

On the Dying of a Cat

I don't think it's long now. Her breath is shallow and she doesn't move much. I tried to hold her but she got away. She still has the strength to get away.

She lies on a crumpled plastic bag near the door. I thought she needed fresh air. But she left the room with the fan. I think she wants to hear the outside as she dies. One last chance to hear the world outside that door. Even though she hasn't seen that world for months.

As her last dying wish, I want to take her out. To let her see the dingy stairway. And to feel the sun without panes of glass.

Most of my life she's been with me. My cat. My baby little girl. She may have hours left. There has been no other event in my life paid in this weight of tears, and nothing but these words to ease my pain.