I have before me a photograph.  
Not just another picture to be looked at and casually turned aside but——  
One of monumental significance.  
To me——

And to all the world.  
It is the picture of a man.  
A working man.

"Hear—spinning world,  

I am hunger and represent all that is privation and misery.  
I represent the scourge of generations—  
Eternal theme: DEATH, by slow starvation.  
See in me the strife,  
The sweat,  
The sorrow of all mankind.  
I am listless. I am slowly perishing.  
See my slumped shoulders once  
Straight and proud;  
The stringy sinews  
Of arms that once could flex with power and sureness.  
I am a daylight ghost,  
Fit for naught—but company with  
The dead.

And the history of a time is  
On my emaciated face.  
Etched deeply are the lines of strife and sorrow;  
Hunger  
Is clearly defined in my hollow cheeks.  
And I am filled  
With a dull pain.  
Is no immediate pain  
Mine  
That will hurt and pass away,  
But a pain born of hunger  
Slow . . .  
tortuous . . .  
starvation . . .  
That has reduced me to a mechanical being  
Comparable to the cold machinery that surrounds me  
Day by day."  

LESTER ISAACS