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Bunny

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BUNNY

Yesterday I opened the door of the big blue cabinet. Varnishy, rich: the indescribable smell of our black-and-white cat, Portia, who'd hid there in the last weeks of her life, on a shelf behind CDs. Could it still smell of her after all these years? Nine years. She'd died in there, at some point when we were out for an afternoon.

I went for a bike ride. To my right, a square of grass vibrated on someone's lawn: raw green, bleached out, almost too much to look at. A bunny froze on the edge of that square, waiting. I had a notion that my mother was relieved to get back the part of her that could worry about me again. Then the bunny ran.