

Cupcake Footprint

by Alice Harper

dusted off,
moulded dreams.
frosted hope in
heated hands

there's nothing worse
than
too late

folded neatly,
soft and light.
packaged joy in
engendered colour

once wedding cake
under pillows.
now fluffy frosting
on squashed defeat

time will slip
down to greasy floors
only to miss
your miniature map

there's nothing worse
than
the baby thrown
out
with the bake tray

every year
scrape the sides

it can wait
it will rest

fertile hope left raw
but
cupcake footprint
set.

There's nothing worse
than

encased
in paper liner
encapsulated
forever

there's nothing worse
than never

