

**'The Hunger'**  
**Matt Duggan**

All that's left are the berry pickers  
the foxes have gone – magpies have flown far from the storm;  
we watched children throwing stones at drones  
that hovered above council estates,

Waiting for that interlude – the lightness –  
A symphony we can't hear. Stomach is brimming  
tight muscles can't clench wilderness not reached.

We draw this hunger in pencil across a sky in dark velvet;  
walk among dunes of concrete where fumes fill a grass arena;

our sanity disturbs this restless hunger as we devour colours and textures  
seeking images that tempt our throats; waiting for that interlude – the lightness – the break.