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Hog

Montreux Rotholtz

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MONTREUX ROTHOLTZ

HOG

I'll never breed such beasts again.
Her ears and half her face eaten,
what a way. The ladder come down.
Pinch of seven hundred pound savory,
succinctly put to it, an attack or accident
wherein some way she fell and then they
ate her. Dentures left on the floor
of the enclosure, and part of an entrail.
Joyfully the local paper comeuppance
with it, shiver of silver hog meat
and blue ribbon wins, prize money
going to funeral costs. I heard the pig
smoothly butchered, packed in plastic.
I heard he was an hour in the dying.
I heard, and this is true, the meat rotten
and the veins like the cables of a bridge.