The iceing on the cake

He bakes a cake to fool us all,

With sweet sugar to hide the bitter taste,

With flower to soften the hard certainty,

And candy pieces to distract from our missing parts.

He measures, pours, and stirs,

He mixes and folds,

We don’t even remember the poison that “spilled,”

In to the batter

is so smooth,

And it smells so good.

Yes he baked us a cake,

He spoon-fed us a taste,

Hear and Their,

When we understood his plot,

He’d let the sugar mask intentions,

Let our eyes fill with joy,

Let our minds wonder,

Were we wrong?

Does he care?

Maybe we misjudged him again?

Or maybe he changed.

We would smile and wave,

Play his little game,

Make him look good while he assembled his cake.

We peer through layers of deceit of desert,

At ourselves in the glass and what do we see?

We were just the ends to his means.

We sort through our confection battered lives,

For some shred of truth,

Some bit of love,

Some core of sincerity,

Some,

Some,

Some anything,

But we were all fools,

Wanting to believe,

That he might help us, or be their in a time of need,

We wanted to think that he baked for us,

But we make up the layers,

Our shattered hearts and broken dreams,

He crushed, ground, and sifted,

But we didn’t want to se.

We stand looking at the cake and know what he did,

We hope that we’re wrong,

We try to believe,

Then he brings out the iceing,

So cold and and detached,

He spreads it on thick,

He smiles and laughs,

But we feel the chill,

We take a step back,

We know that it’s over,

What ever we had,

He can’t be trusted,

He isn’t our dad.