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A GRAMMAR OF HUNGER

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Hunger has its own language.
It speaks in the empty plate of a child,
And in eyes that have stopped asking.

There is hunger when a mother looks at rice
And still chooses to stay empty,
So her child can go to sleep
Believing the world is full.

Hunger is not always about food.
There is a hunger that tastes like want —
The kind that has nothing to do with bread,
But everything to do with being held without conditions.

Sometimes, it's the hunger for a safe place.
Sometimes, it's love that never learned how to stay.
The ache is silent, but ongoing.

A protester holds a sign,
And their hunger isn't in the stomach —
It rises in the throat.
A hunger for justice, for breath.
They are starving for a world that finally listens.

Even the earth is hungry —
For rain, for quiet,
For one season without loss.

A soldier lies awake,
Not hungry for food,
But for home.
For the voice of a mother,
For the sound of their child's laughter,
For a morning without fear.



He carries it in his boots,
In letters he never sends,
In the silence after the gunfire stops.

This is the grammar we learned, not taught —
How to swallow grief,
How to bite down on hope without choking.

And still, we speak it without words,
Live it,
And carry it.
Until someone finally listens.

Hunger speaks in all tongues —
And none of us are fluent in it.



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