ALYS AND STANLEY

Judy Hood

By: Jennifer Leth

She watches me. I rest

upon a grassy hill

with spindly rose bushes

great as trees. My bare feet

dangling, I attempt to

enjoy my sunlit dream.

This ever-present swine,

gray-skinned sow with tiny

hooves, a double chin, sits

back on wrinkled haunches.

Her beady black marble

eyes judge my reverie.

I am exposed, she is

patient. This recurring

vision, almost pleasant,

leaves me in black boxers

censored on the sofa.