

## *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.