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## No Stories

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# No Stories

by *Elmer Suderman*

No one has written a novel  
about my home town.  
Whatever would it have been about?  
Nothing ever happened there  
except the old boredom  
and the long ritual of the mundane:  
stepping on the cracks as we walked  
the sidewalk after picking up  
the afternoon mail, then sitting  
on the porch swing rocked  
by preaching and the revival hymns  
the Baptists down the street  
sang on hot summer evenings  
while we read *Mutt and Jeff*  
and the Katzenjammer kids  
in *The Enid Morning News*  
and who won the high school  
football games.

It held no stories for us,  
this town, where I grew up,  
none anyone told, at least.  
No one remembered, if they ever knew,  
what stories of Comanches  
and Cherokees roamed the land  
we left red behind a three bottom plow  
sowing our meager crop of dry stories  
about the price of wheat,  
planting dust storms which blew away  
away the stories we should have told.

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