

A Love Letter to Reese's Peanut Butter Cup Chocolate Cake Cheesecake



By Mikayla Stock

To my favorite ex:

Hey, it's been a minute. It's not like I've been occupied with trying to heal myself from the ruthless damage that you did to my gut or whatever. But there's a reason I'm writing this now: in complete honesty, I can't pretend like I don't kinda miss our time together. Celebrations won't ever be the same without you. Even the casual ones... we both know there were lots of those.

You have everything that something good should have. Fudgy layers of chocolate cake dancing alongside the tangy decadence of cheesecake, not to forget a playful helping of peanuts and caramel laced into each bite. The delicate swirl of peanut butter frosting resting on your top was a sight that never failed to make my heart flutter. And the memory of those chocolate chunks lining the curves of your gorgeous layers were almost enough to make me text you back on those lonely late nights. You consume my thoughts more often than I'd care to admit but alas, a simple reality check – courtesy of extreme bloating – reminds me that your flaws are far too much for me or my stomach to handle.

I have to confess that your richness was attractive to me. Your wealth of sweetness after a savory meal was something I couldn't resist. But with each and every bite, I was weighed down by all of your faults. 1,330 calories in one piece?! Even a dessert aficionado like myself couldn't handle that. Worst of all was your dairy content. You knew that I couldn't digest that part of you, yet you never even tried to change your ways. So inconsiderate. So narcissistic. So manipulative. And for all these reasons and more, I have to move on to something else. Something that may never live up to the standards you set, but that is far better for my well-being. Something strong, rich, chocolatey, and dairy-free. Something that reminds me of you, a little bit. Cornell's infamous vegan chocolate cake will have to do. It's the dessert you never could be. One that leaves me feeling satisfied like you once used to, but one that doesn't make me question whether or not I'll need to get my stomach pumped after consuming it.

But try as I may, don't think that I'll ever forget about you.