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Piggyville; The Guard Reports of Seeing the Light

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D.C. Berry

Piggyville

Two teenage pigs, Porky and Miss Peaches,
were gifts from Arkansas. We escorted
these two lovebirds to a tiny village

that touted its honeymoon shed,
no moldy motel with a shower stall.
Mr. & Mrs. Ham had a whole mud

hole. The couple would be a small
whoopee factory and soap
opera. The poor folks in the ville

would get rich selling the piglets—
buy radios and eat like Mama Cass,
swap their buffaloes for golf carts.

Two weeks later we're back
to call on Mr. and Mrs. Whoopee,
see if their mud stinks plush,

their tails curly.
We heard no grunts
and found their whirl

pool out-of-order, unstirred, covered with
a sheen of grease. The pork
factory had been eaten. Because they ate

too much. They'd rather eat than poke,
so the comrades threw the village a barbecue:
chitlins, spare ribs, pork chops,

soup bones. The tails made glue
and soap. The hides, leather luggage—
great for excursions to Moscow,

Peking, or Miami. The whole village
was grateful, said, "We like having choices.
Next week we'd like two more democracies."

D. C. Berry

The Guard Reports of Seeing the Light

So dark my eyes
go tunnel blind like rat holes stuffed
with sticks of dynamite.

I squint and wait.
And Nguyen might be squatting
ten feet away,

picking his teeth, scratching his dong, waiting
till I can't tell if I can smell his rice
cologne and woodsmoke tang or not, waiting

to light me up like I'm Liberace.
And, sure enough, I fall asleep.
I wake to find a purple French

tickler. It sheaths
the tip of my rifle.
Nguyen's joke, maybe,

been known to bowl a skull
into your knees.
Or the cap on my rifle could

be a buddy's
rubber, showing me how
easily

Nguyen could sneak up and blow
dry my wet dreams in a twinkle.
Or this prank might be the faggot's

tickler,
his telegram—I could be his all-night
candle.

Somebody's always got
to be showing you the light a
way you never forget.