

Salt figure

by [Samuel Smith](#) in the [July 19, 2017](#) issue

Perhaps this was the only way
She knew
To cure her memories
To season for savoring
What could preserve her still
Through winters unknown
Colder by far
Than the calibrated heat
Splash of that sulfuric stench
Rancid and sticky
Consuming all that once had been
Just a moment ago
Just over her shoulder.