

Cupcake

The cupcake was coloured in colours
dreamt up for the cupcake,
and only the cupcake.

A blue that existed nowhere else in the universe.
A pink that was just plain wrong.

Pinker than the pink of pink eye,
than the pink of Hentai lips.
More pink than a 1950s strawberry milkshake

All blended together in a big pink blender.

Along with the essence of pink.

And then irradiated.

The blue was a kind of blue
that pink wished to be
in her pink blue dreams.

A blue that had no right to be blue.
A blue to turn teeth to metal.
Death to plastic.
A blue to make tropical waters grey.
To tear down the sky and start again.

So loaded with sugar
was the cupcake,
a diabetes hotline number circumnavigated
her corrugated paper base.

So sweet,
that as you bite in,
your teeth dissolve.
Disintegrate beneath your very eyes.
Crumble,
like tiny broken gravestones
into the mix
of cake and saliva
and cold icing
and warm blood.