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## The Pig Saga

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## 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.