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## Hunger

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## **Hunger**

by Antrim Ross

Words  
weren't in season  
back then but we craved them  
and stole together  
by night  
to the larder.

There,  
in the light  
of a bare bulb  
we feasted,  
filching surfeit  
from the temperance  
of summers.

You  
tore a burlap sack,  
I fashioned  
the blindfold  
and by turns  
we hoodwinked  
each other.

Hidden  
from sight  
we built temples  
to taste,  
took communion  
in blind faith  
from fingers.

Yours  
were all vinegar  
or pungent  
with brine,  
mine  
were all syrup  
and sugar.