

At My Desk

By Jaimin Luke Symonds Patel

The light enters my eyes and those things appear as they always do,
The porridge enters the microwave and time moves for my hand to take it piping.
The glulam bench creaks as the porridge lays on the table,
With the news being picked by my ears and oats entering my mouth.
A new virus they say, very well, as it floats far from here. Far.

The bowl must go, and the TV must stop. Time again moves a hand and so I must be dragged.
The coat covers, the shoes slip on, the phone is pocketed, and the card goes around my neck.
My feet take me to the platform from floor five, where a train comes to North Oak Farm,
Taking me to my craft at Imperial, near Royalty, Nature, and Science.

Then the lecturer teaches, ah yes, the tailings dam far in Brazil. Failures that cost lives.
Lives in the hands of those in this profession. Again, time tells Lunch to come,
And the line for Kimiko is made to be a few longer. Of course, it must be the daily Katsu Curry.
The steam from the fresh rice, the warmth of the sauce and the substance of the chicken.
The taste is not false here. It is remembered well from that far place of its creation.

Lunch ends and the computer lab beckons us. The tasks are given, and the tutorial begins.
I crank the works of the machine in front of me. The cogs just don't fit.
I conjure up those scripts to heed my command and they run along their own tracks.
Ah well, I can try again tomorrow when time takes me there.

I walk down the steps and through Exhibition's Tunnel to the platform where I was dropped before.
I check the time, and see my ride on the rails where it stops for me to step on,
I gaze through the window and see the sun spray a hue of red across the sky,
And get off, tread back to floor five opening my door, taking my bag off, and flinging my coat away.

I take a swig of water and sit by my desk and pick up my pen.