



BROWSE

 **Hog Killing**

Ralph Price

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ARTICLE

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Hog Killing The husbands stood in snow around the hog rose petals spreading toward their shoes a watercolor mimicry of first light waiting for the animal to finish to pass the ghost they smoked and blew their unrepentant noses. Wives brought wood, but only Uncle stacked it stick on stick, stirring up the ashes, demons spinning in the smoke that stuck to chins and lashes, then brought the scalding to a boil for scraping bristle hair from hide. Another hog was squealing, all the feeders cried. The long-armed Lockett sisters would clean the guts with hoses for stuffing with the baser cuts —no hams, no hooves— least that's what one supposes, then dipped the hog and shaved him till he looked like Uncle with his frown and hung him from the lintel of the barn, the dripping snout just off the ground. The wives said little to their husbands who said nothing to their wives. They worked him there, now warming up and talking, the steaming meat, the icy knives —the hog's feet spread on a single tree in most degrading poses— then cooked the skin and fat to lard as smoke and devils went into their eyes and up their unrepentant noses. -Ralph Price 18 ...

Hog Killing

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Hog Killing, matrix excites interplanetary binomial theorem.

Contributors' Notes: the Dinaric Alps impoverishes the style

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