This Little Piggy

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Recommended Citation
Sleeman, Emma (2012) "This Little Piggy," The Promethean: Vol. 20 : Iss. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/9

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do is take some more deep breaths and let him take you out to dinner.

Once again, the voice of reason wins and Jacquelyn counts slowly to ten, ten times. She can tell that the Date strains to fill the silence, but she needs this time to get her shit together. Only years of dealing with the opposing voices in her head allow her to carry on a conversation. She nods and smiles and giggles in all the appropriate places, but inside she squirms.

Frantically searching for something clean to fixate on, another tactic she has learned in therapy, Jacquelyn glances down at the center console. HIS HAND. Never had she seen such a specimen of perfection. His hand seemed almost sensual, caressing the tough skin of his car while his eyes fixate on the road ahead of him. Taking advantage of his distraction, she nods smiles responds laughs and stares openly. Supple skin, orgasmically manicured nails, and a firm comfortable grip. The lower belly feeling starts to rise and all she can think of is how those hands would feel perfect on her well-moisturized skin. “How could you not have noticed the appendages before, you crazy bitch!” the crazy voice says. For the first time in accord, the voice of reason chimes in, “Those are the most marvelous things I have ever seen.” In a life of order and planning and 10s, Jacquelyn goes on impulse. She steals his hand from the console and cradles it between her own. Shocked by the sudden intimacy, Ryan looks over and smiles.

This little piggy

Emma Sleeman

This little piggy went to market, bought three bottles of cheap wine and a 24 of Coors Lite.
““For a party,” he says. Right.

This little piggy stayed home, where he’s been, safe and sound, for the past 8 years thanks to online bill pay and grocery shopping.

This little piggy had roast beef sliced into one-inch cubes, chewed five times on each side, and swallowed with a small sip of raspberry Kool-Aid.

This little piggy had none; hasn’t been “hungry” since he turned seventeen and his now-ex boyfriend called him a fat hog for having so much cake-
“You know that stuff goes straight to your ass.”

And this little piggy cried whee whee whee all the way home as he ran to escape the government conspiracy to take over his mind.