

**Grace (GaEun) Jeong**

Age: 17, Grade: 11

School Name: Northridge High School, Tuscaloosa, AL

Educator: Mary Moore

Category: Poetry

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**Kimbap**

Every once in a while,  
Mom (엄마) brings out the bamboo roller  
The cold, seasoned rice sits on the table  
I grab the sharpening steel  
Pointy, yet smooth, the knife blade glides  
Swish, swash.

Rectangular prisms of cooked egg,  
Carrots, pickled radishes, and processed crab meat lay on the rice  
엄마 rolls up the bouquet with a finishing touch  
She squeezes the circular tube tightly,  
Passing it to me-

My sesame oil soaked plastic glove drifts around it  
Placed on the green cutting board  
Swish, swash.  
Lightly first, my knife greets the kimbap (김밥) from the left  
Three-fourths of the way, more pressure.  
Oops, bearing too much, one pops.  
I sneak a peek at 엄마  
The remains disappear - yum.

One-by-one, the intact circles are stacked  
A mountain quickly forms on the flower tray.  
The last honor is mine -  
I grab a pinch of sesame seeds  
Evenly distributed around,  
The mountain is decorated.

Time consuming to make enough for four,  
Enough to satisfy the hunger for lunch and dinner -  
김밥, or seaweed rice, leaves nothing behind  
Except for thanks.  
It is a pleasure working with you, 엄마.