

## **Restaurant Review of Piccolo Cucina Enoteca in New York City**

**By: Amanda Sapio**

A city's best restaurants are almost always the hardest to find. The true gems are tucked away on little-known blocks, hidden from tourists, awaiting discovery by the discerning local.

It is a warm afternoon in August when I first discover one such gem in New York City's West Village neighborhood. The restaurant's small space is immediately apparent, lending it the name Piccolo Cucina (which means "little kitchen" in Italian). The ambience, hospitality, and attention to detail all add to this transcendental experience – from the first sip of wine to the last bite of pasta.

I order the lasagna. Brought to the table piping hot, the steam rises in perfect, aromatic swirls. Pressing my fork into the melting layers of cheese, I take in the overwhelming flavors of sweet tomato sauce, chewy mozzarella, creamy ricotta, and thick layers of homemade pasta.

I barely touch my wine, despite how delicious it is, because I am so taken by the food. Although I do everything I can to savor each bite, I find my plate empty in what feels like a matter of seconds. Full and content, I leave in a trance. I walk to the end of the block and pause. Is it too soon to go back?