# FALL / WINTER 2025

# Perfume Area

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#### Jorum Studio, "Arborist"

Voles swiftly scurried from one simmering vat of pear cordial to another, while a red squirrel deftly plaited acorn flour dough into pine nut-studded wreaths. Hedgehogs rolled casks of spikenard mead out from the vaulted cellar. No less than six dormice on three ladders assembled the wobbly layers of a towering sticky quince, malted meadowcream, and damson syrup-soaked sponge trifle. Hawthorn and blackberry were among the hedgerow bounty foraged by a leap of hares, who had just returned from a torchlit evening scout, their woolen cloaks redolent with pinebark pitch and singed peat moss.

Head abbey chef Melric Mouldywarpe chuckled with delight at the first swig of December ale from his favorite flagon. Standing before the great woodfire oven, he excitedly surveyed the monastery kitchen. Despite this moment of satisfaction, there was still much to be done before the great banquet could be served. In between bites of honeyed oat loaf, he issued orders to the brigade. 'Whurr be they crock of greengage jam? Take care not to curdle yon

custard, Oi'll help ya with it inna morment. Well get on with it now, or it'll be dawnen before we finish platin' the rabserry pudden!'

# **36**

### d'Annam, "White Rice"

A square that is soft. Virtual, rendered, not unlike fat. If you could bite the Blender cube, instead of pressing X to delete it. Several plates of coconut jelly jiggling in unison on an airborne dimsum steam cart, sweating slightly, silken. God's manicured hand descends from even higher in the sky, holding an oversize loose powder puff, dusting finely milled nebulae and other such cosmic starch over six surfaces. For 24 earth hours, the UV index is zero even though *Baby*, the stars shine bright.

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#### Pearfat, "Stomped on Bed of Lettuce"

The aroma of onion peel and some other vegetal discards, caught in the kitchen sink drain, steeping in Chef Boyardee beefaroni tomato product, lingers as you rinse, and transfer the dishes into the adjacent dishwasher. Standing over the kitchen sink, staring at a dishwashing detergent pod like candy in your palm, a seemingly incongruous memory surfaces. One small joy of travel is visiting the local medical museum at your destination, particularly institutions with pathology-focused collections. With a mirthful grin, you remember that the [REDACTED] in [REDACT-ED] was custodian to many antique wax anatomical models, in excellent condition, of various necrotizing maladies. One such moulage depicted a gangrenous infection on the afflicted's back: something green, orange, and yellow erupting out of the center of a textured pale surface with a doughy pallor. But all you could discern (especially because the rectangular specimen was elegantly framed in a French blue checkered fabric reminiscent of bistro table linens), is how much it looked like a chicken pot pie, or really, any sort of oven-baked casserole with a crusty top.

# **ዕዕዕዕ** Mallo, "ARC"

In a tall forest a phone call rings, but instead of sound it's light. The message is a clear arc beam hovering over a tree clearing. A mythical flower blooms, which means, sun shines in winter, regally. Healing happens when three times pass, two circles of light shine simultaneously, and one humid evergreen earth-kaleidoscope imagines a total solar eclipse in mountainous midair. Serenity is always in harmony, in a calm spiritual way, and my favorite messages are environments.

#### 200

#### Byredo, "Infloresence"

A clear angelic wave harmonizes with a soap bubble. Everything is bright green and light, blinding you slightly, but in a linear way. Spring is here and it's the 1990s, and the day is young. Your mother reminds you that tiny bell shaped blossoms play an important role in your life as it begins to lightly rain outside. Simplicity is sweet and energetic. You sing to yourself, celebrating this realization. You never need to surprise god. Heaven is simple.