Laura Michael Brown

"Concept in 60"

0:00:00.060,0:00:03.220

Whitecross, North Carolina

0:00:03.220,0:00:06.780

My mother swears the empty highway is

coming less so.

0:00:07.600,0:00:11.800

Every time she points a son loved finger to the single filling station,

0:00:11.980,0:00:16.349

where the old men still play checkers on a

worn-in board just as they did when they

0:00:16.349,0:00:18.949

were fewer cars on the road.

0:00:19.320,0:00:22.369

For fifty years she has left and

returned again

0:00:22.369,0:00:25.920

unsettled by a story she will not tell her

children

0:00:25.920,0:00:29.890

she nods in recognition as we pass the home of the one

0:00:29.890,0:00:33.649

ex-husband she would rather I had never learned of.

0:00:33.649,0:00:36.750

Her mother sits on splintering kitchen

chairs

0:00:36.750,0:00:40.190

waiting in the small full house where

she was raised

0:00:40.190,0:00:44.670

the grandfather I never knew still has

shirts hanging in the closet.

0:00:45.820,0:00:47.760

The past is locked away from me in

0:00:47.769,0:00:51.129

torn albums of faded square photographs

0:00:51.129,0:00:53.529

marked with month and year younger versions

0:00:53.960,0:01:00.020

Younger versions of women and men and the two-lane highway keep their secrets to themselves.