

INTERVIEW

A taste for death:
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The Sunday Telegraph REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 24

The complaint of an abandoned dog

At the back of the old shelter
In a wooden kennel
For two years I have paid
For having believed in you too much
Certain that you will come
Every night I go to sleep
And you are not there
What can have happened
Since on June 16
I well remember
How happy you were
You whistled you sang
While fastening the suitcases
And you left me tied up
There in front of the church
Your absence weighs on me
And the days are so long
My body is exhausted
And my heart breaks
I have no taste for anything
And I become so ugly
That no one ever
Would want to adopt me.
You put me on a chain
Where you locked me in
You left me for days
With nothing to eat or drink
I have slept so often
In my kennel without you
Paralysed, rigid
I was so cold.
However if you come back
We will leave together
In good heart through the door
That is like that of a prison
Where I was so miserable

