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Stealing the Children: After a Big Wind in Wyoming

by Carolyne Wright

It's not the kind of country where you can walk dry-eyed. An olive-green wind blows dust up and down the alleys, gathers dry leaves in its fists for storm. It's the kind of town where, if you leave your children unattended, the wind drives up for them in its long, black station wagon. They go so willingly they leave their tricycles scattered over three backyards. Later, you roam the feedlots, poking among freight rails that writhed like wounded serpents while the twister passed over. Your own mind is blown so dry it can't recall who they were, those who left in mid-gale, clambering into the front seat of the wind, not even waving goodbye as they blew down the street, leaving only scraps of their voices, like strewn toys, on your lawn.

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