**Haigha’s Noosphere Canticles**

Rick Dove

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For Alice

“Six impossible things before breakfast…”

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**The Archivist**

Unwanted growth, the start of solemn day,

mirrors reflective, each virginal hair

that plumes this brush, lathering deep caress

long breaths coalesced, to warmed cheek, flushing

light teased a tempting stroke from staid made chaste,

made wicked in a past sense, imperfect

blades, trace the fading path of fingertips,

still shrinking through sinking, tightening skin,

falling back to bone after rising,

still beating the spectral gavel rhythmic,

bringing order to the syncopated,

to the missing beats, now recollected,

there are those days after, that on reflection,

close shaves remove more than unwanted growth.

**Rolling Pin**

You wanted to make me

man of the house

moulded and mangle rolled

flattened to finish mat

at the threshold

underfoot

at your feet

under pressure with great heat

you fired me

after needed dough

fashioned Pygmalion

and shaped so

to be

a confectionery

sweet illicit fantasy

to be

consumed

you wanted to make me

man of the house

and so you took me out

to cool on the counter

and left me be

here hardening

until i found the space

and spark to breathe

found myself free

to move

to stand on my own

a while

to trip a mile

in these mocked sins

all baby steps

and stumbling

you make me

faltering

so crumbling undetermined

stepping golden goose

pigeon dainty

concubine

as marking time

small walking

on these mutilated iambics

talking

half baked

theories

of how

you made me

fairy tale

man of the house

with sprinkles of rolling pin

carving knife

flattened

as the clock struck one

again

sweet and spicy

fantasy

beyond reason

beyond rhyme

so i find myself back in the nursery

with you

ever this curse to me

find myself

doing the Hokey Cokey

"you put your whole self in"

and my whole self shouts

"that's what it’s all about"

my whole self shouts

in first real words

my first and only plan

"run run as fast as you can

you can't catch me, i'm a gingerbread man"

and you wanted to make me

fairy tale

man of the house

so now i am

with the baker chasing

praying

there is a fox at the end of the road

to swallow me whole

or a least

some pebbles of soul sown

that might lead me

back to bed

and stop me

becoming these

writings on the wall

hanging in the witch's hall

and all

so much

gingerbread

### Product Details

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