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Pig

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PIG

The pig's hindquarters flip-flopped;
a cane, finger's length, into its vagina slid.
Meet its eye; your fear to the wayside dropped.

Incinerator some fifty feet off; the pig stops. You opt
it to get under your skin or not. Off the pig's side,
a quarter flips (I win) then onto the dirt flops.

Pigs hate the shine. My Exacto barely lifts up
the pig's hide. By the truck bed, change the blade.
It meets my eye; my fear to the wayside dropped.

Wondrously, the pig yet rubs snout and sloped
head into ground. We have unmade.
The pig's hindquarters flip-flopped.

Beat the pig to marshmallow. Its breath: interrupt.
I skin. You cane. You can't tell, with the naked
eye, cane from cane's shadow onto a pig's side dropped.

Fifty minutes: its blinking eye to the side dropped.
I am ashamed of my family.
Into the hedge, I, the pig's hindquarters flopped.
Meet my eye; fever ribbons to the wayside dropped.