

Spaghetti

How can you laugh and say they are skinny like spaghetti?

I feel an electric shock to my soul. Don't you have a heart?

Where you see spaghetti, I see big bloated tummies and huge, dark, hopeless eyes, staring at me.

I see nothing to laugh at.

I glance at my stomach and it turns with shame.

Twenty years have passed and your cruel remarks still haunt me.

Time has changed nothing, they still starve.

Have you seen past the spaghetti to the eyes? Help me help them...

By Jean Napier Siu

Napiersiu81@stmary.edu