

The Scent of Becoming

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Once, fragrance was intense-
crushed petals dipped in silence,
offering whispered chimes onto self,
dressed on the pulsating hands.

Now, the incense hovers in glass,
branded by rustic hands on shelves of
reflection,
each a promise:
the scent will make you sense,
this world that you belong.

But both the atomizer and the perfume
speak the same tongue:

how they choose to be remembered.

A drop on the wrist,
a dab off the cuff:
the wind whispered through the wild jasmine,
or a pensive mist quiet after rain.

The gentle plume dissolves,
and so do we:
our careful choices evaporating



into thin air,
leaving only traces-
not of what we were,
but by the scent of becoming.