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. 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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