

# 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.