

## “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  
blubbering 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.