Daily Fare

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DAILY FARE

I chose oatmeal this morning because I always choose it; it’s a marriage really, a ritual, something I substitute for prayer and good hygiene and civic pride and responsible, disciplined behavior.

I don’t smother my oatmeal with these extensive extras, then top it with fruit and nuts and vitamins and righteousness. Oatmeal is a food of my ancestors, some of them, Scots buried in churchyards I can only imagine, speaking with a burr I can hardly decipher,

but, god, you know they loved their oatmeal, you’d have to, to make haggis out of it, the world’s most maligned food, except for Rocky Mountain oysters and no doubt some obscure delicacy from New Guinea, cow’s bladder marinated in raven guano and topped with especially prickly thistle.

No, I eat my oatmeal straight, no chaser, no expectations, just the satisfaction of saying Hi to the ancestors and nothing more, a perfect food to eat alone, in silence, while waiting for the brain to clock in, suit up, pick up that scary, searing blowtorch and begin shaping the cold, hard steel of morning into something with holes in it, maybe a moon, some stars, a stealthy fox, and an expanse of something uncharted, the windswept, quivering heath.

-Will Walker
Provincetown, MA