Vintage Orlando

by Marlan Warren

Contemplating a pitcher of ice tea
Glass stacked with cubes
when one word
came to mind
LIPTON.
Orlando.
Suntan lotion on her legs
stretched out
clinking her glass
pouring another one...
"Benny can't come over anymore."
I was 12.
Latchkey kid, but we didn't call it that.
Mom working in another town.
Dad working in another town.
My brother.
2.
My responsibility.
"Why? Why not?"
A long sip.
Head back.
Throat bobbing.
"He cleaned your house..."
Yeah.
I organized the neighbor kids.
"He don't even clean his own room."
So I wonder now.
Does anyone still drink Lipton anymore?
Or is it another Vintage Memory.
Along with everything else.
Like

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