

“...are you born one?”

(Vanessa Bell)

V.S-W. to V.W

You'll notice

There was always a dog in evidence

Staring with me at the lens

On my lap or there were four of them, their puppies, the ones

Out of Martha or Whittie the terrier, or there was your Pinker

& her matlassé nose & pendant ears, your deliciousness

Transferred to her by osmosis I guess:

So Vanessa confounded

By her comments at the chemist's, as if

It was monstrosity we shared instead of how much

We are simply us, who are tethered & belong to all beginningness –

We fill up & burgeon not with donated life, we sink our teeth

Into anything breathing & heaving its way into living.

You cannot pay up & say But however do they do it –

We do it insanely

Just like the rest of you