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.