

Shooglin' Aboot Unner the Grun

The Glesga' Subway

by John Rice, SPT Poet-in-Residence

A ride oan the subway whither early or late,
is somethin' yer mammy wull tell ye is great.
It's cool an' it's classy, it's fab an' it's fun,
when ye're shooglin' aboot unner the grun.

Fae Partick tae Ibrox an' stoapin' at Govan,
think o' the fun ye'll aw be huvin'!
Then oan past St. Enoch tae reach the Cowcaddens
tae visit yer auntie (wan o' the McFaddens).

Ye go doon the sterrs – there's a whoom an' a whoosh
as the wind fae the subway spurts oot like skoosh.
Noo watch ye don't trip, take yer hauns oot yer poackets,
an' mind yir eyes doan't pop oot their soackets!

Ye staun oan the platform an' look at the posters,
adverts for cars an' electric toasters.
A map o' the city shows each subway station,
thur names ring an' rhyme in yer imagination.

Then comes a ruckus, a roarin', a rumblin'
that sounds like some giant groanin' an' grumblin'.
Scootin' oot o' the tunnel the train comes hurtlin',
ye jump wi' fright an' yir body aw spurtlin'!

Step intae the carriage, it's light an' it's cosy,
dinnae look at the people, they might think ye're nosy.
Read the Poems on the Subway an' mair advertisin',
relax tae the rhythm o' the track's hypnotisin'.

"Next stoap Cowcaddens!" ye hear sumdae shout,
ye wake fae a doze and prepare to get out.
The screechin' o' brakes, the doors glide open,
this trip wis as grand as ye wir ayeways hopin'.

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is something yer mammy wull tell ye is great.
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