

Picsa, got a 'pizza' my heart

I don't know about you but when I hear the word 'Argentina', pizza isn't usually the first word that springs to mind AND I've been. I think of tango. I think of steak. I think of wine (more specifically I think of ruby red Malbec). I also think of the multiple jars of *dulce de leche* that I put away, for my sins.

So upon hearing that Argentinian pizza was able to rival a slither of wafer-thin New York pizza, I figured it was worth further investigation to see if the Argentinians didn't just talk a good fight.



Photos by @adam_w_potts

Picsa is the Argentinian pizza mecca on Calle Ponzano. Foodies

in the know will already be well aware that this street boasts a plethora of options that are all first class. However, in order to stand out you'd better have a strong USP up your sleeve and Picsa definitely has that; I'm yet to find anywhere else in Madrid that offers such gourmet pizzas in such a clinically chic setting – if there's such a thing.



Picsa is almost sterile in terms of its appearance – it's all white tiles and bare bulbs, but this just allows the food to take centre stage. Obviously the **pizza is the big draw here**, but the range of sharing plates isn't to be dismissed. The **bellota ham** all but dissolved in your mouth and the **Armenian roasted peppers** were the perfect zingy compliment to the indulgence of the fat rippled *jamón*.

So after considering that a mere 'warm up', we plumped for a pizza to share and luckily (considering my topping tastes are relatively mainstream) **you can do half and half and keep**

everyone at the table as happy as a clam.



On one side we split a **chorizo criollo with provolone** (a heart attack waiting to happen in all honesty but I was willing to take the risk). Whilst the other half was laden with **roast duck and figs**, like I said, Picsa isn't serving up your basic margarita here. At this point, barely able to move and already pining for the thought of an elasticated waist, we figured in for a penny, in for a pound and split a **chocolate cake with dulce de leche ice cream** to really round things off.

If you're working on your beach bod I strongly advise swerving Picsa unless you're able to show any kind of restraint – of which I'm not. Picsa is not your average pizza joint and in light of this it was packed to the rafters on a Saturday night with patrons all looking for a 'pizza the action' – sorry, couldn't resist one last pizza pun. Be sure to book, maybe

skip lunch in preparation and stretchy pants are well advised.

Picsa

- [Facebook](#), [Website](#) & Instagram: [@picsa.madrid](#)
- **Address:** Calle Ponzano 76
- **Phone:** 915 34 10 09
- **Metro:** Ríos Rosas or Cuatro Caminos

Read a previous [Naked Madrid review on Picsa here!](#)