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My Oatmeal

Monica Logan
Concordia University - Portland

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More than Color
Brittani Brown

A lot of people think brown is brown
But...
It’s all the shades that make you sit up and take notice
So many hues
From dark to light
Smooth to bright

Beautiful butterscotch
Cute Carmel
Caring Cocoa
Mature Mocha
Chuckling Chocolate
Enthusiastic Ebony (!)
Persistent Pecan
Meaningful Mahogany

Even Bronze
- nearly golden in the sun

Like me-
Complex
Rich
Radiant

My Oatmeal
Monica Logan

I look down.
Gone, it’s all gone.

The warm paper bowl full of air is light in my limp and disappointed hands.

With each bite of the steaming oatmeal breakfast, the crisp image of my father would explain the newest code he implemented or the greatest development of the laser or telescope he was working on. The sweet maple aroma brought to my quaint, quiet, and simple dorm room the warm, husky voice of my loving and lovable dad. The memory of his laughter and his silly crooked teeth filled me with the warmth and joy of my childhood.

Of course, in an instant, he’s gone.
An emptiness, a hole full of the longing of home, is left in his place.

I am alone with the remnants of my morning meal, my oatmeal.