

# Poem – Omnivore

*Our souls are made up of all the other souls we've consumed.*

Each animal—cow, hog,  
turkey, trout, deer—too  
many to count. Each tomato,  
eggplant, squash, and bean.  
The nuts that grow in trees  
or along the ground.  
Doesn't God run  
through the fields  
of our flesh, the material  
world turning and turning  
on the conveyor belt  
of existence, until time  
finds itself in the belly  
of another? The body,  
which is the soul, is eaten  
in death by the small  
hungry mouths of worms,  
spirit devoured by bacteria,  
then released to slide  
through the dark rotting  
leaves, the moldy grass  
clippings, the last  
of the blackened peppers,  
and whatever else  
is in the compost  
of heaven.

Todd Davis, *The Least of These* (USA: Michigan State University Press, 2010), 102.  
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