

Hunger

When someone says hungry you'll think of food,
But many people in this world will think of nothing,
Over millions of streets and millions of towns,
People look forward to their imaginary meals,
The rich may think of this as a nursery rhyme or story,
But believe me it's real

People begging for money just to get one meal,
The rest of society just walk right past,
If they forget about them they might just disappear,
But those remaining few scraps might just be their last

Rats are their neighbours,
The bins are their cupboards,
No one does them any favours,
Only stare at them like they're a painting

There are people who try to help,
Give them money,
Give them food,
These people don't think of them as rude

Whether it's something plain,
Or something out a tin,
This course will be their main,
So they don't have to scavenge in the bin

Freyja Ramsey