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soap poem!

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soap poem

I hadn't thought about it until the evening I was back at my mother's house. Grandma was quietly and happily dead and the hand soap in the bathroom smelled painfully of geraniums. The smell was so strongly tied to the lobby of his apartment building I nearly fainted and vowed immediately never to use the hand soap again so as to protect the smell from being repainted in the image of this moment. As quickly as I had promised never to smell the smell again I cupped my clean hands flush over my face and breathed deeply as if practicing yoga or an exercise for quelling anxiety. I breathed in my hands and let them fall, closing my eyes, and returned to the sink to wash them again.

and again

I remembered more each time until it peaked and by the end of it the smell only invoked some vague longing, an orange floral hand soap label, and a familiar porcelain sink. Anyway he was still dead and I would probably never have the door code to that building with the lobby that smelled like geraniums and even if I did the smell would probably be different and it would be darker in there and he would not be there or be upstairs waiting because he would be dead. After this I felt there was something I was forgetting that I had meant to remember but I only saw an expanse of clean, matte gray tiles with a black elevator at the end that only goes up.