

What Animals Tell Us

Black Dog_082109

My inquiry about her status and state of mind makes her uncomfortable because I am asking her about herself, as though she is not worthy of anyone's concern. She responds:

I feel weird energy from you. It's all welled up inside. I can't express what I feel. It's all too much, too great. You're asking me for something I cannot give you.

Are you feral?

I am nothing. I am no one's. I don't have any illusions about what I am.

What are you?

I'm a crowd pleaser. A "look-at-that" kind of thing. I am quite hardened to it. I want nothing from any of you.

Do you want anyone's help?

What can you do for me? Look at me! *Do you really think...?!*

Yes, we do. Some of us are paying attention and will help you if you are willing to receive.

How and what are you eating?

I eat carelessly and mindfully all at the same time.....whatever, wherever.

Would you like someone to bring you in and care for you?

I have no agenda at this time. My fate is unknown.

So what do you want?

I want to be left alone to suffer in silence. What anyone would want with me, I don't know.

Someone could meet you and love you if you allowed it. Do you want to stay as you are or would you like to have an easier life?

Life?! What is that? I am just here.

Do you want us to leave food for you?

I'll take anything you've got.

Do you know where to find it? It's being left out for you.

Sort of. I'm not clear. I can't believe anyone cares.

Should we try to help?

I am only one amidst a sea of many. I can't believe anyone cares.

Her energy feels similar to what a long-term homeless person's might feel like—when they have completely given up and do not believe there is any hope of something better than what they have. For this reason, there is a strong sense that she doesn't care about much of anything.

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