

Rice

Picture it:

grain in your hand,
seed spare, salt white,
a spiritual host.

Ghosts of multitudes show up,
shadowgraphs all, their mouths
in O gapes over mushrooming
stomachs & limbs spidery
as Gollum's.

They are each the outline
of the Famine Artist
whose work I once saw.
She traced her bony body in black
marker to brown paper,
the paper of grocery bags.
She glued peanuts down on top
to show her hunger was just like
ours', ours' & theirs'.

She knew as the ghosts do
that there always could be
rice enough
beyond the missiles
raining upon fields.