

## SQUIRRELS

I must have been too busy to notice him.

I was wrapped up tight and anxious in my own world.

Fighting for a reason in my own world.

And driving the weapon of metal with wheels half hitting the slathered pavement, he darted out in front like a flash and a smear in the blue. Brown and white blurred hand, foot, and claw. He was fast. The angry wheels were faster. And like that, blood soaked his white fur fluffed mouth, his teeth now resting on his limp bottom lip. Too fast. Too fast to see the majestic creature slowly die. Too fast to almost miss his neck and frail bone. Too fast to have faith that I killed a breathing being once again. " I didn't hit him..." I convinced myself that the unmoving object staining the ground in red was but a mere branch that had swung itself off of a rudy tree. The branch had been there, I convinced the self righteous me, driving further away with a dull guilt stabbing into my secret sunken heart. It's just a branch. Too fast, further away. Long since forgotten was the road, and the tangled wires. The corpse and the new colors. Too fast, further away, long forgotten. The sun, no more. The sky deepened to a darker blue and the orange, yellow, and firey trees became shadowy monsters. The winding wisp meandering through the forest became visible again. The car was there. The night created a new world. I was there. Death was there. We all slowly advanced to the dust returned being. He was lying almost peacefully in that dreadful death. In that cold place. His fur softly swayed with the gusty wind. Slowly, tearfully and hurt I passed. I never turned the engine off and exited the killer to see what we both had done to life. I whispered sorry, must have been sixty or so times... as if earth could hear and excuse me from my human iniquity... as if the animal could hear me, and namaste me to peace. No one heard me, except my control. It heard, and did well consoling me. "I'm sorry". I'm so sorry. Too fast. Further away. Long since forgotten. My condolences. I looked at him. Death stared back at me. With gray, lifeless, content eyes. As I watched the animal slumber inside of eternity, envy became a river in my soul, threatening to drown me. Or encouraging me to swim in its water. I burned watching rest for the first time. Yearning. Lying there because I was too fast, too far, forgetful and apologetic. I was confused. It was night not day. It was life that looked upon me, and I was then dead. Confused. My apologies to you squirrel. I didn't mean to mistake you for dead. The squirrel looked down at me, and my dead eyes looked up at him. Too fast. Too far, forgotten, apologetic and confused.