





ATAMÁN CACAO There must have been cocoa in this wine many years ago. Honestly, we no longer perceive it. It has turned into something else, into something different. We can't put a name to it yet. The sensation is one of doubt and pleasure, like someone savoring a sip given to something unknown, blindly, while in the air, candles are hinted at and John Coltrane plays. In those years, cocoa still came by sea from the ports of Fernando Poo. Perhaps something of that exotic world has remained trapped inside.



Grape Variety: Undefined