

## Rock Cakes

You left me standing there  
I had baked you rock cakes  
cooling now on  
the Welsh dresser

You must have missed the midday bus  
I try to keep my back straight walking  
that mile home alone on muddy tracks  
I'd planned all our chat  
the things I'd show you; garden, horse, play my  
best Bob Marley tape. I'm all cherry-red lipstick/  
mum's perfume/afro is coconut-oil-shine  
even brought a cloth to wipe my  
doc martins clean from cowshit all planned  
so that when you saw me from the bus  
in my Glastonbury tassel skirt  
it would be love

every hour I meet the bus  
dodge the cowpats there & back  
cakes cold now, mum's eyes full of a  
feeling I wish she'd keep to herself  
dusk falls the cakes go to my brother, share  
one with the dog, prepare my  
uniform for the next day, I am  
adrift

as I walk into school, hear you in the English  
cloakroom, loud towny boy-laugh; *as if I'd*  
*visit her in the sticks* and I feel a surge from  
somewhere belly-deep for  
*you're dumped*  
in front of everyone & thick silence because it  
wasn't for someone like me  
to finish with a boy like you  
& I'm gulping back a rock cake lump  
because I know it must be delaying  
the thickening of a  
new skin