











- safety tips
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From a stall of grass that smelled of hay between sweet corn and garden tomatoes, the scent unmistakable and intoxicating. It's like the smell of sun baking wet sand at the edges of a lake in the early evening of late summer. It smells like absence. Like the fragrance of a lover's pillow,

still pressed by the weight of his head. Or the closet of a loved one, recently deceased, their humanity lingering in the physicality of their clothing. Wearing a cloak of bison grass would be like putting on the dress your mother bought for Sundays when she tried to mold her family into something the one she grew up in wasn't. The promise of something better. Something more. From the same earth and sun and water that grew the first green beans and radishes I ever ate straight from the garden, so I grew, too, and so grew this grass, that smells like memories and looks like ocean waves or horsehair or a girls' braid.

· do NOT contact me with unsolicited services or offers

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Avoid scams, deal locally Beware wiring (e.g. Western Union), cashier checks, money orders, shipping.







