

Junior Division Poetry

**Consumed**

Guadalupe Koen-Alonso, St. John's

The flames lick at your lips,  
threatening to  
whisper  
their presence,  
to enter through  
the struggled gasp of a breath,  
awaiting with  
a violent patience  
to spread their hungry fingers  
within you,  
to consume every crevice that lies  
between the scorched ivory  
of your bones.