

Gingerbread

The sugar in the pan melts
to pouring consistency.

Teaspoon by teaspoon I drizzle the liquid
along the edges of the gingerbread,

spun threads of sugar catch on the lip
of the saucepan. I burn

my finger on the joins of the house,
the roof resists and slides off the walls.

A pretence of snow slips down the tiles
and puddles thinly under the windows.

I cover the mistakes with chocolate stars,
my finger throbs.

Jo Roach

