

A Machine For Loving

Iggy Pop

Two weeks after my arrival Fox died just after sunset
I was stretched out on the bed when he approached
And tried painfully to jump up he wagged his tail nervously
Since the beginning he hadn't touched his bowl once
He had lost a lot of weight
I helped him to settle on my lap
For a few seconds he looked at me
With a curious mixture of exhaustion and apology
Then, calmed, he closed his eyes
Two minutes later he gave out his last breath
I buried him beside the residence
At the western extremity of the land
Surrounded by the protective fence
Next to his predecessors
During the night a rapid transport
From the Central City dropped off an identical dog
They knew the codes and how to work the barrier
I didn't have to get up to greet them
A small white and ginger mongrel
Came toward me wagging its tail
I gestured to him
He jumped on the bed and stretched out beside me
Love is simple to define
But it seldom happens in the series of beings
Through these dogs we pay homage to love
And to its possibility
What is a dog but a machine for loving
You introduce him to a human being giving him the mission to love
And however ugly, perverse, deformed or stupid this human being might be
The dog loves him, the dog loves him

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