

In Response to the Question

Have you ever watched a mother cat detach herself after a long and arduous birth? It's a flash on an eyelid. You blink and she's out. Sometimes you find kittens in the bushes, still pink from a previous life. When I think of a parent, I imagine a shoplifter, running fast with a carton of eggs. Sorry. Could we try that again? One time my mother was cruel to me. She snuck out for a drive and left me with two kids and a blood-hungry hound. What would you have done? Now, when I'm threatened with motherhood, I crack an egg in the pan. What was the question? Yes. I love her. I love every wide-eyed animal trying to live with the world. My mother is a shoplifter, plucking away at the truth. One time, I heard a kitten wailing on the highway and spoke to it until it crawled out of the bushes. Have you ever wrapped a dead thing in a towel, watched it lift its heavy head, and look at you like something holy? I felt like God, or a heart surgeon. My mother put it in a cardboard box and left it by a bin. Last night she told me she's getting a cat. One final thing. When you save a baby, it's relentless. Somehow it found its way back. Fleas and all. If she were here, she would say: that didn't happen. Sometimes I hold the phone to my mouth and try speaking. When I found out my mother was human, it rained for three days.