

Minxy Muffins 000

By Joshua Beggs

WHY WE LIKE IT: *Nudge, nudge, wink, wink, sexual innuendoes can often wear on the receptive ear because they are usually overplayed. But in Beggs recipe he uses just the right measure of cheeky double-entendres to make every word in this saucy ‘Ode to Muffins’ a post-Keatsian morsel of yummy delight. The expression ‘food is love’ is given a light-handed erotic flavor that will keep you coming back for more. Grandma never baked them like this! Bon Appetit!*

Minxy Muffins

I think I’m in love. With muffins, I mean. Not one muffin in particular—*all* of them. Blueberry, banana, bran, buttermilk, and all the less alliterative flavors, too. I don’t discriminate. They’re the unsung beauties of the breakfast buffet. They don’t flaunt around in flaky, lacy underthings, like the danishes; they aren’t unwholesome, like the donuts. Muffins are elegant. Graceful. Refined.

But that doesn’t mean they don’t know how to please.

Muffins make me *melt* when they melt in my mouth. That glistening skin, those pliable bodies, those beautiful, *beautiful* curves! I could spend all day nipping at their soft muffin tops,

grasping their *firm, round bottoms!* Fresh muffins are sumptuous, all moist and warm, but give them time to get chilly, and, oh-ho, then they'll *really* seduce me. They just *love* to tease, shutting themselves in my freezer by the dozens, playing all tough and hard-to-get. They know that anticipation is passion's sweetest glaze. And when they finally relent and get all heated up...*mmm!* There is nothing—*nothing*—like stepping into a hot bath with a muffin that once treated you oh-so-coldly, feeling it press itself against your lips and tongue while the steam fogs up the mirror.

I *am* in love. With muffins. Not one in particular. All of them. And I'm okay with that, and the muffins are, too. We're all down with polygamuffiny. Individually-wrapped, or a whole box at once—a baker's dozen, variety pack, every Sunday midmorning—their wrappers slide off just the same, and they don't mind mixing crumbs with different flavors. Not that I ever leave any crumbs leftover. I always lick my fingers clean.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Struggling with an eating disorder for over half a decade can make for a strange relationship with food. For me, eating has at times felt like the guiltiest of pleasures, verging on shameful whenever I'm caught indulging in it while in the presence of others. Loving food is a completely natural instinct, but in a culture where six-packs and thigh-gaps are equated with individual worth, it sometimes feels like showing any enjoyment in eating has become as taboo as sex in Victorian England. Reading the piece in its completed form, I can see it as my attempt to put words to this weird snack-shaming I feel while simultaneously poking fun at the culture that has made vanity a social obligation.*

But in all honesty, on a less philosophical and artsy-fartsy note, the only thought I had in mind when I started writing "Minxy Muffins" is that I felt like a particularly goofy goober that day, and that, heck, I really like muffins. If it makes my readers reconsider how their body image and sense of self-worth tie into their enjoyment of food (and life in general), then, sure, that's great—all I really wanted to achieve with the piece, though, was to make people smile. Giggles are also acceptable.

AUTHOR BIO: Previously published in The Medical Care Blog, with forthcoming works in Allium and MAYDAY, Joshua Beggs is a 2019 graduate from Hendrix College and a current MD candidate at Kansas University Medical Center. In his free time, he volunteers as a Spanish

interpreter at his local free clinic, makes a podcast (which his mom says is awesome), and maintains an ongoing writing portfolio at his very creatively named website, joshuabeggs.com.