

## 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