

In Your Absence

by Ginnah Howard

In Your Absence the yard-cat, Flower, has started sleeping on top of the fridge and sans tutelage, I've reverted to practices that bring the same joy as reading Nancy Drews on my cot at Camp Ann Bailey, rain drumming on the roof, when I was ten. I instant-videoed two full seasons of HBO's *Six Feet Under* which adds up to attending 24 funerals in 12 days. My sloth runneth over. My capacity for gritty dramas knoweth no bounds. On the following issues Flower and I are in complete accord: the lack of import of Michelle Obama's senior Princeton thesis; that sugar, not the loss of societal shame, is the reason so many Wal-Mart shoppers are fat; plus a whole range of other untold topics. One thing I'm especially proud of: When you return in fifteen days, I will be able to face you with this declaration—though sorely tempted, I stuck to our resolution that we were giving up Dark Chocolate Nuggets. And if you broke down and had a Hershey Bar or three or four, I'm not going to lord it over you.

