

## **TimA** *Ode to Ramen*

Like many prison inmates I owe my very survival to your savory, salty goodness. The MRE of the penitentiary. You are always there when the chow hall lets me down to satisfy my hungry longing for sustenance.

Your noodley presence is the only constant in a place where no one knows what tomorrow may bring. More enduring than a bunkie, waiting patiently in my locker to be called upon in a time of need.

Honeybuns and bagels may come and go, but your pasta lasts forever. You never grow old or mold, having a half-life rather than a shelf life. Meant to be crushed yet you are indestructible. Immortality incarnate.

Haute cuisine you may not be, yet comfort food you are. A staple ingredient in every dish, the most versatile of wonder foods. You inspire me to new heights of cookery as master chef of the microwave.

Flavor is your claim to fame. Packets of hot spicy intensity or meaty mellowness that travel far and wide beyond the expectations of ordinary condiments, to lift the spirits of diners in desperate need of taste enhancement.

Your value transcends your caloric content to become the currency of the land. Exchanging hands to pay our debts, you wander far before you spend your last to insure that I will make it 'til the dawn.

Hail to the noodle!