

## **Knoll Krest Farm Coconut Macaroons**

*Submitted by Jessica Allen*

Lord knows I love the farmers market as much as the next well-educated, liberal thirty-something. But, golly, sometimes this devotion takes work. Garlic needs to be peeled and chopped, asparagus trimmed and roasted, even apples have to be washed before enjoying their upstate goodness. On a recent Saturday, I walked about and admired spring's bounty. Pretty! Then I beheld Knoll Krest Farm Coconut Macaroons, awkward, prepackaged orbs in ecru and ivory. Even prettier!

At home, I peered closer. Yes, they were shaped like UFOs, about the size of a toddler's fist. I hefted one to my lips. Slimy slithers of coconut had been melded into a moist mixture, like sweet loamy soil. Another bite, another bite, another bite. I sensed the almond and vanilla extract. I thought about Marx, about effort, about commodity fetishism. I thought about someone cracking eggs to get the whites, beating them with coconut flakes, milk, and sugar, amalgamating the sole six ingredients by hand or by machine. I thanked this person, then thanked the person who packaged them, four to a plastic tub, then thanked the driver who trucked them from farm to city. I can't say I tasted this labor, because that sounds gross. And I don't know how long it took to make the cookies, how many hours or days elapsed between raw material and finished product. I know it took me 13 minutes to eat the quartet I bought for \$4.50. I couldn't reclose the container properly and didn't want the macaroons to dry out.