

Cherry Almond Streusel Cake

by Claire King

I am baking you a cake,
It is rising in the gas oven, which is no good for cakes;
Twenty years old or more; all the heat is at the bottom.
I beat the mixture silently with a wooden spoon after the children
had gone to bed so that no-one would lick the bowl;
It's not that kind of cake.
I used almonds, both ground and sliced,
Bitter chocolate and a whole layer of sour cherries with their hearts
thrust out,
Tomorrow we will eat it in anger,
The sugar hiding the taste of burning.

