

ANNE PEPPER

**slush** \_\_\_\_\_

a photograph sits neatly on  
rounded corner of kitchen cupboard  
above the filled sink, smiling.

you pick it up look behind  
while scrubbing the blank-faced dishes

no name, date written, just Kodak Kodak  
Kodak, like the bear in winter  
alaska whiteout without the i.

where, you wonder, has the i gone?

pictures without names are unclaimed  
footprints in slush, could  
belong to a new-booted neighbor

or ex-lover smoking djarum  
clove cigarettes, your favorites before  
quitting, two years ago, smoke stung your eyes.

now the soap-sudsy edges dance in  
wavers through your saline lids, as  
visions of the bread/tobacco aisles,

hands kneading hands, finding  
the sweet cancer stalks, plucking them  
gently, as once he fed his hands  
your breasts, nipples, you  
remember the name,  
and the i.