

# Two Kinds of Conception

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The light batters us, warms  
the temperature of the room.  
You see, this is how we are made—  
as in petri dishes. We are born  
of cells: conceived, then grown.  
When we learn to speak,  
we cultivate a self, a spooling  
forth of green. Does this  
make our mouths like soil?  
Like bulbs? You might ask:  
Are we natural?  
Princess Alexandra of Bavaria  
believed she swallowed a glass  
piano; it sang through her mouth.  
She thought her voice  
was not her own. We must not  
confuse our windpipes for  
our gullets.  
Just remember this:  
We are made.  
We make ourselves.  
We are made.