

**KENTUCKY PIE,  
SHE DON'T LIE**

**SARABANDE WRITING LABS, VOL. 5**

# SARABANDE WRITING LABS

An Arts Education Program from Sarabande Books

Sarabande Writing Labs is an arts education program serving under-resourced communities in Kentucky through creative writing workshops.

## OUR MISSION

- **REACH** communities in Kentucky with traditionally fewer arts education opportunities.
- **TEACH** creative writing workshops characterized by enthusiasm and excellence.
- **CREATE** opportunities for positive, experiential learning in a supportive and respectful environment.
- **PROMOTE** diverse voices through free community readings.

Visit our website for photos, updates, and upcoming events:  
[www.sarabandebooks.org/swl](http://www.sarabandebooks.org/swl)

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**KENTUCKY PIE,  
SHE DON'T LIE**



# Kentucky Pie, She Don't Lie

The woman who loves Kentucky Pie wears blue jeans snug on top. Prefers her kids not talking back. Loves her man always and forever, never leaves his side. Takes pride in everyday life. When they say, *Why do you like Kentucky Pie*, she don't lie.

*Natoshia D.*

# Four Pregnancy Cravings

You can't really suck cornstarch through a straw  
but pregnant with my first child  
I liked the challenge  
Sometimes I would salt and pepper it for flavor  
three hours to swallow the whole bag down  
but I would never compromise and use a spoon

Did you ever  
eat washing powder that smelled so good  
smelled like freedom  
and you needed  
just one taste?

Did you ever eat mud—  
not the top layer  
but the good, fresh, sticky mud underneath—  
like the little girl you were once  
making pies in the project lawn  
the smush of people around you  
all the time?

Did you ever lick a brick  
ever walk out your door in rain that smelled like nature  
and put your face against the cold, red brick then—  
don't know why—  
lean in for a taste?

*Natoshia D.*



# Comfort is

## HOMEMADE GRANOLA

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Keeping [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Watch [REDACTED] carefully [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] until warm [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] enough [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

*Natoshia D.*

# Hungry Enough

You get used to eating sandwiches  
drinking water

You get used to eating fast food  
at fast food prices

You get used to eating food you don't like  
when hungry enough.

You get used to not eating when you do drugs.

You walk around in the same miserable state,  
until the day you finally get straight.

*Kelly W.*

# Forgiveness is

## CLASSIC BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

Lightly

and With your fingertips handling it as absorbed. With light hands until it holds together

*Kelly W.*

# You Get Used To

You get used to fine champagne  
eating wild game,  
gourmet cheese,  
and seafood paté.

You get used to five waiters swarming around your head,  
silver in its proper place,  
shots of espresso with dessert,  
and Cuban cigar smoke—  
you can smell a trace.

Thank God I knew what to wear to this place.

*Hannah B.*

# Joy is Blueberry Pancakes

Blueberry pancakes round and delicious—  
the best part is helping grandma in the kitchen.  
Flour, sugar, baking powder, and such—  
I wonder if she'll let me have one for lunch?

*Amy S.*

# Sausage Stir Fry

We had no stove, so my fiancé says, “We’re going outside.” He puts country music on the radio and starts a little bonfire in a buffet pan and cooks sausage stir fry. We sit in our backyard with our radio and I know this sounds crazy but it was perfect, the dish and the night!

My fiancé’s smile was like a child on Christmas morning. His eyes were like a summertime sunset. Hearing him say, “I love you,” makes me melt like butter. Each time he checked the stir fry, he would turn to me and smile. Then he sat down next to me, held my hand and we laughed and joked. I am going to marry him.

*Ashley S.*

# Clean Greens

Step 1: Pick fullest bunch of greens.

*I was a sixteen-year-old wife. It was one of my first trips to the grocery store and one of the first dishes I was to prepare for my new husband. I was so happy and eager.*

Step 2: Wash greens thoroughly!

*This is a very important step that I left out. It is so important because if skipped you end up with a mouth full of dirt or grit.*

Step 3: Fill a large pot with water. Add greens, a whole chopped onion, two eggs (in shell), a piece of shank, salt and pepper, and a drizzle of bacon grease.

*The time had come for this wonderful dinner to be served. Bite one: "Um, sweetheart . . ." Second bite: nothing. Third and fourth bite: I could see it was starting to become a struggle for my husband to even swallow. And then I dug in and looked up in shame saying, "Are these greens dirty?"*

Step 4: Throw out the first batch and start over at Step 1.

*We both laughed, and even though he loved me enough to eat my food, he still taught me how to clean greens.*

Jessica H.

# Courage is a Ginger Pear Pancake

First

courage is sifting together all your might.

Whisk in a little sugar.

You catch more bees with honey than with vinegar.

A little gin and juice

helps hype the courage muscles—

do not over mix.

Always be fair—or instead grab

a cast iron skillet.

When the heat is too high, just do a little dance,  
slowly centering over a circle.

Continue with as many dances as needed.

Keep warm—transfer the warmth of your love  
and serve at once!

*Jessica H.*



# All Kinds of Pie

The woman who loves all kinds of pie is one who prefers to arrive at the party five minutes early—otherwise she is late. She wears the top designers from ten years past; she's too scared to be a trendsetter. She prefers not to eat all her pies alone and she always licks the bowl of life clean. She loves tight hugs yet shorter kisses, preferring warm bites to a mouthful of flavor. She never refuses seconds and takes pride in the fact that, although fear is mixed into the ingredients, each day her bravery bubbles hot through the top in each new pie that she makes.

*Lindsay E.*

# The Woman Who Loves Pecan Pie

She wears folksy clothes with a touch of vintage. She goes best with hot tea or coffee but also loves to splurge with ice cream. She values tradition that leads to celebration. She's got just the right mix of healthy and indulgent. She takes pride in hard work but longs for adventure. She wants to taste the spices from the Far East, the sugar of the South. She explores to flee from stress. She can find her place in many regions just with a slight shift in the sound of her name.

*Alea P.*

# Orange Jell-O Cake

Step 1: Pre-heat oven and grease a Bundt pan well.

*Over 45 years later I can still see my childhood kitchen. It was 1960's brown, a new concept, and we had all the modern appliances, including a dishwasher.*

Step 2: Mix the Jell-O with a half-cup of hot water. Squeeze one orange and mix juice with one cup of sugar. Set out cake mix. Crack four eggs and measure one-and-a-half cups of Wesson oil and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Mix all, except for the orange and the sugar.

*Excitement wasn't the word. I could hardly contain myself as I carefully added each ingredient.*

Step 3: Bake at 350° for 45 minutes.

*When reflecting, I do remember that Mom let me help put the cake in the oven. Side by side we placed the cake in the hot box as Mom repeated that I needed to be careful and reminded me what could happen if I wasn't.*

Step 4: Remove from oven and allow to cool for ten minutes. Unmold and pour the orange juice and sugar mixture over the cake.

*This is where I could get creative!*



Step 5: Once this is cooled, sprinkle with confectionary sugar and maybe top with mandarin oranges.

*My mom still remembers this day in the kitchen and the many more to come. Especially my proudest moment as I joyfully carried Daddy's birthday cake to him and sang "Happy Birthday!" Of course he said it was the best cake he ever had.*

*Angela C.*

# Sweet Potato Pie

The woman who loves sweet potato pie is pretty as a gold ring. Her hair smooth, bottom round as an aluminum pie pan, body shaped like a syrup bottle. An orange shirt she wears over her brown sugar skin. A freshness of cinnamon when she walks in.

*Kendra D.*

# Love

Grandma told me as she leaned over the sink

Love, honey, is like hot buttered toast

Sometimes sweet, yes! But sometimes like a lemon

Sour to the taste, yet can be turned into lemonade

Being bitter as dark chocolate

Bold as Sriracha

Love is like hot sauce

Don't know when you'll get burned

Like a pancake, dark and hard

Scrape away the dark and smother with syrup

*Jessica C.*

*Lea D.*

*Natoshia D.*

*Ashley S.*



