

A Love Letter To The Glasgow Transport System

by Jane Flett

Zip your cardigan close.

Skulk like a lovespun spider in a record store corner
on the orange formica subway car.

Ride clockwise in the afternoon. Write a poem about your heart
spinning like a waltzer and make a promise that summer will last

forever. Tell the boy with the cassette kisses about your sugarcane
castle,
tell the tulip merchant you have polished the patent of your shoes.

You are ready to take to the fields of rapeseed, ready for the pollen
to dust your nose like a pillowfight between the sherbet fountain
factions

warring in the candy quarrel. You have time to glue contact lenses
to the petals of roses, and help the flowers find the focus they are

seeking. Quick: to the hot house,
let's blow our allowance on postcards to the bees, let's

spend it all on honey.

