



9-1-2020

I, Circe

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Recommended Citation

Veach, Cindy (2020) "I, Circe," *The North Meridian Review*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 14.

DOI: 10.7825/2769-5115.1013

Retrieved from: <https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/thenorthmeridianreview/vol1/iss1/14>

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Cindy Veach is the author of *Her Kind* (forthcoming, CavanKerry Press) and *Gloved Against Blood* (CavanKerry Press), a finalist for the Paterson Poetry Prize and a Massachusetts Center for the Book 'Must Read'. Her poems have appeared in the Academy of American Poets Poem-a-Day Series, AGNI, Prairie Schooner, Sugar House Review, Poet Lore, Michigan Quarterly Review and elsewhere. She is the winner of the 2018 Samuel Allen Washington Prize and the 2019 Phillip Booth Poetry Prize. Cindy is co-poetry editor of Mom Egg Review. www.cindyveach.com

I, Circe

I love swine. It's all I have to show
for my years on the isle of Iowa.

I like swine made out of anything—
flesh, glass, stone, fabric, porcelain.

I even count a low-fire, glazed in gold
warthog in my collection. The male artist,

a transplant from Mill Valley, titled it *Farm Art*
like an aesthetic dig at the heartland,

at the neighbor lady who taught me
to make kolaches with prune filling—

at the boy who was my first
who could dock the tails

of piglets in his sleep
and two-hand an electric fence.

Sometimes I crave that Grant Wood land
not flat, not flat at all, but I can't go back.

Is that why I keep adding to my stash?
Swine ornaments dangle from light fixtures,

cabinets. Swine tea towels, pitchers, butter
dishes, pull toy, corkscrew, talisman.