

©HUNGER

A constant pain gnawing away but past that stage there is empty,

Bread.

Dirt on our faces, torn clothes and the sound of my mother's tears,

Rice.

Weak and frail but still people beat me, our limbs do not work anymore,

Fruit.

Rich eyes watch us from their living rooms and throw their pities to us,

Starvation.

The camera crew eat in front of us,

Sickness.

My mother said I shouldn't be having these thoughts but,

Death.

How will they find a coffin small enough to fit my shrunken body?

Vegetables.

Or will they just throw me with the other souls on the side of the road, a forgotten memory?

Water.

To them I am just another number, another statistic,

Butter.

She wanted to be a doctor, that is what they will say,

Health.

At least I know my sister will join me,

Pain.

That cough needs water, water is not found here,

Desperation.

They took my best friend from me, kidnapped and tortured her but she was too weak to speak,

Sugar.

Hunger creates a fire in every organ, bursting to explode, a pain that cannot be ceased,

Flour.

So you sign my petitions and wish me well, but where is the food?

Eggs.

It is not enough for my broken baby,

I am sorry.

My child "I am sorry."

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