

She's Not Here Now

by **P. David Hornik** (February 2015)

1

Every time, that spring, I looked out my window into the city, I thought of Tara. I thought how strange it was that, even though I'd lived in or near the city for eleven years, she was the only person in it—in the country, for that matter—with whom I had, or possibly had, some connection. [more>>>](#)