

Poem:

THE MINISTRY OF GOING IN

6A4 pages

The Ministry Of Going In

The Ministry of Going In

This is what happens

I go in

sweep the floor

clear the dishes

interview the Secretary of State over a flat white

and lamington

and ask about Afghanistan and post modern democracy

in a political vacuum

I forget to ask if she wants sugar with that

This is what happens

I go in

sweep the floor

stack plates

dry cutlery

make sure the knives

are really really shiny

and ask the Minister for Dreaming

if I need a new paradigm to contain my thoughts

The Ministry Of Going In

There was a knife once that was not
as shiny as the others
it was held up as an example
of what can happen
if you're careless
an unclean knife
half a second and your whole life changes

I go in
sweep the floor
foam the milk
and wonder
if there is too much importance
placed on the size of a take away cup
milk jugs are full
of constant fluctuations
and I ask the Minister for Intermittently Good Behaviour
how he is adjusting to the global downturn in fortune cookies
he says there is always another biscuit to be had

The Ministry Of Going In

This is what happens

sometimes I don't go in

I run in the wind

a gory phantom with a large

coconut shell necklace

I say gory on account of the beetroot I have peeled

and I ask the Minister for Outsized Accessories

if I have gone too far

in my quest and she says

she would wear that far mountain and two intertwined planets

if she could get them round her bloody neck

This is what happens

I go in

there are people

waiting at the counter

I take one not-so-shiny-as-it-should-have-been knife

and excise my bad intentions

and I ask the Minister for Procrastination

is it always as bad as they say

he says not if you catch it in time and do something about it

The Ministry Of Going In

This is what happened
you went in
made muffins
and cappuccinos
ordered milk and bread
and did something about it
but didn't catch it in time
you asked a doctor what the results were
and he said you'd better come in

You went in
swinging your wooden spoon
like a pendulum
backwards and forwards
into the dark
big black crow cleared his throat
and crow ordered fast
before you had time
to catch your breath
crow caught it for you

The Ministry Of Going In

You and crow
riding a spoon
into the cold mysterious night
crow's fierce black wings
beating the sky
and I asked the Minister For Last Things if it was true
that after you die you turn into a star
and he said he was looking into it

This is what happens
I go in
water has flooded
from the fridge
I swim round tables
like a dolphin
and I ask the Minister for New Beginnings
what she does when waves threaten to engulf her
and everyday feels strange
she says take a larger boat and throw your guilt over the side

The Ministry Of Going In

This is what happens

I go in

my hair the shape

of a dolphin's fin

someone hums the music from Jaws

and I ask the Minister for Psychic Disinformation

how many times he has blamed poltergeists for his own bad temper

and he says I am in the wrong film

This is what happens

I go in

sweep floor

rearrange shelving

stare at your photo

and stack my own

small bones

in with the coffee cups

I get everything right

it is one of those rare sparkling days

and I ask the Minister for Myself when I was last elected.