

November 2019

The Bath and Body Works for Existing

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Recommended Citation

Barfield, Lillian (2019) "The Bath and Body Works for Existing," *The Anthology*. Vol. 2019, Article 13.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2019/iss1/13>

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College smells like debt people collect trying to be better than their parents
Work smells like the cash women shove in their dollar tree bras after they
go on a jog
Home smells like red clay mud outside of a double wide trailer parked by a
two-lane street
Vacation smells like sewage running through miles of salty ocean air
Girls' night smells like sandals with craters in the soles thrown beside a
dumpster
Date night smells like Mario after he runs those laps in that same unwashed
cherry hat every day
Christmas smells like cookie dough being baked with hot sauce and vinegar
and spoiled milk
New Year's smells like Veego bourbon mixed with four locos
Home smells like hurricanes inside a trash compactor
Still we pretend life smells like oatmeal raisin cookies easing through the
wind
and the smoke of too cozy fireplaces like the one's in a rom-com
and the unbearably gross cologne of a stable and compatible boyfriend
and it even smells like a race track after everyone has left
it doesn't matter how poignant each scent is or how
long it lasts because
it's whatever keeps the mental breakdowns a few inches away
and those last way longer than a few whiffs of waste and stale liquor
so we'll pretend the only remedy is fragrances with catchy names
like "togetherness at the holidays"
to hide the fact that they are all named
"Keep going, you'll die one day anyways."