

Emily Berry

Bad New Government

Love, I woke in an empty flat to a bad new government;
it was cold the fridge was still empty my heart, that junkie,
was still chomping on the old fuel vroom, I start the day like a tired
motorcyclist I want to go very fast and email you about the following
happy circumstances: early rosebuds, a birthday party, a new cake recipe but
today it's hot water bottles and austerity breakfast and my toast burns in protest

You are not here of course but you live in me like a tiny valve of a man
you light up my chambers Later I will call to tell you about the new
prime minister, the worrying new developments and about how
I am writing my first political poem which is also (always) about my love for you