

# The Hunger Games Poem

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*This is a poem I wrote inspired after having read the whole Hunger Games saga in a few days (which I absolutely adored). Let me know what you think :)*

Provided by Fanart Central.

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# 1 - The Hunger Games Poem

Cover your eyes and become blind to the pain,  
But your lives will forever mark the feverish hearts with the blackest of stains.  
And as the lights become dim they're lost in this sin filled longing for revenge.  
Sometimes too lost for words in the suffering but ready to avenge.  
The flames take the loved ones and the world belonging to the girl on fire.  
In the end facing enslavement's consequences are dire.

Roses are white, his eyes are blue,  
Snow is ice cold and so are you.  
Entertained in a game with a deadly end,  
Where all innocents' lives must be spent,  
Never are all the primroses allowed to bloom,  
Reaped early under death's gloom.

You torture and kill,  
And watch fully thrilled  
As lives pass by.  
How great it is - knowing you'll never die.  
Locked in the ideals of a city of dreams  
Where all is well - or so it seems.

Secrets, secrets,  
Who to keep them  
But those hurt by you the most?  
Think less! It's time for your feasts and toasts  
To those who survived  
With newly ruined lives.

Bring on the games!  
Alight the flames!  
Bring forth the slaves,  
In a mix of pride and shame.  
Who would have thought they would win?  
Of course not you, the one who sins.

Prepare for the show!  
Take just one arrow and bow.  
They mean so much more:  
As always eras begin and end with wars.  
Kill or be killed  
This is the people's will.

The Capitol letter of *Hunger* is 'H',  
But another important word with this letter is hate.  
This game is considered, and correctly so: child's play.  
Who could care less, after all, it's for entertainment's sake!  
It's actually real, and all knowing this still  
Send them to your slaughter to kill.

Pick a child! Any child!  
Place your bets on its life  
Depending on a score.  
Now sit back, relax and enjoy the gore!  
You fear nothing, have no one to lose  
But they are not the ones who get to choose.

If you've liked the games so far,  
Prepare to see the final star  
Who has shocked a nation of empty minds;  
What did she do to be worth your time?  
She defied her loyalty, she became the enemy  
She stood up against your tyranny.

You receive not because they are grateful,  
But because you are hateful  
And you believe they owe you all.  
Now stand and watch as the grand city falls.  
Mocking with presence is more than mocking with words  
And your conscience, this above all disturbs.

*Tick, tock,*  
Your time is up:  
Prepare to enter the stage  
Where people watch, filled with rage  
Realizing the internal workings of your clock.  
Now you're the ones they get to mock.