Their house will be empty. In fact, it’s empty now, but I haven’t seen it so yet. A house is just a house if no one lives in it. 310 North Gibbons is located somewhere near Chicago in the state of Illinois. To put that into context the carpet is a 50-year old grey that makes one’s allergies act up, and on the porch sit white plastic chairs from Walmart. Generally, usually (once upon a time) it smelled like saucy Italian food. A gallery of family photographs crawls up the stairwell with pictures of New Mexico and a California winery.

I’ve only ever seen a shooting star fall down over a beach in New England.

To put that into context, you can tell old people live(d) there. Floral patterned furniture. My horse died, lying flat on his side in the shade of a barn, and my hamster died with her claws curled like icicles above the tires of a truck.

Those sort of scenes are tangible. An empty house is a planned plan.