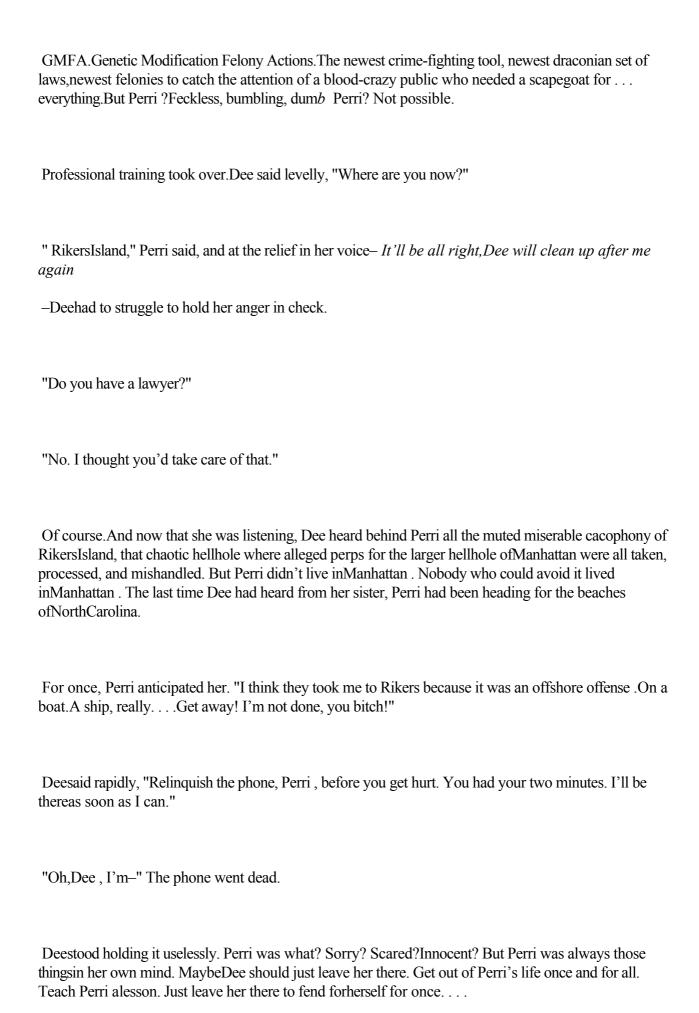
Things GrowHere:Nancy Kress
Here life has death for neighbor, And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labor ,Weak ships and spirits steer; They drive adrift, and wither They wot not who make thither; But no such winds blow hither, And no such things grow here.
-Algernon Charles Swinburne,
"TheGardenofProserpine"
& quotSee, I have a problem," Perri said.
Dee Stavros held the phone away from her ear and yawned hugely. What the hell time was it, anyway? The clock had stopped in the night: another power outage. Her one window was still dark. The air was thick andhot.
"Dee, are you there?"
"I'm here,"Dee said to her sister. "So you've got a problem. What else is new?"
"This is different."
"They're all different." Only they weren't, really. Deadbeat boyfriends, a violent ex-husband, cars "stolen," alast-minute abortion, bad checks for overdue rent Perri's messy life changed only in the details. Dee yawned again.
Perrisaid, "I've been arrested for GMFA," and Dee woke fully and sat up on the edge of the bed.



ButDee was all too familiar with Rikers . She'd retired from the force less than a year ago. She started todress.

"Why me?" Eliot Kramer said when he appeared at her fourth-floor, one-room apartment door just after dawn. Grimy sunshine glared through Dee's big south window, the only nice thing about her room, other than its being on the far edge of Queens rather than the near edge. Many people were afraid of sunshine