

WINTER 2024



RemingtonReview

Fortune Cookie  
*Diana Raab*

Each Sunday evening, in suburban New York,  
we eat at the corner Chinese:  
its fish tank hypnotic, the smiling

welcome from the Chinese woman  
pressing menus to her chest,  
who leads us to the booth with the vinyl seats.

They stick to my legs as I slide  
across to my designated spot. Dad promises  
me a fortune cookie on the way out;

from the bowl by the door.  
We eat spareribs, lick our fingers  
and laugh, try to pick rice kernels

and slippery noodles with splintered  
chopsticks. We praise the food,  
but wonder why we often leave hungry

for food and fortune. After extracting  
mine from the smashed cookie, I put  
the crumbled paper in my pocket,

and find it weeks later, hoping somehow  
the words change  
and the little paper whispers

truths about my own future,  
which never told me dad would die  
before my daughters' wedding.

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