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The Walk Thomas Cooke

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Thomas Cooke

THE WALK

A man finds he must take his death everywhere. He puts it on a leash and drags it for a walk in the park. In the park he meets a woman who coincidentally is taking her death for a walk. Isn't that the cutest little thing says the man to the woman, pointing to her apparently high-strung little death. Yours is quite proud looking she tells him, must be a pure breed. During this conversation the two deaths stand nose to nose. The man's death slinks around behind the woman's and sniffs under its tail. The little death snaps and growls and the two leashes become taut. The man and the woman stand away from each other holding back their deaths. On the way home it is the death who drags the man over the cracks in the narrow sidewalk. Past well-sniffed hydrants. Crossing the long shadows between streetlights.