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Eating the world

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Eating the world

Alexandria Hay (Psychology 2026)

I have so much to give to this world
who will hold it all?
My pain and grief so vast and grand that
the cupped hands of all my generations
could hold the spilling sadness
and it would still trickle through their fingers
flowing into a steady stream eroding a canyon
that even when dry still gapes dangerously

What pitcher exists large enough to
hold the love oozing from my overripe heart?
Every embrace squeezing me like an orange
tangy sweetness pouring over all I love
the residue of my sticky brightness
smeared over every moment and note and soul
that I hold dear

I am messy and sloppy taking bites of this big world
I am beautiful
I will love again
and again, hold my sister
and burn my tongue
on scalding bitter coffee with my best friend
I will pour rich spices into the mouths of those I love

I will dive into my canyon of grief
and I will climb the sides
waiting for my God to reach down their callused hand
scarred and rehealed from all the times I have pushed away
fighting violently and desperately to escape
the peace that I resist

Letting myself be pulled from the smothering abyss of sorrow
the scrape on my fingers
and burning sweat of my calves as I climb
every step another inch closer to the opening
sorrow sheds off me and falls below
a snake losing its skin of grief



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Connor Duncan (Sustainability 2025)

