

At a roadside turnaround we stopped for our lunch of yellow-orange cheese and big wheel bologna sandwiches. In the distance I could see the u-shaped stooped backs of the pickers as they worked their way down the long rows stretching out a lifetime.

My mother's hand took me into the fields to touch the white bolls of her history, we waded past knife sharp brown leaves waist high, we waded deep into the field, our car a faded blue speck under the trees in the distance.

My mother's hand took mine there in the field, she covered the boll with our hands, her hand, my hand the soft white hidden by brown broken sharp as glass blades.