

## Black Widow

## Snow Ghosts

I listen to the willow weep  
Somnambulant with rooted feet  
As shadows chase an empty moon  
And winter wanders in too soon  
Her skirts are rustling dark and bleak  
They settle on the cold and weak  
And whisper sweetly in their ears  
Could you settle here  
Won't you linger near

Black widows dress themselves for sleep  
In shrouds they weave  
They weave  
They weep

Winnowed out like chaff from wheat  
That silence sowed beneath our feet  
And separate a year too soon  
You left me with the harvest moon

Her skirts are rustling dark and deep  
They settle on the cold and weak  
And whisper sweetly in their ears  
Could you settle here  
Won't you linger near

Black widow...