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.