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## To the Pig: An Oath

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## **TO THE PIG: AN OATH**

To do no harm beyond need and not to hurt.

To catch you up by the leg, to be  
that body of doubt you denied always.

To graze your lifeline,  
tell the future only once.

To sharpen the knife till it's thin as a leaf.

To boil water, hide the rope,  
to wear the scent of an unlocked gate.

To quiet the bucket's handle with a rag.

To let you eat in silence.

To compare your broad back to fresh lumber  
and muscles to spring bulbs. To wait

to say your name aloud and clot your ears with sense.

To prepare my arms, to reshape fear.

To catch your intelligent eye with mine.

To stand in the widening circle  
and soak my boots to the ankle.

To scrape wiry hair, to keep water boiling.

To hang the shell of you in waves of smoke.

To unpack a pot the size of your thoughts  
and jars enough for the jewels of your insides.

To linger over pale pink ones.

To force hands in. To bloody my apron,  
to isolate every fracture and pour salt over.

To break bones to go deeper, to empty my mind  
to make a tent of you, to balance the knife, to say  
your eyes are white as milk so almost blue.

To bring the wheel of my attention  
and quick hands to the smallest bones  
that articulated jumping. To tie

a second apron on. To wear myself out. To find  
you blooming suds, to be the one to have fed you,  
whose abundance is proof of my love.