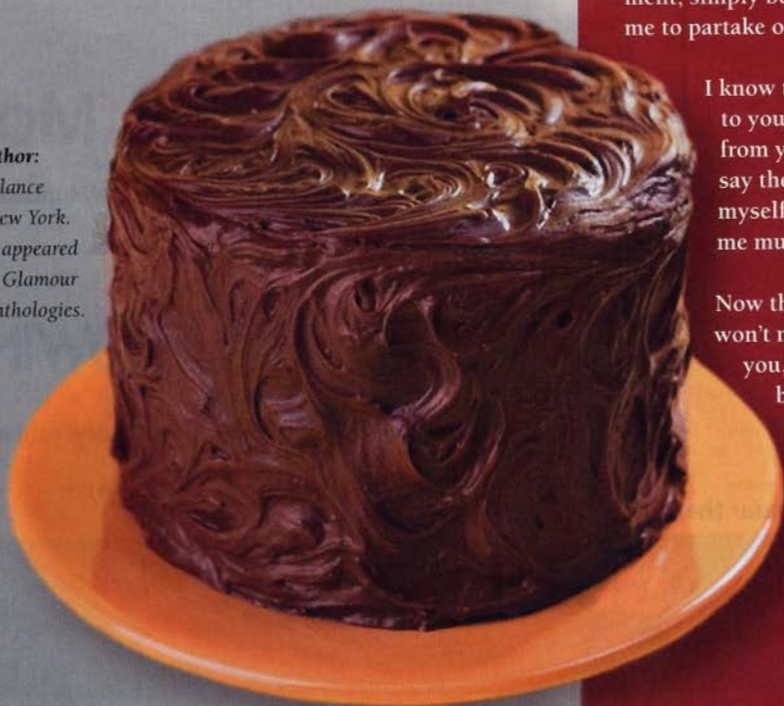




*Dear Cake,
It's Not
Your Fault*

BY CAROL L. SKOLNICK

About the author:
Carol is a freelance
writer from New York.
Her work has appeared
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To my dearest chocolate cake,

Please accept this humble offer of amends.

For many years, I believed you were truly the 'devil's food.' Even while I actively sought your company, I have called you nasty names: 'death by chocolate,' junk food, unhealthy, forbidden, dangerous, evil. I have proclaimed my love for you but in truth I have only used you for thrills and solace. I have abused you, renounced you, thrown you away, taken you back ... only to complain about you and trash you in public.

I never understood you because I never listened to you and never accepted you as you are. You never promised there would be no consequences to our union. I blamed you for hurting me, for being no good for me; but it was I who initiated this, I who always came to you, always wanted something from you, and it was never enough.

Yes, I loved you, but with conditions: I wanted you to be love itself. Grasping at you, longing for you, bingeing on you never gave me more love ... just more cake. Afterwards, I belly-ached about the belly-aches, the weight gain, the elevated blood sugar. I forgot all about your sweetness, always so freely given.

You have stood by all these years, never complaining, always available. You are a constant, not caring whether I come for a taste or a feast or simply to admire you. I have bowed down to you, then railed against you for your calories, your fat content, your allure. Buddha-like, you sit contentedly and with detachment, simply being your beautiful cake-nature, never requiring me to partake of you at all.

I know that nothing I say here makes much difference to you; that you have no problem with me, and that, from your perspective, there is nothing to forgive. I say these things as a way of coming to terms with myself and my wrong-doing, which, after all, has hurt me much more than it has hurt you.

Now that I know you were never to blame, I hope you won't mind if we keep company sometimes. I still love you, and that will never change, even though it's best for now that we spend some time apart.

Thanks for being my friend.

With love and respect,

Carol