

2008

The Way You Know

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Recommended Citation

Lifshin, Lyn. "The Way You Know." *The Iowa Review* 38.2 (2008): 177-177. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6530>

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The Way You Know

suddenly something is very
changed. It's like that
snow smell in the air.
You've noticed it,
haven't you? And know
the way it sends you
tumbling to decades ago.
Smell is the one sense
that can't be censored.
But sometimes just
a word in an e-mail, the
slightest dry brush
of lips lays the whole
scenario out. One shrug
of the shoulders of the
man my mother loved,
one *I may have a Yiddisher
name but that doesn't
mean I'm not goyim*
and my mother knew,
as I do, tho we go on
living quietly