

The Burger Diaries: Blend

How do I love thee? Let me get a napkin.

By Manon Carrié

Upon entering your humble eatery so delicately placed somewhere in a cleft of the 2^{ème} arrondissement, my heart skipped a beat. You were nearly invisible in passing, yet your aroma so intoxicating. So many prayers since I've landed on French soil, a starving American (as one always is), asking for satisfaction in the form of gourmet grease and carbs, with no prevail. Just one burger, I begged to the skies.

And there you were. And you had seven.

I remember scanning your hearty menu with satisfaction: Steak de boeuf, Steak di Champignon, Steak di Mozzarella di Bufala—I needn't have wasted another second empty-stomached.

But alas, you were not without suitors. After all, such a wide selection of burgers must beckon any type of appetite—even the misplaced vegetarian.

I held my breath and wedged myself through the many that lingered and requested a table. I knew I would have to withstand them all, but mother always told me good things come to those who wait.

So, I waited. And I waited. Beer.

Waited.

And in good time I found myself following your friendly servant to a modest wooden table in the back of your effortlessly fashionable and sleek interior. Yes, it was a snug fit, but you were worth it. Plus, you had sketch-friendly place mats with crayons on the side. Success.

Up until this moment I had proudly kept my composure and paced my advances, but I admit when I noticed the 15 euro deal including burger and accompaniments, I pounced. In retrospect I can see this may have been moving too fast, but one cannot always survive temptation!

Within minutes I was indulging in your sweet potato fries and a coke (and mapping out in crayon the fastest path from my place to yours). And only moments after that, it was in front of me: Steak de poulet, black olive mustard, and baby spinach with honey—the monthly special (as you would have, since you are perfect).

Somewhere around the moment of my first bite I lost my sense of being and it wasn't until I came to mid-chocolate mousse that I realized it was the first time since my arrival in Paris that I was truly and utterly full. This was the moment I realized you were the one for me.

I don't doubt that watching me depart, with only a few euros tip and a Crayola sketch of line 10 to remember me by, wasn't easy. Believe you me it was no painless task to walk out. (Really.)

But not a day goes by that the thought of striding through those sliding doors once again doesn't taunt me. Until then, I can only remain another onlooker on your shamelessly trendy blog (as you would have, since you are perfect).

Until We Meet Again,
Yours Truly

Blend Hamburger 44 Rue D'Argout 75002, Paris