

Ode to Hot Chocolate

This much I know to be true, that tonight this mug holds not mere drinking chocolate but an elixir. It is, in a word, effective; this cocoa gets results. I should expect no less from the alchemical marriage of dark, alkalized powder spooned from an indigo tin with heated, steaming milk, their gold rings of caramel syrup. Solid, liquid, and in-between. The dusky mysteries of simplest delights, the slight burnt-tongue pang of persistent temporality.

—Katherine Quevedo