

Hunger

Hunger. The irrevocable pain. I hunger for the feeling of acceptance. I have not the experience of feeling wanted, I have not the feeling of being longed for. I used to feel as if this feeling was temporary. But as life endured, I have just been walked all over, stomped on, and crushed. My feelings about this life have been majorly altered due to untimely, unexpected circumstances. From the day I entered this Earth, my life has taken turns that nobody could expect.

Hunger. I understand the word more thoroughly than quite possibly anybody else ever could. I was raised on the streets of Brooklyn, with no home. Hunger. Every night we would watch everybody walk by with styrofoam boxes and “Thank you!” bags filled with takeout Chinese food. I yearned to know what that food would taste like. I asked Daddy every time I saw it, “What does that stuff in the bag taste like Daddy? Why can’t we have that Daddy?” He always said: “Honey, sometimes people partake in activities that they shouldn’t do, and that’s why we can’t have that stuff like everybody else can”. I would always think that he was saying someone stole everything from us, or someone is preventing us from being able to be well off, or at least not dirt poor. Turns out, my thoughts were right, just not in the way that I had conceptualized.

Hunger. My name is Morella Taron, and I am a product of poverty. My father’s name is Marlon Taron. Until I was 6, he and I lived on the streets of Brooklyn. If I were asked to, I could describe, in as much detail as any one person wanted, what every street corner looked like. Most of them were dirty, with Twisted Tea and Arnold Palmer cans by all of the street signs. If I had to guess, I’d say that Brooklynites really like tea. Apparently, you just upgrade to an alcoholic one when you can get your hands on it. I had my first alcoholic drink when I was 5. I remember that day like no other. My dad told me that it was a “healthy drink” and it would help us get off of the

streets. It was the night before my 6th birthday, and he was right. It did help us get off the streets. He went to prison for child endangerment. I went to move in with my mom.

Hunger. Physical hunger, for food. It was over. She fed me every night and made sure I was always full, until the age of 13 when she passed away. I thought life was finally going right, but at that point, I had let go of all hope. She saved my life and then she was just gone.

Hunger. Now that I am all alone, I hunger for the feeling of being wanted, the feeling opposite of abandonment, whatever that may be. That is all I long for. Until the day I die.