

# Last Meal: Photographs

The book would have me weep for those  
    young men,  
each final meal prepared and photographed,  
  
as if to coax them back once they have died.  
Their hunger rises from the page, and though  
  
the author means to show that in the end  
the body still must feed, I do not feel  
  
the hope he would imply. The meals are not  
what you would think: a jar of pickles, eggs  
  
and fries, a bowl of Frosted Flakes and beans.  
For these young men, I cannot say what's just;  
  
their histories recede from them alone  
until what's left beneath the vagaries  
  
of hate, or hope, or love is hunger still.  
I weep for its variety of need.

