

Adam Crothers

Chocolate Sonnet

You always said you'd sooner chew nettles
than touch anything branded by Nestlé,

that a hand-grenade of barbed calories
nestled within each bite of Cadbury's,

so bring on the celery. And a slice
of cake was suicide, and sugar mice

were a tensed trap, and truffles could be wrapped
any which way, were still turf slightly warped.

*Eat junk? You might as well rummage through bins,
barefaced as a Buddhist monk. Enough buns*

and you'll look like you've one in the oven.
Teacakes were taboo. I wasn't even

allowed to bring up the subject of Lindt.
All of which left just me. You gave that up for Lent.