

shortbread

“I found that shortbread from your mother in the freezer. Do you want me to bring it over?”

“I don’t want to see you.”

“I could leave it in your mailbox. I don’t want it. You remember, your mother made it extra buttery just to spite me.”

“Toss it, then. I can’t have it anyway. I’ve started eating only raw butter.”

“How is raw butter different from regular butter?”

“The milk is raw. Unpasteurized.”

“I didn't know you could legally buy unpasteurized milk.”

“You can't. It has to be your own milk.”

“You're making butter from your own milk? I didn't even know you were lactating.”

“I mean you have to own the cow. Or, part of the cow.”

“You own part of a cow?”

“I get it from this guy who owns part of a cow.”

“Of course. Why buy part of a cow if you can get part of the milk for free?”

“Conversations like this are why we’re no longer together.”

“I can’t believe you left me to go find some dude to be your butter daddy.”

“He's not my butter daddy. I pay like ten dollars a pound for it.”

“So he’s your butter dealer. Even better. How’d you find a man who sells contraband butter?”

“There's an entire underground raw milk network. It’s bigger than you think.”

“And this is all supposed to be healthy?”

“Very. The guy says he eats a pound of raw butter every day.”

“Does he just eat the whole pound, or does he melt some and drink it?”

“This is why I moved out. Right now, you, this.”

“I know for me, there’s nothing better after a hard day’s work than a tall, cold glass of butter.”

“He eats a pound of raw beef every day too.”

“Does he own part of a different cow for that? Or a different part of the same cow?”

“He buys the parts he eats from a store like everyone else. Except it’s an organic meat co-op.”

“I’m imagining you and him now, holding hands, gazing dreamily into one another’s eyes as you share a raw beef and butter smoothie. One glass, two straws.”

“For the record, I don’t think eating raw beef is healthy. He’s way too skinny.”

“It’s hard to put on weight when your intestines have been replaced by a giant tapeworm.”

“I’m hanging up now.”

“God, I bet that tapeworm is really, really sick of butter.”