

Hunger Games

by Vida Mercer

I know what it's like, dying

Not *to die*, of course. But the dying part

That I know.

In the morning . . . or maybe it's *mourning*,

The gravitas of the situation is undeniable.

Gravid—"pregnant" "weighty" "serious" ironic

"Why don't you just end it, try again later?" they say

There is no later.

We will make it together, dear one . . . or we won't, together

It is time to play our hunger games