and place old smoothie," has a very pungent smell. Garbage and neon lights smell. But blues and jazz in the middle of the night and the good life, have no smells. But frost from your mouth smells. Freezing smells.