

Gavin Goodwin

## Woman at a Window

Swinging from the handles of the pushchair  
a polythene bag stretched with tins –  
swinging from the handles, cutting at her shins  
as she pulls the buggy up  
the concrete stair case. Armpits of her blouse  
dark with sweat. The bulb in the stairwell  
burns a cold yellow light.  
The steps smell of urine.

At the window, her back to the kitchen,  
her son watching television,  
she looks out at the square,  
a cherry tree dense with blossom.  
She looks hard into it: the clusters  
of petals get thicker, softer.  
She wonders, if she fell,  
would those branches catch her.