

coco wrappings-

i was never a fan of milk chocolate, too flat,
one-dimensional, plain.
overplaying the sweet factor to be
everyone's type, the kind that demanded
more enjoyment than i could ever share in.

the way white chocolate crumbled in my
mouth when i first tried it left all the wrong
impressions.
it was faux-tasting, dry, dressed with every
accessory and additive to make it complete
because it never was whole on its own.
the artificial aftertaste was always the worst
part.

dark chocolate, however, is complicated, yet
it's my favorite.
it's delectable and ambrosial, at times, but
the tang of bitterness bites at the undersides
of my tongue and the back of my cheeks,
reminding me to not greedily feast on the
confection.
that bitterness is closest to the cocoa bean,
pure and raw.

it's rewarding to have dessert where it
teaches me to truly enjoy it by itself and
relish in the fact that it needs to be earned
after years of forcing other flavors down my
throat.