

Flirting with a Pig · *Alexander Ristic*

Come to me pig, you dressing yourself in king's cloth
while you come straight from the mud, your small eyes
averted;
I have understanding for your embarrassment and your
vanity.

It's not right that I as a poet should approve of what
you do,
but there's something dear to me in your debauchery
to which you yield with permanent ambivalence.

Still, the devil waits for you in the local slaughterhouse,
he has fat fingers, thin blades, wears a sheepskin
as he stands in the middle, legs spread in rubber boots,
playing with knives.

Meanwhile, his helper washes the wooden pail
and watches the master's daughter who climbs down the ladder
lifting her skirts so that the pink soles show and shins.

Come to me pig, mistress of the bog,
whisper some love-word in my wide ear,
before they lead you away while taking turns
throwing curses and praises upon you.

translated by Charles Simic