

## Chocolate Tastes Better in Paris

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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, goes to the lonely-worried place inside and says soothingly, “Yes, of course. I understand. All’s well.”

It is Paris: the air, the ground under our feet,  
the history that seeps into everything,  
the sunlight dappling through the trees,  
the sounds of the children in the park,  
the quiet snoring of the old man on the bench, ...

Come to Paris. Eat chocolate

happily, and forever after, any small smooth morsel  
will transport you, you will be taken to the Trocadéro  
where the fountains dance in the sunlight  
and Eiffel’s Tower keeps silent watch.