

# 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.