

# 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