



## Perfection

*by Sarah Hill*

There is an ideal of corn  
a perfection of hog  
that grows tall and green  
long and fat  
and hangs heavy with its ripeness.

Standing by the drought-brown stalks  
with the withered hands  
there is a sign,  
over the ribby pigs  
shaking in the dust  
there is a sign,  
and when the farmer sails  
and the markets rise  
and the couple down the street goes meatless,  
and it promises cool rain in April  
and hogs rolling fat  
in the mud.