

PIGS & MOTHS - Arianna De Curtis

A pig and a moth are much more alike in nature than people would think.

It isn't about appearances, or the fact both creatures are frowned upon based on the universally agreed disgust they provoke.

No,

the thing about pigs and moths is that they are both

ravenous.

Pigs & moths, pigs & moths.

The more I say it the more it loses sense, but also gains it. Like a heavenly gate opening—or a pit of hell—unfurling the meaning of two words that shouldn't make that much sense when put together.

Pigsmoths.

PIGSMOTHS.

To call someone a pig means to call them gluttonous, greedy, filthy, perverted, rude, crude, selfish, disgusting, dirty, worthless, useless, unattractive.

YOU'RE A PIG.

That's what you'd say to your fat uncle after he finished your entire birthday cake the morning after the party. Or you'd tell it to a cop, or maybe just in your head, lest you wanna get shot.

Point is: you don't go around calling people a moth.

But what if we should do that, too?

YOU'RE A MOTH.

Eh, I don't know. Doesn't have the same effect.

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You could call someone a moth when they take up too much space. That one person you don't like (~~everyone has one, I for sure do~~) or that wronged you in some way. In some past life.

We hold grudges like a moth attaches onto an eternal light.

We eat our anger and regret like a pig feasting on scraps the farmer mindlessly left out.

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I have become a pig, I have become a moth, I have become. I am.

I've achieved this new state of existence.

If someone wrote a poem about pigs & moths, it would probably be something like this:

The thing about pigs & moths
is that they both live in a state
of decay, death, depravity.

People don't like what they
can see themselves in. Oh, &
how they see themselves in pigs & moths.

In pigs they see
their gluttony.
A sinful distaste.
The want to ~~have~~
eat everything.
& the lengths
they'll go to get it.

In moths they see
their greed.
A lustful repentance.
Wanting to ~~keep~~
trap what they conquered,
& they enslave themselves
to the light.

So, people don't like what
they find similar or familiar.
Pigs & moths leave an etching
on the surface of shiny lies
mankind tells themselves
to find sleep at night.

You devour.

You are a depraved human being.

You consume, consequences be damned.

Your appetite brings you to your death,

like an unsatisfied pig eats poison mistaking it for a fruit

or an overbearing moth burns alive after diving into a candle flame.

~~You're a moth.~~

Correction: a pig.

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We are all pigs, in our own way.

Same goes for moths.

It depends on the day, I think.