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

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