

THE ANATOMY OF FAMINE

by

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Skeletal children with protruding bones
Silent, sad with their lives slipping away...

Thousands of mothers, their faces grotesque, chiselled by
a sculptor's hand familiar with suffering and pain,
with empty sagging breasts, their legs spindly, and
bodies unable to support themselves,
line up at feeding centers for a few grams of food

Fathers too, wizened and bowed, wail, bathe the dead and
bury their loved ones in solemn tenderness

Brittle and discolored like dried leaves,
The lucky ones line up in throngs in barren,
overcrowded feeding centers
Tongues dart in and out,
Snatching a confetti of flies

Children, mothers and fathers with eyes
too dry to shed tears, enshroud loved ones
who have no energy to cry, or writhe in pain as
starvation saps their lives and delivers them to
death