

## **For William, Love Tess**

by Tess Dever

I decide  
to make some  
cookies and  
you decide  
to help.  
I sigh,  
but laugh to myself  
just thinking about  
the mess  
you will make  
and I will clean up  
in the next hour.

First, I scoop the flour  
out of the bag,  
and you pour it in  
the mixing bowl.  
Next comes the eggs,  
which is my job  
but you have to  
argue it anyway.

When it is time  
to mix our  
ingredients together  
I hope to take turns  
but of course,  
you are going to  
do it all  
because  
you said so!  
I let it go  
because I know,  
and you know  
that you will get  
whatever you want  
in the end  
because you are the baby  
and it is my job,  
as an older sister  
to spoil you,  
and it is your job,  
as the youngest  
to take advantage  
of it all.

The next step  
is to add the chocolate chips  
which I end up doing  
because everyone  
that you touch  
ends up in your mouth.

Next we roll  
our dough into spheres,  
Yours are all  
different shapes and sizes,  
but because I don't  
have the heart to tell you,  
I secretly reform them  
one by one  
so you think you  
did an awesome job.

You ask if it has,  
“eggs in it?”  
Because what you  
really want  
is a bite of the dough  
but of course it does,  
and you could get.  
“very, very sick,”  
as mom has told you  
many times before.  
But, when I see her  
turn away  
I say,  
“quick”  
and you devour  
a small chunk  
of dough  
like you have never  
tasted food before.  
William,  
even though  
baking with you  
would be a pain  
you make it better  
with your comments  
that crack me up,  
and make the HUGE effort  
worth it.