

LYDIA DAVIS

THREE DREAMS

*The Dog*

We are about to leave a place that has a large flower garden and a fountain. I look out the car window and see our dog lying on a gurney in the doorway of a sort of shed. His back is to us. He is lying still. There are two cut flowers placed on his neck, one red and one white. I look away and then look back—I want to see him one last time. But in that one moment he has vanished: the doorway of the shed is empty. A moment too soon, they have wheeled him away.