Summer 1994

Quick Sell the Pig

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Recommended Citation

Rohrer, Matt (1994) "Quick Sell the Pig," CutBank: Vol. 1 : Iss. 42 , Article 5.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss42/5

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All sorts of plants were beautiful and seemed worthy of description. The trees, for instance, fingered low clouds suggestively along with spotlit bats. Construction awaited an impressive building. Teachers led their classes to the flowerbeds where they wrote in their notebooks. One particular flower—the rose—attracted the most attention. From an open window: timpani. From a passing car: a thin rainbow on the damp streets. From the farms outside of town: the unmistakable smell. The fog rolled down every street in town alphabetically, while small groups of people strolled by the river pretending to enjoy each other’s company. One worried he would be asked which part of dusk he liked best. The part at the beginning when the bats come out and everything seems possible or the part at the end when all that can be seen in the moon is a dog.