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Janet McCann

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At the Antique Show

By Janet McCann

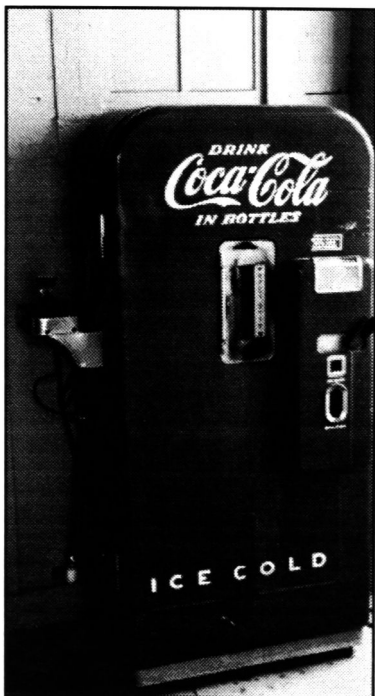
“Genuine bakelite,” the antique lady said.
And she was real too, her beehive hair
and textured lacquered nails said '58.

Translucent, held to the light,
a coppery gold.
“That was before plastic,” she said.

Nostalgia, remember the old Coke machines?
Five cents a bottle. 5 1/2 ounces.
Frosted, write your name on the cool

ribbed side. (The lady
with the blue striped scalp will whisper someday,
Remember Styrofoam?)

Bakelite. Tapped it with her
perfect oval nail. Hard, a bright thin sound
somewhere between plastic and glass.



Photograph by C. Michael McKinney

