

Sundae Paragraph

The Frozen Explosion. I had declared it. My attention demanding, rock filled, melting glacier. Overflowing with color, as the rose-red juice of the cherry peak ran with the rivers of chocolate syrup, pooling artistically in the bottom of the bowl. The smooth peanuts and wethers chucks crunch beneath my teeth, while the chilly blend of ice cream slips around my tongue, bewitching my taste buds. As I take another heart-stopping spoonful, a brain freeze strikes and numbs my mind almost painfully, revealing the cruel side of this taunting fragment of heaven. A whip cream cloud floats on top of my delightful dish. I mix it into the others ingredients, staining the pure, white cotton. Taking one more bite, I realize: This is more than a sundae, it plays twin to life it self. Soft, easy and sweet but laced with abrupt crunches and hard pieces that must be overcome in order to enjoy it. But as the revelation ends, so does my sundae, the Frozen Explosion. Staring at the last few drops in the bottom of the bowl, I wonder, would it taste the same? Will my craving be soothed?