**Large hotel** *by Robin Muers*

Let’s watch this man…

Key in hand, he’s off to find his room.

A crossroads! No signpost,

an open cupboard, mops, three women

commiserating in a foreign language.

*You’re welcome*, comes their chorus,

*to The Labyrinth*.

He has no true love…

So, no ball of thread to lead him home.

Must trudge through marathons of corridor

- a lifetime of artificial light – and search

for something counting as success – survival

perhaps, by chance, in spite of his past.

And now his final choice: turn left or right?

You’re holding your breath…

A gasp: *My number’s on that door!*

Inside: a drinks cabinet, massive bed, luxury…

*But what about his food?* (You scream out loud.)

No sweat, he says. *“The One Percent Suite”*

*includes the right to eat*

*the lost, the losers and*

*your bleeding heart.*