

Ice Cream

by Laura Hofsess

“With all the delicious flavors,
I am expected to pick just one?”

Memory of a deep, dark sweetness,
With chunks of brittle bitterness,
Returns to me
And I hear myself say,
“Chocolate Chunk.”

I take a bite
Into the memory,
While my heat melts
The flavor into

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down

The side of the cone.

For a memory of each moment,
I l i c k every l u s c i o u s drop;
The last taste I swallow whole
And go on with life.