

# Cookies

by Rachel Aldrich

"Don't eat the dough this time!" Mom warns.

"I won't!" I answer.

But my fingers are crossed.

She holds out the cup, while the flour pours over the bag  
Settling in puffs of white.

Most misses the bowl,

And lands on my face, my hair, my dress.

We add vanilla, and I slip a taste.

The brown sugar clumps

Congregate over the snowy powders.

The mixer whirs.

"Don't eat the dough!" Mom warns.

"I won't!" I answer.

But my fingers are crossed.

I dip a spoon in anyway.

Mom makes small spheres of the forbidden dough,

Places them two inches apart

Greased on the pan,

Shining with morsels of chocolate.

The oven door creaks open and shut

And I sit watching, cross-legged on the floor,

As the spheres become saucers.

I wait for the time to run out.

"Don't eat the cookies while they're hot!" Mom warns.

"I won't!" I answer.

But my fingers are crossed.

I bite the end of a steaming cookie.

And you know what?

Cookies taste better when you aren't supposed to eat them.