

Shakespeare's Tiramisu



O Tiramisu, Tiramisu, how art thou made Tiramisu?

I must deny my diet and embrace thy calories.

Or, if I do not, forsake my love

And thou wilt no longer be my dessert.

'Tis but thy mascarpone that will be my undoing.

Thou art so sumptuous and creamy inside.

What art thee if not a couplet, with thy finger biscuits?

O thou fingers soaked in liqueur and espresso,

Thy grip on me is divine.

O thy sprinkling of chocolate,

Art like a sprinkling of rain after a long hard drought.

Thou art a melody of ingredients coming together

Like an orchestra on my stage of taste buds.

O Tiramisu, thy form is as fluffy as a summer's cloud.

Thou makest me rejoice with every majestic bite.

I cannot part with thee, for thou art the love of all my desserts.

Give all thineself to me!

By Leith R. Meshal