

needs

by Jane Flett

addicted to the internet
addict for validation and cat tongues
all the pictures keep on falling off my walls
I am so done with the smell of cigarettes
I would like to be dropped like a glass
I would like to be crashed into like a sheet of glass
carried across the road
carried across a motorway bridge
all the streets are ripe with broken fridges
it is 2013 and there are no horses left
we have forgotten the smell of spurs
it is 2013 and I bought a new set of envelopes
I promised everyone in my pocketbook a letter
but all the news is five days old
—five months old—
these post offices are foreign
how are any of us supposed to be sugarcoated?
clutching beakers and tripping on bumblebee fuzz
how are any of us getting through?
proud as all the captain's prows / I have
more faith in your ukulele string
than seventeen scripted missives
from countries who have yet to stake their flags
all these evenings are drenched in lou reed and
all these days are parched
addicted to this age / as if
medieval chanting was another door
in the labyrinth / as if
we were offered jodhpurs or saints
I will take everything I am given
I will click
it is 2013 and we are doing better than the Iceni

I would sack London for any of you
you people who smell of salt and vinegar
you people who bring me crisps

