

I look up from the gallery desk purblind; everything's gone white. Yes, the walls, but also every piece of art, each frame, the ceiling and the ductwork and the carpet. I am deafened by such brilliance. The drawings and paintings are not white on white; they've been erased. No pentimento, not a mark. So too, when I look down again, my phone and my computer, white; the last page I was typing from is blank. I struggle to remember what it was, when into the space a white dog runs. He is not large; he is not small. His beauty is his whiteness, but instantly I see that he is driven by a mania to perform laps around this room and already he's exhausted. As he circles for the fifth time, slowing slightly, I confirm he is but half a dog, sliced directly down the spine and hollowed out inside. From the opposite profile, one would never notice. He is failing rapidly and I think that he will die. I am concerned I have no shroud. The one white thing in which to bury him is my mother's wedding gown. And surprisingly he's come to me and laid his half-head in my lap, in my hands, at which I've shut my eyes, partly out of disgust and partly out of abject heartbreak. When I open them, what seems a moment later, he is dark save a few hairs at his muzzle and the tip of his tail, which curls into a question mark. He is dark and he is whole.