

Why is a Hog always Corpulent ? (or Another Special Exhibit at the Met)

by Kog Zadare

Like a hog in the wilderness, like a bird in the sky - he took flight. Disguised as his assistant Bob, Doctor R. Wong, or his disgraced specter, took flight from the office and his life of 'industrial grade' privilege. Broken loose from the tyranny of his Gmail inbox at last! Only too aware of the absolute corruption of the earth and everyone in it, Wong's soul had long since given in to an overweening predilection for all things natural, and so today, as on many others, the pert greenery of "trees", as he called them, tugged him into their stomping grounds, if you will allow the absurdity that trees may be said to stomp.

And so: Drawn down a lonely path by the wayside of New York's Central Park, quite absently and by perfect chance, old Wong found himself cradled by the lovely immensity of a maze-like, fetidly putrid grounds, of a so called 'museum zone', as was our current style guides' 'nomenclature préférence' slash 'usage suggestion' at the moment of the present composition's inception qua an explication exercise qua an idiocy without border. However: We prevaricate,

which is to say, being interpreted, we hedge.

"Mein Gott!" spake old Wong with an intense zeal that lay only half concealed behind his, to say the least, queerly cropped whiskers. "This ist wwhere they are bin keeping the Unicorn Tapestry" (that symbol of the newly risen from the dead Christ.) Wong was a devout and observant Jew, however he did not hold in contempt the Christian faith nor those "prissy", as he was so good as to call them, sons of that "cold hypocrite", as Wong sometimes was heard to mutter under his breath, Esau, although perhaps he considered that the goyim had 'taken the wrong path' (Such are the mordant and fiery knots that turn within the minds of manic ideological cadre member's, in this upholstered world of ours.).

But: What was exceptional is that precisely a protruding 'massif 'of a hog was dancing in the inner *sanctum sanctorum* of the museum, a great and stupendously rotund animal was actually attempting to, or so it seemed to Wong, preform a pirouette in the manner of one of Degas' whores. True, whilst on tip-hoof the wild beast looked rather pretty, however, old Wong was in such an advanced state of ossified horror that he had not the presence to consider the finer points of Great Hog's dance, but rather he only felt within the pap of his marrow that Wild Hog would continue to profane the increasingly unbearable air of this world and 'all worlds' and secrete miasma within every last corner and that he would, perchance, emulsify and serve up all that which came under his keenly searching purview, just like the giant who gathers up human bones to make his bread, he would use whatever he could lay hoof on for the initial *hors d'œuvres*, those good offerings that he would present to his select and redoubtably upstanding guests, at some grotesque banquet where elegant sows, in couture gowns, and astoundingly decorous coiffures, preen and plume about all throughout the wee wee wee hours of the night, and all the way home, as the rhythm has it.

Wong, confronting head on the repulsive possibility that he too

would become one of Great Hog's intimates, steadied himself and began to back out of the room. He reflected, at the last, that he was in any case so catastrophically constituted, even from the beginning of his life, so as to probably already be what he would have become even were he subjected to the violent passions of Señor Hog (Who, by the way, just at this moment, displayed all the charms associated with one possessed of a most amiable mien.) and torn higgledy piggedly to mish-mash tally whacks by the torrent of that wild and unbridled furry from which there is no return, not ever, as the Kafkas of this world have it.

End

