

When The Sky Yelled Neon

Contributed by Jane Flett

A subway grill belched a smoke-ring at our ankles
while we wandered down Lexington Avenue.
Two chairs leapt out of a barroom door and collapsed on
the pavement, while a man reapplied lipstick in those
bathroom toilets drenched in piss, and graffiti,
numbers to call - we didn't
stop, there was the bridge to reach.

There were no thoughts of jumping, just of
the bourbon that burbled and made the lights of the
skyline undulate like the pierced navels of
bellydancers, winking crotches of burlesque. And
steel, water, rivets.

We yelled at the sky and it yelled back, neon. The
subway rumbled beneath our feet like subterranean
laughter. It was 4am. The city was giggling and
filled with secrets...

Jane Flett is a Scottish philosopher yearning for a US visa so she can live out the rest of her days noisily in the Chelsea Hotel. Until then, she spends her time running a bar called The Bowery, writing stories about misfits, and pretending she is Edie Sedgwick.