

the widow
isn't wise
of her demise

and neither is the widower

it is not a matter of scorn,
to be born with no mind
but that which we can find

in the gutter

where our mother might have us look;
we notice our father
cannot cook

but the lady down the street,
whose husband has been dead,
she it is whose blistered feet
have given her what is in her head:

she is not wise
of her demise
yet we can only look

and mutter

10-21-81