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Midnight Brownies

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Midnight Brownies

by Sean Ziebarth

We got home late
from work; I was tired
and hungry—
you craved brownies
and said,
“Will you make them?”
You said,
“it will only take a few minutes,”
but you are more experienced
than I am
in the kitchen.

I mixed the ingredients,
splitting the gold yolk
with a wooden spoon—
the kind I avoided
as a boy, hiding
under my bed.
I greased the pan with shortening,
and sifted in flour
like I used to sift through sand
at the beach in summer,
hoping for spilled coins.

They baked and we ate them
before they cooled.

Warm and moist,
we slept with chocolate on our tongues.