

ode to oatmeal

Here's to oatmeal
That gruesome gruel:
Mush to some, but
For Zen it is fuel.

Still unknown
To me its taste;
Chugpe's set at
Gulping pace.

Its gooey stew
And gluey lumps
Stick to ribs,
In clods and clumps.

Cook it not
So very hot;
Or crazy glue
Is what you got.

Here's the koan
On which I'm caught:
Mind and porridge
The same or not?



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