

Feed a Child

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If only all grocer stores had a box to fill to feed a hungry child, imagine the smiles it would bring?

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Brown eyes so big and socket bound
They stare upon the empty ground
Skin like a raisin dried from the sweltering sun
This poor child knows nothing about having fun
A belly so big and watery filled
The hunger pains it certainly stilled
A silent tear down its cheek like a railway track
Not knowing when Mama is coming back
His ribs are showing like strings of a guitar
Little knees like doorknobs, which stand out so far
His pain and suffering is all he knows
Crouches in a corner to protect his frail body as the cold wind blows
This picture of a hungry child haunts my mind
On a box at the counter of our local store you find
It readsâ I feed the children a tin or two
Make a difference if only to a few
My heart does bleed
For these children in need
Give freely and maybe save this small life
Who has only known hunger pains and strife.

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