

# At the window listening...

At the window leaning  
head in hands and dreaming,  
at the window listening –

to the flower girl's call  
her words like petals in the soft spring air,

to the girlfriends' chatter  
as the guardsmen buy flowers and scented dreams,

to the old folk on the park bench,  
seated quite neatly and locked in their bones  
and the pathway of their past,

to the wind rippling the leaves like tiny muscles,

to the washing flickering above  
like a reminder of something left unsaid,

to the radio playing last year's song,  
the cat's warm purr and the canary's song,

to the boy clutching his bat and stumps  
and his sister throwing frail crumbs,

to the famous man,  
dark with his own importance,  
in his stiff collar and grim suit,  
trapped on the balcony

both of us  
trapped – in a cage made of silences.

**Pie Corbett**

