the cold side of the pillow
rain starting on a tin roof
bread, the minute it is torn
a dog sighing in another room
the weight of a sleeping cat on a foot nobody dares to move
sea glass
the smell of a struck match
snow making a street quiet
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
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
being met at the station

All of it hearsay. I think I would know any of it anywhere.