

Calle, S. (2022). The ghost of Souris. In *Sophie Calle*. Thames & Hudson.

**The ghost of Souris**

*Dear Sophie, I recently heard about the deaths of your cat and your father, and I just wanted to let you know I was thinking about you. M.*

Souris is the name that I will have repeated most often in my life. I still catch myself whispering it at night. His preferred territory was the space between my two pillows. There, in that void, that stillness where he used to breathe, I feel his absence most keenly. After our fathers die, we don't sleep with their ghosts in our beds.



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### **Souris**

Fabio kissed him. Camille whispered her song, "She Was", into his ear. Florence stroked him. Anne put him to sleep. He died. Maurice dug a hole in the garden. I laid Souris in a little white model coffin, the kind travelling sales reps would use before the advent of photography. Too small. His back paws were sticking out. Yves buried him. Serena planted daffodils around his grave.

I received a message on my phone: *Sophie, I am sorry about your cat. Could you ask Camille to pick up some vegetables maybe leeks or turnips if she sees any? Kisses.*

