

Lonely Life On The Fifth

Dear Mistress Sturgeon
wharever yeh are
can Aa leave the fifth flaer
o mah tenement in the Gorbals?

Hae stayed here fur weeks
nae poppin tae the Co-op
nae trips tae the bookie
nae strollin Glasgae Green
nae jaunts tae the boozer
fur mah hauf an a hauf
nae walkin aside bluebells
tae tak in the sun, as if,
nae standin in the rain
water runnin doon mah neck
nae gassin on the wynd
tae onyfowk wha will listen.

Hae watched Perry Mason
daily episodes on the box
(yon black an white)
avoidin pointless quizin
wi celebs, C list but
kept mah lug tae the wireless
keepin richt up tae date
tae understand about the pandemic
tho despair wi politics.

Gae ontae mah computer
fur yon surfin online
tae scroll page efter page
wi a credit card in mah mitts
tae order messages an toiletries
delivered richt tae mah door
by a loon wha carries them
up ten flights o stair, then scats.

Hannae spoken tae onywan
face tae face
complied wi social distencin
keepin twa lives apart but
this is like Barlinnie gaol
am gaein doolally-tap
sae Mistress Sturgeon
wharever yeh are
can Aa leave the fifth flaer?

Alun Robert