

## EATING OATMEAL

Oat groats, rolled, cut, pulverized to porridge,  
food of my childhood and now,  
most mornings. Revered by my mother as  
her mother's Depression staple—my father's  
family's served PA Dutch mush—who served it  
the times we had time for its stewing,  
that grain given, as Johnson said, to English horses  
and Scottish men. "But such horses,  
*such* men," replied the Laird.

She convinced my father of this breakfast,  
and though she's dead ten years, he has it  
each morning; in his dementia, maintaining  
mobility, cheer, continence, health,  
and a deep belief in oatmeal,

which I believe in since my doctor  
looked at my numbers, and said,  
"I guess it does work," so I went further,  
to its cakes, its haggis, its laverbread burgers,  
but mostly to what North Americans call oatmeal,  
meaning morning hot cereal steaming now  
in my pan due to land in my bowl  
and stick with me.

—Diane Kendig

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