

K: MARY

MARY: You talk to little Robert and that's nice. I talk to things too. I talk. I have several tropical fish and a number of small birds that I feed each day and take excellent care of them. Talking with them until they die. I like little things, with little hearts beating and little lives around me. Their little hearts just moving away. With short life-spans and high temperatures. And I pat out little graves like loaves in the back yard and put little white-washed gravel, little rocks around each one and that's my garden. And I decorate the little loaves with flowers when I remember to.

Now there's Trinket. That was my rat terrier, died eleven years ago last November, and Bonnie, my cocker spaniel, died four years ago last October, all in the Fall; and Gilda and Wanda the two goldfish; floating on their sides one morning, little loaves, those two. And Chee-chee, my canary, died two years ago last September. And Goldie, my other canary, passed on one year after that and Tina the little blue kitten; beautiful kitten, that one's little too. She prefers violets and Goldie takes daisies and Chee-chee takes dandelions and Bonnie takes roses; and Trinket has daffodils generally--spring daffodils and Wanda tulips; and the flowers dry up and die and I feel I should bury them too. All my children. Gone, gone, gone.