

Window Cleaner

Jeff Guess

Mitcham Shopping Centre SA

High and lifted up. He hangs in the sun
filled atrium against two crossed steel bars.
A self-imposed elevation, his shadow is flung
down the mall where startled shoppers are

stopped and gaze up to where his bright yellow
overalls belie what might be a mute
puppet on invisible wires in the mellow
afternoon; or dancing for some circus troupe;

even a strange trapped tropical bird
caught in the glaze of glass and heat and light.
Or an actor from the *Theatre of the Absurd*
putting on a noiseless play of fear and flight.

He is though only what he is—and why
with his long blade he wipes and cleans the sky.