

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.