

A SINGLE ROTTING PEAR

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A sickly sweet scent
Dreams of carving to your core
A sticky, sweaty, sustenance
Seeps into shallow crevasses

On the vine
A caterpillar caressed inside
Instead it is consumed
Its eternal chrysalis

Entombed in spotted leather
Cycling spoiled juice
Nestled further than squalid flesh
Relentless to spread its rot