

Invasive Species

By John Poch

Some days are better than others.
Yesterday, from a helicopter, I slaughtered
with an AR-15 a couple dozen wild pigs
for miles along a desiccated river.
Nowhere to hide, they fell like dull dominoes
on the limestone bed and dust, with little puffs
of exhaust where the lead goes through.
The biggest boar, tired of the metal god
of constant thunder above, tired
of his own old fat and heaving tusks
that he would have loved to sharpen
on my thigh bones, he tried to hide below
a thin mesquite he considered a tree of life.
We chuckled as righteous God must have
at modest Adam in his sin. *Where are you?*

We lit up his little Eden with the angel of death.
They tell me any wild pig over a year old
tastes rancid no matter how you cook it,
ham or loin or meaty shoulder. Some say
it tastes like human flesh, but who would know?
You couldn't hear the laughter over the roars
of all our hovering power poured out.
I admit we paid a lot to get those kicks
and free beer at the cabin after, watching
the sun set. Later, someone by the fire asked
a question: What is the glory of God?

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