

The Chocolate Girls

They live near me – the chocolate girls
with their chocolate curls
and their hazelnut whirl come hither smiles.
They are steeped in chocolate from nine to five.
They are Cleopatra, Mara Hari, and Scheherazade.
No man escapes from the chocolate girls.
They leave on bikes, they leave on foot.
It's all a rush at the factory gates.
They've all got dates, they can't be late.
Strawberry skin and caramel hearts within.
White chocolate hair, Malibu fudge and nougat flesh –
Picking the kids up from the crèche.

Only that chocolate has made them this way.
Some are sweet, some are mysterious,
some lie in pyramids, others in gold and silver tissue.
If you try to break them – more will come.
Chocolate is in their blood.
At night they sleep in cocoa pod houses.
By day the thin cracknel of their lives is melted down.
The chocolate girls that live near me.

Chocolate Credo

I believe in chocolate.
I believe that chocolate is a gift from the Gods and should be used accordingly.
I believe in hundreds and thousands being sprinkled on it
And bars of it being eaten all of a piece. No messing.
I believe that chocolate is the giver of life and a happy soul.
I believe that chocolate is what they made Christmas for and that
chocolate bunnies had it coming to them.
I believe in chocolate.
And that it preceded human beings is obvious.
There has always been chocolate since cave man times.
Chocolate was brought here by another race called the Delicosa's.
They were small and friendly and had chocolate buttons on their coats
And saw how Earth was struggling and so.
They gave us chocolate.
They left a large cocoa pod for early man to find outside the cave
One Christmas morning and we have never looked back.
I believe in the Delicosa's and all they stood for.
They knew we just might make it through if we had chocolate to fall back on.
Whole mountains of it; whole babbling brooks of it; whole fountains of it.
I believe in the truth of the crispy caramel bar and the hope hereafter
Of always having a tube of Smarties or a Dime bar somewhere in easy reach.
I believe that there is a good tomorrow for you and me, as long as
We clap our hands – all together – and continue to believe in chocolate.
The Holy Grail of it – the Swinging my legs on a Gate of it –
The Delicosa legacy of CHOCOLATE !!

And God Said, *Let There Be Chocolate*

And there was.
Lashings of it. Whole mountain ranges of it.
Dark and white, filled with rum and raisin –
Landscapes of nougat covered in it,
Streets awash with it –
Men on street corners peddling it,
People stood on soap boxes warning about the end of the world
And how we should all make provision. Lay in stores of it.
Cradles of it – bamboozles of it, yards of it like freshly ironed calico
Coming right off conveyor belts and into the mouth.
Leaving God in no doubt that the angels had been here.
Gabriel at his finest, best.
Making little caramel cookies filled with chocolate wedges,
Dreams of chocolate – white lakes of it with chocolate cherry paddles that
Take you upstream to where the cocoa monster lives.
Am I telling it like it is.
Special moments in life – filled with a chocolate kinda haze –
Happiness is chocolate shaped.
Banana flavoured, cracknel glazed – such wickedness exists.
You love it – the light of it, the break of it, the unrelenting crunch of it
The spring bird melting way of it.
And on the Eighth Day. God saw what he had done.
Knew it would be tough.
And so. He relented. And made.
Chocolate.

*Let There Be...
Chocolate!*



Helen Burke

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Origami Poetry Project

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