

6th March 2025

On the dawn of 6th March, on the way back from the swimming pool I see a dead squirrel lying in the middle of the street just by our driveway gate. I park the car and go to pick up the squirrel. I shall bury them. I pick them up and place them in a round pot filled with earth. At 10 a.m. I drive my Mum to the hairdresser in a nearby village. Just before leaving I take Ebi, my dog, for a walk into a nearby park. The moment we enter the park, we see a squirrel jumping up there from one tree onto the other. We arrive into the village. My Mum goes to the hairdresser, I go to the forest. It takes me around 20 minutes to walk a narrow path in between two fields before I reach the forest. It is a good walk, a walk I need, a walk we both need, a walk that allows and welcomes what follows.

As I reach the forest, I walk off the main path to find a place for the burial. After a few steps in between the trees I receive a place by a tree trunk covered with moss, gently lightened by the morning sun. I place the pot with the squirrel on the ground and begin to dig. I dig a round grave deep and spacious enough. I lay the squirrel into the grave and cover them with earth, fallen leaves, and some branches. I stand onto their grave, face the sun and release the old. The path I walk back is in between two fields, two

different fields. As I step onto the road, I see my Mum wearing a new haircut, refreshed and lightened. We drive back home.

co-created with a Squirrel, Ebi and my Mum