

Carnet de Bal

A Perfume by Revillion, Discontinued

In the old bottle the few drops I still have are carefully put away.
I use a bit each anniversary in salutation;
untattered item of my wedding dress.
Signature quest of every trip to France
where we search for dregs:
Est-ce que vous avez Carnet de Bal?

I hunt for something half as good;
“This scent might do.” And never does.
Nothing wears like fog, like aura,
like air-lock, like a silk robe I never have on and never take off,
like a lover sleeping in my hair
the pull waking me when I turn in the night.

If you go I'll dab it once in passion's honor;
it's all I can afford.
The rest goes with my will.
When my ashes come, mix it in and scatter them
in Alhambra's gardens—my dust-dry minerals and a perfume
to awaken the slumbering princes and make memorial tributes bloom.

Ellen Peckham

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