

# Alec Soth's Archived Blog

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January 12, 2007

## Friday Poem

Filed under: [poetry](#), [shit](#) — alecsothblog @ 1:55 am

### Postcard

by Beth Woodcome

This morning the three dogs shat  
on the floor and that's what I woke to.

Before I even woke my body took itself  
in, took it in like an immediate mother would.

Not every mother, but let's get back to you.  
One dog is now sleeping at my feet.

I know how that feels, that shame.  
This is my sixty-seventh postcard.

Each time, when I say  
I wish you were here

I mean to say I don't know if you're real  
or intend to hurt me by having a body I can't get to.

### 3 Comments

1. Deep stuff!

*Comment by [Iman](#) — January 12, 2007 @ [1:35 pm](#)*

2. More like deep dodo....

*Comment by [Frank](#) — January 12, 2007 @ [9:32 pm](#)*

3. Thanks Frank.

*Comment by [BW](#) — January 24, 2007 @ [4:55 pm](#)*