

I Ate the Cosmos for Breakfast

by

Melissa Studdard

—*After Thich Nhat Hanh*

It looked like a pancake,
but it was creation flattened out—
the fist of God on a head of wheat,
milk, the unborn child of an unsuspecting
chicken — all beaten to batter and drizzled into a pan.
I brewed my tea and closed my eyes
while I ate the sun, the air, the rain,
photosynthesis on a plate.
I ate the time it took that chicken
to bear and lay her egg
and the energy it takes a cow to lactate a cup of milk.
I thought of the farmers, the truck drivers,
the grocers, the people who made the bag that stored the wheat,
and my labor over the stove seemed short,
and the pancake tasted good,
and I was thankful.

6/11: Read Melissa Studdard's poem, "I Ate the Cosmos for Breakfast."

Permission and best wishes given by the author.

Delving Deeper

Write a table grace for a lunch or dinner meal you might eat. Use ideas/words that express inter-relationships represented by those foods, as Melissa did in her poem.

Send your grace to kdullea@shcj.org by Monday, 6/21.

If you wish to **DELVE** even **DEEPER**, incorporate your "grace" onto a 8 1/2" X 11" placemat and create a design to illustrate it. You can do this by mail or electronically. Just enjoy the act of creating! Send your placemat to kdullea@shcj.org by Monday, 6/21.