~~the cold side of the pillow~~
the dark inside a jumper, halfway on
~~rain starting on a tin roof~~
a spoon in the sink, ringing when the tap finds it
~~bread, the minute it is torn~~
the bloom on a plum, and the thumbprint in it
a dog sighing in another room
the weight of a sleeping cat on a foot nobody dares to move
~~sea glass~~
cold keys
~~the smell of a struck match~~
the stair that isn't there
~~snow making a street quiet~~
a bus window against the forehead
the first swim of the year, and the shout
four in the morning in a kitchen, one light on
a coat still warm from someone else
the click a seatbelt makes
~~pencil shavings~~
the thread a button hangs by
wet wool
the green under bark when a thumbnail lifts it
a hand finding the light switch in a house it knows
oranges, peeled in a car
the hum in a wire fence
stepping off a boat and the ground still moving
a name called up the stairs
~~the last page, and not turning it yet~~
a stranger's dog deciding about you
being met at the station
~~*All of it hearsay. I think I would know any of it anywhere.*~~