

## **Perfume**

We were six years old

My cousin aka sister

Moved to my side of the street

And her house had

A big backyard-

Big enough

For a magnolia tree.

We would visit the tree

Just to sniff,

The aroma nothing like

The street in Brooklyn

Where we lived.

We had a collective idea

To make magnolia perfume

From the dropped petals.

Moms gave us buckets

To fill with water.

We collected

Every last petal

And squeezed them

In the water,

Hoping a scent

Would appear.

Days and days

Of checking

And one day  
The water was fragrant!  
We shouted success  
And the moms supplied us  
With bottles to fill  
To give as gifts to  
Family, friends, neighbors.

High school junior  
The school assignment:  
Write about something  
You know now  
That you did not know  
Earlier in your life  
Mom suggests:  
'The magnolia perfume story.'  
"Story?"  
"Yeah" Mom says  
"About how your cousin's  
Mom and I poured cheap  
Perfume in the buckets  
So your experiment  
Would work."  
"Oh." I said  
"Oh."

