

The Theories of Porky Pig

Marianne Habeshaw

under- brushed teeth blocked by lipstick
we school-girls hovered out of bed

onto a hill, lime green where porky pig
lived, Mrs Spoon told us he'd widen our settings

since he loved to speak politically. when we
asked porky about politics he said conservative women

were more direct. Winking he'd met Thatcher once
she thought feminism was dirty, therefore arousing

he tapped a blonde medallion, said if we harnessed our
goods properly all the pigs would be responding. how he

remembers himself at fourteen. humbled by the honour
of her metallic breasts. our eyes were neutral fishbowls

picturing our toothbrushes safe at home. Simon the Sheep
joined us on the hill, curls pinned like pencils. porky introduced

us as younger but we let him have the narrative. like when he
interviewed us for summer jobs and decided we were religious

to make us blush. Simon the Sheep spread out a fence. smiled
through the slits. asked us not to open it. porky flared his trotters

Simon the sheep jumped over the fence, brushing past me
he stopped. explained he didn't want cuddles. they were pointless

like a life without promotion. sheep whispered about the night
before into Porky's ear. porky leaned in as if to correct the sun's

pronunciation. like we were a group of pigs or maybe
he wanted to give school-girls some insight. he said

the way to have a night with two woman
was to find some who actually wanted each other

porky pet his gun. we paused like slapped fish
I hadn't heard of these proper women before.