

*Learning to Taste the Chocolate*

After making love with my wife on a Sunday morning she tells me that we can't have sex for a whole month. "Let's see if you can wait it out that long without bugging me so much about it," she advises me. "You've been bugging me about it too much, like you're obsessed with it, the sex, and not *me*," she tells me, pulling my face closer to hers, her eyes blazing but not angry, more like completely convinced. The small blinking of her eyes convincing me too. "And I'm more important than what you want from me, *no matter what*," she adds over her shoulder, while hauling the dirty laundry down the stairs for washing, whistling as she goes. I'm still wrapped in the bed sheets, still there after the love making, still in the after glow of it and wondering how I'll actually wait a month for sex. I wonder how I'll possibly wait it out that long. I watch a bird poking around for stray seeds in the window box outside the bedroom window. Let my hand roam across my face and then down my neck and then down onto my chest. I wonder if she ever actually thinks about my body in that lusty, out of control way that I dream of her body. The smoothness of her neck and the cut of her cleavage, the crease of her thighs in a summer skirt. She shows up again, suddenly, a box of chocolate candy in her left hand, grinning at me. Curls up beside me on the bed, opens the box. Gently takes my chin in her hand and she opens my mouth. Feeds me one chocolate at a time, tells me to take one bite, "just one," she says, "and then go ahead and toss it away, over there," she insists. And she bites one too, tosses it, tells me, "take one bite— and that's all, so you learn to taste the chocolate, then let it go."