Beyond the meadow on Route 2, the semis go right on by, hauling their long echoes into the trees. They want nothing to do with this road buckling downhill toward the Grange and Shaw Library, Open 1-5 P.M. SAT, and you may wonder why I’ve brought you here, too. It’s not SAT, and apart from summer, the big event in town’s the bog water staggering down the falls. Would it matter if I told you people live here—the old man from the coast who built the lobster shack in a hayfield; the couple with the sign that says Cosmetics and Landfill; the woman so shy about her enlarged leg she hangs her clothes outdoors at night? Walk down this road awhile. What you see here in daytime—a kind of darkness that comes from too much light—you’ll need to adjust your eyes for. The outsized hominess of that TV dish, for instance, leaning against its cupboard of clapboard. The rightness of the lobsterman’s shack—do you find it, tilted there on the sidehill, the whitecaps of daisies just creating beside it in the light wind?

WESLEY MCNAIR