

They say God says that everything happens for a reason so I write you to say - I cannot hold this - I cannot witness so much. The unnecessaryness of all this basket weaving from animal parts - the uncanny way children torture small things; the adults laughing over beers. Smoking. Pissing on ants. I feel too much --- I know. I know I'm wired different. Or are their wires crossed to watch cats torture small rodents and sense nothing in the cortex. No empathy zipping through the rods and cones to a database which sparks a feeling: Help. Help little things get home. I see the small things with legs gone and they are my legs - I see your heart pumping, abandoned on the pavement and I put you in my bag, for lack of a better plan. I take you home and wash you. Sleep with you, bury you like a miscarriage with my placenta in the backyard. I recant ---- I guess I can hold it all - the hearts, the bones, the skin - as well your hands, with their tender, blackened pads. But I cannot hold the pelts ---- the stack of pelts which have been stacked up to God's empty heaven, then back to ground again.

