

Raiya Shaw

Age: 17, Grade: 12

School Name: Cypress Bay High School, Weston, FL

Educator: Shawntee` Herring

Category: Poetry

Weight

From this point on, you can only ingest chocolate
For breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Think of the earth's core as a molten chocolate cake.
For breakfast we'll pour brownie batter into trays and melt decadent chocolate chips
On top of them. For dinner, we'll go to Carvel and buy tubs of rich chocolate ice cream,
Coat them in hot fudge and chocolate sprinkles. For lunch,
We're adding cocoa powder to chocolate chip cookies. We're hiding them in stockings for Christmas, and don't
even get me started on Thanksgiving,
Where we'll feast on Hershey bars and Kit-Kats and stuff our faces until we become sick of the taste-
Which is never, of course.

In the ideal world, our stomachs could hold the Earth's natural supply of chocolate
If we wanted it to. We would never be satiated, *we could eat* as much chocolate as we'd like
For the rest of our lives,
And die by tripping on a rock or something instead of coronary heart disease.
We'd have cocoa trees in our backyards, recipes memorized to a tee and
More importantly,
Absolutely no salads. Anyone seen with a salad will be jailed immediately.
And most of all, and perhaps the most tantalizing aspect of this magical reality, is that
There would be no calorie count. No amount of how much you can take
No serving size or rationing, no mental calculator for your health-
Just chocolate, or whatever tickles your sweet tooth
Just eating that for the pure enjoyment of it
Just to eat whatever the hell you want to eat

I don't know about you but I want my food for thought to be Snickers.
Screw apples,
I want to eat chocolate covered strawberries a day to keep the doctor away,
When life gives me lemons I want to bake eclairs zested on top,
I want to stop looking for ways to feel guilty, to eat an M&M without
remembering that I'll have to run the full length of a football field to burn off those calories,
I want to run the full length of a football field to feel the wind roaring through my hair,
To have my feet pounding against the ground because
I can be strong without trying to reach a new weight goal

I want to run without chasing after a goal
I want to lift boulders just to see what cocoa treasures I might find buried beneath them,
I want to challenge a skipping stone to see who can make the most jumps in a second,
I wanna race a cloud to the horizon and back
Not to burn off some calories,
But because I can.