

Widow's Walk

Now he is gone, how shall I mourn?

Shall I weep? Shall I wail?

Sit through the shiva-week

With face and mirrors curtained.

White-cotton-wrap the corpse and burn the boats.

Fill an oaken box, dress it with wreathes, and pray.

Grant value to a thing of mere decay.

I shall, of course, walk like a widow,

Face veiled, eyes lowered, feet slow and stumbling.

And when I stand before that wooden box

(Fancy bin for the rotten thing inside),

I'll prick my finger on a red rose thorn

To smear the sacred surface with

The last drop of blood he will ever get from me.