Spring 1979

The Pig Saga

Patricia Ware

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Ware, Patricia (1979) "The Pig Saga," CutBank: Vol. 1 : Iss. 12 , Article 23.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss12/23

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
THE PIG SAGA

We were proud of the boar.
We castrated him to fatten
the hams even more.
Each day the little
globes of his eyes guessed
where the slop would go,
the hidden tusk would graze my wrist.
He didn't flinch
at hurting me: it was important
to be first in a pig's world.
I watched the destruction
in his jaws — fish, apples
the crunch of centers in the teeth,
the blow and push of his nose.

It had to be Fall: we heard ways
pigs were killed,
guns, knives, a moon
not whole but getting full. We read
the specific times and days;
it had all been done before. Nights
I dreamed the whites hovered
under the flames of his ears, his body
in a long overcoat. Nothing could
make me kill this pig I said.
We took the customary charge
and the slaughter house cut
the head. In four
days I picked up his heart
and the halves of his face,
each eye attached
to my movements still.

Cooked and opened
I put them on a stump out back.
And the eyes guessed
again what was next: my finger
dug in the sockets, the orbs
circling like sprinklers
scanning and escaping my grip.
Even the blade that took his masculinity
could not clip the chord
that made us so alike.
And still toward dusk
I got them out, my treasures,
the sweating flexible eyes.
My forefinger was stiff
as a hunter's horn and my hand
danced and winced in the night.