

Lola Haskins

---

*Drosophila*

X was my grandfather, you say and Y who supervised my postdoc my father You recite your lineage with pride as if ideas were blood to be passed on In your office you keep a pair of portraits, male and female, dated 1910, their wings and heads perfectly inked then tinted in yellows and soft grays by Z's own hand, royals to you, who lived a few days then were gone, generations of whom have flown and been forgotten since you and I made this date And why should X not be your grandfather or for that matter you my brother for both our eyes shine as we approach the waiting lenses in your lab that smells of ether because what we each love is to look at very small things carefully.