

Widows Walk

River Whyless

He'll burry her in that old coat
Made of wool knit across her knees
On the mudflats off the stone coast
Her bottle broke the bow he took to the sea

While the others returned with their hulls full
She waited patiently
Twisting thread between her thumbnails
Oh, the dread she held between her teeth

Her boy stands tall on the old wharf
Now he's screaming, "Mother please,"
And she's knee deep in the white surf
Waiting for her son to leave

Alone is the widow, the gulls and no mast to the east
And she's the sheep he kept to stave off the grief
The pennies they saved only to place in her eyes
And the love that she gave to him and now she's gone
She's gone
He's gone
So the boy let her leave