

Vessels, an Ekphrasis

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Inside the new vet's office, a bluetick coonhound bays. She hears a puppy on the other side of the door and is determined, we think, that any puppy must be hers.

The vet guessed she'd been kept in a cage and used to breed dogs sold to run raccoons up trees. Everyone you meet's been someone else before. Zora was a mom. Her mammary vessels, proof of a past life.

At the new vet's office, a woman poses a desperate question through a cracked door. "It'll be like he's going to sleep, right?" she asks. Her dog looks straight ahead as the door closes.

They knocked down the old vet's office to build a Sheetz, who chose the location to stick it to the new Wawa across the street. They'll be making Schmagels and Schmeltz where dogs died. Filling gas tanks where puppies got their first shots. Buying lottery tickets where new adoptees took on mythologies.

Everywhere you've been has been somewhere else before.

Next to the old vet's office used to be an ancient vacuum repair shop. But folks just buy new vacuums these days.