

2024

Hunger

Anne Dyer Stuart

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/nelle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Stuart, Anne Dyer (2024) "Hunger," *Nelle*: Vol. 7, Article 56.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/nelle/vol7/iss2024/56>

This content has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of the UAB Digital Commons, and is provided as a free open access item. All inquiries regarding this item or the UAB Digital Commons should be directed to the [UAB Libraries Office of Scholarly Communication](#).

Anne Dyer Stuart

HUNGER

What confronted my parents was hunger,
the stealth of it, the guilt of it, how it
lived in all of us, lodged somewhere between

swimming pool and tire iron. Jars of natural
peanut butter with tipped-out oil fell
onto sandwiches, rolled into hard

pasty balls. At night before *Pritikin*
they'd sneak downstairs, bake brownies with peanut
M&Ms, scoops of Jamoca Almond

Fudge. I was never awake for that—
instead, I got yogurt-covered raisins,
stale trail mix, tasteless Wasa bread. They ran

marathons, shrunk, paced the neighborhood
in terrycloth shorts, Nikes, old races
emblazoned across their chests. Mama took

weightlifting classes taught by a woman
in the Mississippi Delta, coaxed
muscle out of cottage cheese, out of oil-

less tuna, out of deadlifts, out of grit.
Everything clocked, logged, Daddy down to
128 pounds on boiled eggs and

chicken, all of it on the horizon,
bodies brazen, days spreading like thighs.