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**Lucy Z**  
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## **Lynne Burris Butler**

### LUCY Z

Sister, they called her, until she went to school and Teacher said that wasn't a name, what was her name? And she had none, so she named herself Lucy Z. No daddy either except the one who disappeared and the other Mamaw sent away. But she still had Lloyd and George Ward and Baby Don who all became railroad men, who rode the tracks way out west. So she bought herself a ticket out of that old turtle of a town and went to Memphis, oh southern girl of pecan pies and a good fur wrap, and she studied nursing and got a taste for more, then flew away to California where she met Mary Pickford who gave her a vase of glazed grey porcelain and she had a lover who bought her everything, rings, a belt with silver conches, and begged her to marry him, to move to Nebraska or somewhere like that, but of course she wouldn't which is why she gave me the belt saying, "Oh, it's just something." And she bought Waterford crystal at an antique auction, pieces so fine we'd look for years and never find another and she'd say, "Let's have a toddy for the body," before dinner on her brilliant Chinese plates. "I wouldn't trust a woman whose dishes all match," she taught me. And she loved my husband and adored my son and when they were in the room, I'd disappear one two three into the trick trunk of the unimportant, the insignificant to Lucy Z who had made herself a woman of style.