

## **Mortdale**

The carriage doors will not be opening.

Incident.

Person.

Anonymity achieved  
in the neutralising shock-flash.

The train stretches  
slow wide reaching  
lunges past the platform.  
Minimal steps  
lest it tread on a grave.

An apology for delays.  
Pushed professionally out  
in spite of good taste.  
Across the platform  
shivering high-vis swarm  
blue and red antennae  
diligently clear all traces.

We depart.

By Sutherland,  
a one-woman-show broadcasts  
she has a plane to catch.  
A mother struggles  
to get her twin-turbo 4X4 pram  
through the gate.

Three synthetic,  
obliviously pleasant tones.  
Timetabled services have been resumed heading north.