



IF I WAS MADE OF CHOCOLATE .

I wouldn't be anyone's box of chocolate, but my difference would be why I'd be chosen by those who feel it too.

I imagine I'd be loosely wrapped in fine white paper soft that breathes and whispers the essence of my humble beginnings – melts in mouth.

I'd have a centre soft to roll with ease around the palate, and linger long and thoughtful high above the swallow.

My shelf life would be preserved for those in search of something true, and those who cherish the longing, the mystery and the joy of not being found.

I think I'd rather not be credited as sweet or popular or nice, just simply filed in mind as unusual and very interesting to sample.

And to be a better chocolate? I'd add time to sift all that's new and stir the bowls of dark and light, adding a little at a time.

And behold...I save the best for last. With a solitary quiet, "Dah, dah", the moment when my chocolate self settles warm in its new-found form, and the mould just melts away.

Footnote: Image from CD cover of Grace Jones 'Hurricane' album. Find in book, [Clunk & Jam](#).

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