

Loving Through Hunger Pains

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You're special just the way you are.
What a cute catchphrase.
Sky's the limit, shoot for the moon.
Caught me from falling into my insecurities.

But the world begged to differ. Slowly so did I.
Wasn't there a danger to be lazy?
A pervasive unwillingness to work?
Can I partake in free handouts just for being me?

So, a hunger was lit.
A hunger to be significant
A hunger to make sure I mattered.
A hunger for a legacy that I can work towards.

The hunger burned a mantra on my heart.
Significance comes from accomplishments.
World cares for numbers, scores, evaluations.
What can you put out and bring in for the rest of us?

But that hunger was relentless.
It would lash out and I would get scorched.
Sooner or later, it would consume me.
I felt restless and insignificant endlessly.

You're not doing enough.
Go do something life or world changing.
Become a leader. Be more respectable.
Do something. Do better. Do more.

What does significance mean anymore?
Is it just based on a metric, or is it more?
Can it be quantified, or should it instead be qualified?
Can it actually be just a feeling of worth?

Somehow, right before my own eyes
The hunger hijacked my original design.
The truth is, accomplishments are not enough.
Instead, significance comes from being loved.

Be part of a community that loves. Be loved.
Join and serve those in need. Go love.
Don't let that false hunger burn you out.
Let it fuel you to love others.

You are special just the way you are.
And significant because you are loved.
Care for the uncared, love the unloved.
They're special just the way they are.