

We Are The Widows

Hammers of Misfortune

We are the widows of the winter
to whom no spring shall ever dawn
We are a window to the future
The morrow's first polluted yawn

We are a dowry to destruction
In all the shouting we shall drown
We are the shadows of the good times
We are the echo, not the sound

Indolent we promenade across the page
Redolent of meaning lost and gone
Strewn about the airwaves of this new dark age
Still without our substance carry on

We are the widows
We the words