

1987

## Chocolate

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### Recommended Citation

Oettinger, Mary (1987) "Chocolate," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1987 , Article 10.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1987/iss1/10>

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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