

## "Innocent Hunger"

By Daniel Young

Swollen stomach,  
deep, sad eyes.

No hope,  
no relief.

The small boy, the small girl,  
unfed, ni- dead.

But lo- a man approaches,  
gifts in his hand.

Food for the boy,  
food for the girl.

The girl weakly stirs,  
slowly she eats

her agony is not over,  
her time, not yet.

For the poor boy, swollen yet emaciated,  
he stares, empty, blank and sick,

his time is met,

he will be hungry no more,  
forever.