



Early one morning I was walking down a path to the river in a little village in central Mexico when I met this group of birds gathered at the intersection. They looked like three old biddies who'd just been gossiping about the very pig who was coming to join them. The pig's posture would suggest he's

been grumbling to himself about something (or someone), and the slightly hen-pecked rooster's expression hopefully conveys the male bird's version of "my lips are sealed!" I had great fun doing this painting, and chose to keep the pig out of focus as a visual play on words.

DAWN EMERSON

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Don't Tell the Pig
Rooster, chickens and pig
Soft Pastel, 25 x 19