

“Cookies”

By: Kylea Jacobs

Cookies are the best things in life. I lift the baked cookies from the oven, humming a soft hymn while I place it onto a cooling rack. After a few, minutes I slide a spatula under the cooling treats. My left hand is strong despite missing my pinky. I settled five cookies onto the plate. I sighed happy in my latest batch of joy. I carry the plate out to the back yard, where my husband Rodney is resting in the hammock. He holds a beer in his strong right hand, while with his bandaged left hand he reaches for a fresh cookie with his pointer and thumb.

“Thanks, Babe you’re the best.”

I smile and inhale softly “Cookies are better after a fight.”

Rodney laughed. “That one was a Doozey.” He raised his bandaged hand, as if testing the weight, only the first knuckle remains from the first three fingers. “Your cookies were always the best.”

“I know you only married me for my cookies,” I tease.

For a moment he swallows, “of course.” His words hang there. The moment pleases me, and I smell cookies, beer and feel the warmth of the summer night.

I love cookies, the melting chocolate and the heat of the gooey dough that is physics in its perfect consistency, not quite liquid, but not a solid. The tip of the tongue melts the softened sugar. The cookie is swept into a delicate battle of will and it swirls mingles into chunks of flavor, before...

Later on I wash up the dishes and I am thinking over the last few weeks. I wasn’t angry when I found Rodney that night. He had tasted others cookies before, kisses and hugs that lasted longer needed. The difficulty of the peanut butter cookie was Mallory. She did not know when to quit. He helped her with her gutters and painting. He smiled too quickly when she got the mail. Rodney was not to blame. He is man who has a weakness for sweet things. The greatest heartbreak was the scent of another’s cookies on his lips when I kissed him good night after he returned from her house.

“Were her cookies better then mine?”

“No.” He paused. And stepped back his left hand wrapped up tightly in to a fist. He said nothing, knowing my heart was wounded, and I turned to walk into the kitchen.

“Two,” he said.

Rodney slipped off his wedding band and placed it on the counter. The third drawer was only opened once before, we had been married only a few weeks then, I admit, I tasted another’s cookies. And, and the price waited in the drawer. The blade reflected in the light, as he drew the knife up and quickly onto the chopping block where his pointer and ring finger awaited fate.

I wear his ring around my neck and I often find comfort, in holding it close to my heart.