White, dark, and bittersweet

The Important Thing about chocolate is that it lies in wait.
Chocolate looks like dry ground but sucks you in, feet first,
coolly working its way up to your ankles.

It is a jack-in-the-box, brightly wrapped,
with an evil grimace lurking in the lid’s shadow.
It is an ambush, bare foot paused on leaves, holding a breath in the trees while you walk, admiring the green and day’s sunshine.

Chocolate puts up a condemned sign, boards up the cavernous holes of the windows with rotted wood and rusty nails. It ignores that side of town and leaves in a new BMW that shines like diamonds.

Chocolate is the pillow you put over your head to drown out the talking through the walls.

-Hannah Poquette