

PIES

Pumpkin

Open-faced single butter crust
smooth custardy filling
eggs, cream, sugar, and spices—
cinnamon, ginger, allspice, clove.

“First,” she said,
“I ate the whole pie—
for breakfast mind you
then, I called for a cab”

she leans over and whispers
“your father had already set off for work
at the phone company and we only
had the one car; you were nearly born

in the backseat
of a Checkered Cab.”

Apple

To sit at the big table
you have to be able to hold
a Canasta hand firmly
in your fingers.

To bake a good pie you
have to pick the right apples
tart Granny Smiths
‘n a dash of vanilla

all the rest is just
a little of this

and a little
of that.

To stay at the big table you have to be wicked
smart.

Butterscotch Peach

When grandma died
mom got her Betty Crocker cook-
book brimmed with family
secrets. When mom died
my sister
took the cookbook;

one unplanned day she
cleaned out her life throwing
everything she owned
into a huge dumpster
behind her house. Photos, letters,
Butterscotch Peach Pie recipe,

all gone. Baking just seems
to skip generations.

Lemon Meringue

If I made the crust and the filling,
mom would whip those egg whites
until foamy stiff sugar peaks formed
a perfect moist meringue.

Mud

Hollow out a hole, fill from a hose,
scoop out a bit, shape into patties
decorate with tiny pointy pebbles
dry them in the sun.

Throw them at your sisters
before they are done, or after
if you are mad
at one.

for my sisters, Chris, Karen, and Donna

~Laura LeHew