

Nothing More

remains of the house her father built close—too close—to the tracks; not the wraparound-porch where she and her sisters perched like a charm of songbirds; not the wooden swing hung from the porch ceiling, or the morning glories that climbed the whitewashed columns; neither is there a sign of the plot her mother tended, coaxing harvests of turnips and tomatoes and okra from red dirt clay, nor the chickens that ranged there, beloved as the most beloved, until they were called one by one to grace another table; nowhere the steady hum of her sisters' many voices: laughing, crying, whispering, sighing their way through hardscrabble winters and white-hot Oklahoma nights; just the high lonesome sound of a passing train.