

AMIDST THE FAMINE

As the fires of the rich
Broil their meats
And warm their bones

the bellies of the poor shrivel

As their banter turns to poetry
Politics
The latest fashion

the eyes of the hungry shrink back into their ashen-gray sockets.

What of the theatre, one was heard to say.
The economy,
Rumors of yet another war

while the pall bearers, too weak,
lay their burdens on the side of the road

And you wonder why I am distracted.
You wonder why I am not one with you

The bellies of the poor shrivel
Their children, mere shadows, deform in fever's grip
The eyes of the hungry, hollowed shells
Their old, the elders, long since gone to disease and death
The pall bearers, too weak,
Lay their burdens,
Lay themselves,
down
on the side of the road ...

As you ponder a life well-lived,
here, amidst the famine.