

The Widow

She wears *two* wedding rings these days.
That single wracked finger
eighty years in the making
is now all that holds her marriage together.

And slowly she grasps what has happened to her.
Some god broke into that dim flat of theirs
and in a swirl of white moments, fished away
her world's heart, her whole history.

She sits at the end of our settee
all crunched up as the clock keeps beating
out the time. Each emerging moment
just disgorges more pain. Her dead has it easy.

She remembers the funeral. She shrieked to him then :
“My eyes !

My eyes !

Where *are* you ?

I'm *blind* !”

And she grabs at that finger and those sweet lips
cover her rings with frantic abandon.