Wan Man Silent Disco

Ah wis goin hame oan the subway
mindin my ain beeswax,
when outta the coarner ae ma eye
Ah sees this fella's heid swayin
fae side tae side in tune wae the song
he's goat pumpin ootta this wee set
ae earphones wae the orange muffs

He's wan ae they agein hipster types
wae the silver man bun, tie dyed t-shirt
and Birkenstock saunles, and am hinkin
Aye, very good pal
when his widden jewellery starts knockin
the gither as his shooders start swayin

He's sittin acroass fae me
but two doors doon ye might say
while the lassie next tae him
edges away a hint, as if scared
the big pendant roon his neck might swing up
and land her wan oan the bonce

Aw ae a sudden, he’s giein it some hip action,
gyratin as if he's exercisin his pelvic flair
but somehow his bum’s still fixed tae the seat
—Ah swear tae God, he wis like a wan man silent disco

He’s goat the attention ae everywan
in the carriage noo, young and auld
aw sterrin intently, waitin fur his next move
and in his ain wee world, eyebaws intae space,
he gies us zigzags wae his feet against the flair,
pointin taes tae the left, then tae the right

Then he starts wae whit Ah can only describe
as concerto hawns, up in the air like a maestro
but he's goat these lang bony fingers,
bit like the wee alien oan E.T.
as he’s giein it like he’s orchestratin
the New York Symphony

Ah realise I've missed ma stoap at Cessnock
but somehow am no even botherert
as a wee wummin gets oan at Ibrox

and says summit aboot him
being the best conductor
she's seen oan Glesga transport
Ah feel like the oxygen is runnin oot
oan this carriage and ma fight or flight
has truly kicked in as Ah stauns up
ready tae get aff, but Ah cannae leave
the scene withoot findin oot
whit this bam is listenin tae

Is it *Bit and Pieces* or summit fae LF System?
Whit is it that's whipped this guy
intae such a frenzy and causin folk
tae sterr in pure amazement

Ah gets up and as am passin Ah decides
tae be a bit bold and while he's positively
oan another planet, Ah reaches doon tae his lap
and pulls the heidphone jack oottae his phone

Am pure expectin him tae jump up
and knock me oot or start bawlin at least,
but this guy doesnae even flinch,
no even a flicker ae the eyes
as he just keeps oan gyratin aboot

Ah realise the hale carriage is noo in fits
ae laughter as every yin can hear whit
this rocket has been listenin tae…
and when they dae, there's a right good
sing song tae, get this, *Islands in The Stream*
…that is WHIT. WE. URR!

by Cat Cochrane