I'm standing at the counter, 
cushioned by life in the scent of baking loaves, when the first scrawling lines of "Loser" pulse from the radio. Craig appears in the plate-glass window, his feet as bold in their scruffy sneakers as he was leading our high school gym group to this song, hand-picked by him, for our final exam in line dancing. His eyes, I'm pleased to see, are still blue, though more mysterious. I ask him if he knows the girl whose name a mourning stranger's hand was stitching into lace at last week's reading. He says yes and points to warn of the young outlaw poised to sully my dinner with sprouts. The outlaw wraps my next question in crisp white paper with a pickle - "Can you still smell bread?" - for if Craig answers yes, I may trade gasps and dress for death instead, meet final moments with pearl necklace and butter knife as shadows ease me to edges.

He does not answer - halfway up the block, he's clapping and doing the electric slide across Gervais Street, all four lanes, as traffic runs through him.