

Animalic Biography

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I think I was born a dog. I'm not sure, as my first memories are vague. Perhaps irretrievable. I might have been an egret. I have a sense of being tracked. They wanted to capture me. It seems they wanted my feathers and wings. Perhaps they just wanted to destroy beauty. In any case, I became a raccoon. I scavenged behind dark buildings searching for discarded food scraps. A shadow among shadows. Next was a stag, but a sense of earlier thickets with broken fences and traversed boundaries remained. I wandered through ravines eating foliage, and I tried to avoid the hunting season by hiding among browns and greys. Now I realize that I'm an invisible mountain goat living among primates. These primates organize themselves through hierarchy, domination, enslavement, submission, and violence. Blood is always involved. So, for survival, my invisibility remains a question. Perhaps I just disappeared for a moment among the elevated mists. I may reappear when you least expect it.

