

2-12-12

At times I get hungry,
it's unbearable but then again I think of
the people in the world that have absolutely no way
to wonder where/when their next meal will come from.
But me, uncontent with what I have put life to
paper. I know that 3 meals are going to come. I
know I ain't going to starve to death. I know kids in
third world country's hold the burden of starvation.
Abandoned by all, they search through any and all
scraps in order to find something to delight and
fill their bellies. No hope and no guarantees, there
only alternative is to starve or do what must be
done to survive! No boundaries can come near these
people, they'll do what is necessary and by any means
discarded and abandoned their whole purpose, focus
and energies is put into finding that thing which I
so take for granted... Food. Am I not satisfied
enough with this? No, I must say honestly I'm not.
The hunger still subsides within me and slowly grows....
there is means to have more food, but I have not the
resources to gather them. It is the lot of my kind to
have nothing yet, happy and cheerful, yet again under
the cover of the veil sadness and a emptiness
which long to be fulfilled. Such is the contradiction of
my kin.

STATE PRISON
CUM JEHAD
AAHU?