



Volume 18

Issue 1 *Do I Dare Disturb the Universe?* (2009-2010
Issue)

Article 35

5-1-2010

My Oatmeal

Monica Logan

Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Logan, Monica (2010) "My Oatmeal," *The Promethean*: Vol. 18 : Iss. 1 , Article 35.

Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol18/iss1/35>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.

My Oatmeal

Logan: 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.