

2000

The Future

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Recommended Citation

Winter, Max. "The Future." *The Iowa Review* 30.2 (2000): 145-145. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5286>

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Max Winter

THE FUTURE

A needle points aslant the wuthering heights
behind the bookcase, west of the auburn door:
lookit. The snow is twittering. It lights
most of Rankin and some of Westminster. Anything more
and all the schools would close, account of an act of God
the blind can't address directly. They eat lunch
in the Varsity Diner (with some of the local fire squad):
an old Nicoise salad, Mrs. Inez's Blancmange,
and coffee. They talk quite loudly. You wouldn't guess
they'd have seconds, but they do, and they keep
tracing figures on the tablecloth, as if to question
an hypotenuse. Heloise loses her position. Heloise weeps.
No steam table. No yahtzee. No silence for the deaf.
No one seems capable of finding the sheriff.