

the flower children who grew up  
to be the middle aged women  
making scented soaps and bath salts  
as well as meditation candles  
and spiritually named incense  
noticed how much money  
i had been spending with them  
and asked me if  
they could make a bar of soap  
with a scent my wife would like the most.

not hesitating i said of course.  
they asked what scent should they use.  
i looked at the whole earth five of them  
and said the scent  
of my sweaty groin.

profound silence for ten seconds in the eternal  
followed by twittering laughter.

continuing i said if you are sincere...  
turn off the air conditioner  
i will need a fresh vial  
and a sweat scraper.

ten seconds in the eternal.  
wf.h.  
2024