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The Plains Larry Levis

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Larry Lewis

THE PLAINS

I put down my detective novel and look out, over the plains. So much light. If anything was out there, I would see it. But there are only a few nervous farmers and their wives. It occurs to me that one of these families could be my own, lost in bitterness, like a sideshow at a county fair. This way they live and tell nobody. This way the few elms that are left get back their leaves. This way, whenever I look up, somebody else is missing.