“Hunger”

Satiated. Small globules of fat flatten on the stoneware, 
on the knives. The steak bones blister with spittle. Shreds 
of lettuce shrivel on the side dish, potato skins wrinkle and die.

It is like the aftermath of war, 
of sex, the spoils spoiling, 
spoiling us, our neurons overloaded, too satisfied to think we'll ever eat another bite.

And what of love, of work, ambition? We could laze in satiation all our days blubbery about our rank food fortune, full of ourselves and sick to death of everything.

But luckily, we grow hungry, we grow ravenous. Desire brings the world back once again.