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.