Chocolate

Mary Oettinger

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CHOCOLATE

An expensive bar of dark chocolate
With raisins and nuts,
Its sweet bitterness,
Dark and rich.
And I do not know whether I like it or not.

It is so bitter.
Like losing a love that I never owned,
But wanted desperately.
Like the latent bitchiness that sometimes appears in me
And lashes out at my friends
And my enemies-
"Get the hell out of my life,
You're a jerk!"
"I don't give a damn what you do,
Just give me my f---ing book!"

But the nuts, the meat,
The food for my heart and spirit-
Poems and novels,
Plays, music, conversation.

And the raisins—sweet,
The joy of writing, of playing, of eating and drinking,
The pure fun of joking with friends—
"This will all go straight to my thighs."
"Yeah, there or the old donkey."
"We won't mention where else!"
And "How was the brunch?"
"Great, we rolled home!"

And the richness of the chocolate itself,
Love, family, friend—
People.

Dark, rich, and bitter-sweet.

Mary Oettinger