

1992

# When Iowa Was Washed Away with Milk

Kevin Pilkington

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## Recommended Citation

Pilkington, Kevin. "When Iowa Was Washed Away with Milk." *The Iowa Review* 22.2 (1992): 166-166. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4170>

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When Iowa Was Washed Away  
with Milk · *Kevin Pilkington*

*for my sister*

I put down my book  
to watch the snow falling  
in the backyard.  
It started an hour ago  
but is already deeper  
than Keats.

Downstairs Maureen is baking—  
the kitchen, oven warm  
and cookie stuffed. I joke  
the white spot on her nose is snow  
not flour then sit and wait  
for the first batch.

After Sinatra, the radio  
warns blizzard and I'm warned  
to take just one.  
I choose an oatmeal shaped  
like Iowa, first nibbling  
on the northern end of the state  
until it cools then chomp south.

When I reach a raisin  
that must be Des Moines,  
I wash what's left of the state  
down with a glass of milk  
and begin eyeing Colorado.