

# Hunger

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [August 7, 2007](#) issue

You can feel his heartbeat slow  
    as he loiters just off the Expressway,  
        by the Okoboji Swamp  
looking casual as an old purse  
    under the Spanish moss,

his eyes envisioning some delicacy  
    —a family of small newts  
        with a salad of green scum,  
or several whiskered catfish.  
    Under his gorgeous skin his brain is moving,

as mine and yours are moving now  
    with joy at hunger,  
        joy at hunger filled.  
Suddenly he opens his mouth  
    of magnificent stalactites and stalagmites,

astonished at the power  
    of his new hunger. He rises and  
        like a bee bumbling into a flower,  
staggers sideways toward the Expressway.  
    As guards gather,

drawing guns, he is lost in bliss  
    imagining  
        the turquoise swimming pool  
down the road,  
    stocked with children.