

## Chocolate Tastes Better in Paris

Think about chocolate:  
a hint of bitter-y,  
a glimpse of butter-y,  
a slip of sweet, but not too much—  
hard, then soft, and before long  
so molten as to be absorbed into our cheeks  
like a chocolate transfusion—  
a taste that lingers in a charming way,  
rather like a lovely memory to be kept and  
cherished in a hidden place.

Everywhere in the world chocolate helps, covers symptoms.  
In Paris, chocolate heals, soothes the lonely worried place inside,  
says, “Yes, of course. I understand. All is well.”

Come to Paris. Eat chocolate.

For forever, and forever after,  
every small smooth morsel will take you to the Seine.  
You'll hear the string quartet in the middle of the bridge,  
dream the dreams you dreamed when you stared into the river.