



PEPSI

Because it was not water pulled from the well, water from a place with no pipes, because it was not so rich in iron that washing was like taking a bucket shower in blood.

Because it was not a chipped Mason jar lukewarm from the neighbor's tap.

Because it was not milk with a layer of unhomogenized creaming the top, because it was not tea her mama set out on the porch to brown in the sun.

Because it was not Bowling Green, not western Kentucky, and there's no need to ever wait again for the mule pulling the ice man.

No, you have a pocket full of change now, Fanny. It's 1944 again, no sense scuffing your feet, standing outside on the hussy corner of the dime store.

You walk right in, order straight from the fountain if you want. You're in Louisville now, you have yourself a man, you'll never have to choke down anything flat again.

Nickole Brown's poem is from her new collection *Fanny Says*, a biography in poems about her grandmother, forthcoming from BOA Editions. She teaches at Murray State University's low-residency MFA program.

Artist Karen Cappotto works in oil and collage. Karen has maintained her art studio in Provincetown, MA for several years and is represented by AMP Gallery. www.karencappotto.com

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