

# TWO POEMS

By Peter Cole



## THIS PIG I

This pig I live with really  
 does hover over much of  
 what I do and say it's in  
 the room I lie in daily when  
 I try to tell myself the truth  
 about deceit or what I read  
 or just my being a jerk and lazy  
 pissy it brings to mind the swine  
 within and out of sight it's like  
 a shadow in its knowing how  
 dark at heart I am in part  
 it loves the muck I'm often in  
 the sty and stink of *me* and *my*  
 it's like a household deity now  
 whose name is mine to give and take  
 back in vain it's black and beautifully  
 sketched by Baskin in fact as though  
 he'd thought it a holy beast of sorts  
 a sacred cow or Zen bull  
 someone was having trouble herding  
 its hooves delicate as a devil's  
 prance cloven above the heaven  
 and hell of my head its law written  
 in red biblical letters says  
 for me it seems specifically—  
 Pig, poet, thou shalt not eat.

## HEARSING

He was on his way in the dream  
 across a sea of sorts to Hearsing,  
 he remembered, knowing the place  
 didn't exist as such but rose  
 up within him nonetheless  
 almost magically like a meniscus  
 over something he'd have heard  
 during the day after they  
 began rehearsing all those parts  
 that they'd play as each of their lives  
 more or less and in the end  
 was improvised very plausibly  
 though possibly too he was simply  
 hearing things once again  
 long before he'd come near them  
 simple things slipping through him  
 much like sleep or blood and breathing  
 in the way it all played out  
 in his dream of sailing to Hearsing. ■

*Peter Cole's new collection of poems, Draw Me After, is forthcoming from Farrar, Straus and Giroux.*