**In the Gents at Graig Y Nos Visitor Centre** *by Phil Coleman*

There’s a mural of the water cycle.

Here you pee, follow the flow

around to the waste water plant

that discharges into the river.

By good design real sunlight falls

through high, frosted windows

onto the navy blue sea that

takes up the best part of one wall.

Trace the route of evaporation

up into clouds on the ceiling

(ignore the strip light and cistern miser)

until cumulus hits hills above cubicle doors.

Your breach condenses on the cold walls

rain misting down, blown by hand driers.

Once they meant global warming

but not now they’re wind powered.

Damned in a drowned valley

high above the empty soap dispenser

fresh water is piped to a treatment centre

you passed back on the main road.

So into the taps and all over the floor

thanks to the lovely boys of Year Four

streams under the door, then down

the Tawe, to flood Swansea once more.