

# Closed for Cleaning

*Suzi Mezei*

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Outside the women's toilets  
a bucket waits  
quarter-full with black water  
and comatose mop-head,  
a handle leant petulant  
on cold tiles,  
the truant cleaner,  
ears plugged,  
wired to the third race  
at Flemington,  
mind far from the wash,  
lips wrapped 'round the warmth  
of his fag,  
hands hidden in overalls  
that carry grime  
back to his bedsit,  
sinks in the flat stench  
of dead detergent,  
the trod of multitudes spewed  
from anonymous trains  
at badly timed intervals,  
the gum, the dust, the sticky  
corners  
of the city,  
fuck Richmond station,  
one day he'll win big.