

## CONSUMPTION OF THE SOUL

Bursting  
Like a grape  
Between the teeth  
The idea of  
What could be

The girl was  
The woman is  
And it continues

Where is she?  
And her  
And that woman I once knew

Plucking grapes  
And savoring the promise  
Of each one  
Only for a moment  
Before biting

Sweet  
Succulent taste  
But  
One grape  
Barely quenches the thirst

—*Crystal Alford*