

Terminal

The Dog

There's a dog dying in the road. Cars swerve around it. You kneel down but don't touch it. You were on your way to the hospital.

The Dishes

The call came this morning. The oncologist kept it brief. Told you to come in, discuss managing your final months. After he hung up, you finished washing the dishes.

The Dead

In childhood, you brought home ailing pigeons, cat-ravaged sparrows. Bitten by fleas, you lined a shoebox with newspaper, naggled their beaks with a teaspoon of milk. They never survived.

The Comfort

You don't encourage the dying dog to live. You wait for its lungs to flatten like a pair of washing-up gloves, dropped in a moment of shock.

The Dying

The dog has died. Now, you touch it. Yes, it's dead, but somehow it's ok because you are here, touching it, and cars continue to swerve around you both.