



BY FLORENCE VU

Shifts in Appetite

This town is a peach, but I can no longer stand the smell of its core.
I bite on the ridges expecting decadence, but it serves hollow.
Has the working beetle kicked me out of its harvest, or have I simply outgrown the taste?
My eyes digest it, even by touch I know it can still be palatable. It has been for years.
This is a good peach, so must my hunger ache for a plum?