

DR. DONNA DEAN

Coming to the End of the VA Road

It'd be so easy, so much easier to do what they want, to give in. It could be done so cleanly and neatly.

It would feed the small living creatures, and maybe even the bigger predators, if they found me. If I did it well enough, my body need never be found. It's so hard on the hapless soul who finds a suicide.

They might think they won—another woman vet gives up.

But if I went up into the mountains, up to where the wolves are, and the snows, I'd be safe. It'd be so quiet and clean. So much of our blood has been lost, all for nothing. All that blood and death.

I could go up there and position my head so it would fall backwards. After one quick cut with the sharp, sharp straight razor, it would all drain out. Clean and red, shining and spreading on the snow, it would be useful as food while the snow lasted. In the spring it would nourish new growth.