

Cannoli

Chase Benson

An Italian dessert born from Sicily.
Derived from *cannolu*- little tube,
stemmed from *canna*- cane.
Spiced flour made soft by wine and glazed gold by oil.
A barren valley blessed by the embrace of light,
sweetened ricotta fills the crevices tight.
Adorned in lemon zest and bathed in chocolate.
Garnished with fruit, it fills the mouth with thick cream.

Sweet words press into my ear as the night rolls on.
His hand on my cheek, my lips filling his,
silence quailed by pleasure and warmth.
Honey and sugar, pet names drape the table.
His hands coat mine, spooning the filling in.
He rims the shell's interior with a light jam,
As cream reaches the cusp, sap seeps out the edge.
A dash of cinnamon apples passes the nose
as he places bits in my cannoli.

He gorges on mine as I rest on his.
The hard shell caresses my lips, sweet flavor bared
in a smooth, thick cream that mixes apples and jam.
My heart swells as he tilts my chin up, crumbs in beard.
His chest on mine, he scoops in cream with his tongue
and the rest pours into me.
A succulent nectar, sweet, sour, and rich-
Who knew cannolis were this good?