

IT'S ALL TRUE

The green car had come to take him just before noon and she had to wait with this news, her mother said, until Delfina got in from the field. Just one car, her mother said, and it had come straight to the house, the officer knocking on the front door and asking for the Mexican boy by name. She could have not lied to the officer, not with the little ones crowding at her knees and the Mexican boy wouldn't have known where to run anyway.

Delfina heard this news in the early evening, after a long day in the heat of the peach orchards. The July weather had held, just hot enough to keep the fruit coming, but not so brutal that the work couldn't keep going from sunup to sundown. She heard this news even before she entered the house, her mother reporting to her from the steps, as if she couldn't wait to tell her.