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Title of Work: "Hunger"

Sub-Category: Poem

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HUNGER

I am the cry of a baby,
an empty bottle at midnight.
I prey upon the helpless,
torment the heart and soul

when Dad can't find work
and the table is bare.
I play deceitful games
a hungry stomach can't play.

I mock widows and single mothers
scraping by on meager mites,
raise prices for my leisure;
leaving no money for food.

I injure the bodies and minds
of schoolchildren without regret,
growl at the poor and needy;
as billionaires glutton over gold.