

SANDRA KOHLER

Scent

This morning the air's scented with cinnamon,
with yeast, but I still smell last night's lamb, its
garlic, rosemary, oil. I want to start the new with
loose ends tied up, a clean sweep of the cobwebs
of the undone and undoable. It can't be done.

The day is hard, crystalline, light-filled. How
old I feel, how unripe. I need green boughs,
incense, an intense concentration on ridding
the air the aura the self of what lingers on
unwanted, unpurged: the implacable past.



ABOUT SANDRA KOHLER

Sandra Kohler is the author of *Improbable Music* (WordTech Communications 2011), *The Ceremonies of Longing* (University of Pittsburgh Press 2003), and *The Country of Women* (Calyx Books 1995). Her work has also appeared in *The New Republic*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Notre Dame Review*, and *Cider Press Review*. She received a PhD in English language and literature from Bryn Mawr College and lives in Dorchester, Massachusetts.

