**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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