

Food for the Soul



You sit there and you seem content, well fed—
But let me tell you, one thing angers me—
It's when people waste food, just leave it there
Just take a bite or two and then dump it!

So you say what's the difference? But if
You--you've been to the third world, then you know
You've seen people going into garbage cans,
Dumps, roadsides gleaning up the leftovers, scraps

And then one day it begins to gnaw on
You, like a razor scraping the lid of your
Brain, nettles rasping the edge of your heart,
Fire ants sizzling your skin, you imagine
What if I was one of these folks, hungry?
What if my belly ached for a bit of
An orange or a potato or just
Bread crusts; it ached and I waited, waited

It happened to me one day, Northeast Brazil
A land of hunger, their Appalachia—
Though ten times more impoverished than ours
There I was, hungry, forced to ask, to learn

Well, let me tell you I leaned, I learned
For one day and night I knew pangs, aches
for a morsel, then I found someone, who
took pity on the poor American



Now I try not to waste, I take smaller
Portions, plan to eat less, work at the food
Pantry, send money to the needy, pray.
What's that you say? Teach them to grow their own?
Yes, that's good—help people to help themselves
Yes that's the long term goal, but meanwhile when
They're hungry—give them a break.
Yeah I know
We've got some in this country too, I know

That's why I work at the food pantry, God
Yes, that's why. There but for the grace of God
Would I be. And you there feeling well fed,
secure, safe. Feed the hungry, feed your soul.