That Rodney kited checks and bought an Indian motorcycle and rode it west. That he lived upstairs practicing his penmanship in a one-window room. That the pewter candy dish on the mantle was a wedding present for someone else. That drought would take its toll on the spring peepers. That in the mill section of town a fire was doused; that it reappeared outside the druggist’s, who refused to unlock his doors. That the firehouse itself was the scene of some unnerving shadows. That a man on a bet leapfrogged every parking meter between Gothic and Crafts. That in a window of the judge’s house a girl nightly fixed her hair. That from the street it was impossible to tell if she was singing or chewing gum. That burning iron illuminated the sky over six states. That every spring turned up ghosts in the garden: doll heads, broken dinner plates. That in a nearby hollow hoboes cooked mulligan, and the cuckoo warbled on Independence Day. That the earth casts a red shadow. That folks pass through here to a bigger place. That a rumor circulated of a map stashed in the foundation, a map of secret routes to the heartland, which was suspect, but by then the rumor had taken hold. That white shirts on hangers would appear among the dogwoods. That a trail of breadcrumbs could lead nowhere in particular. That the swift
harbored a secret that would have to remain a secret. That on a distant island fans followed baseball games by Morse code. That when a child tosses crumbs into the sky, the stars throw them back down. That upon entering the house Jack would say: The closer I get, the farther I can see.