

# 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

