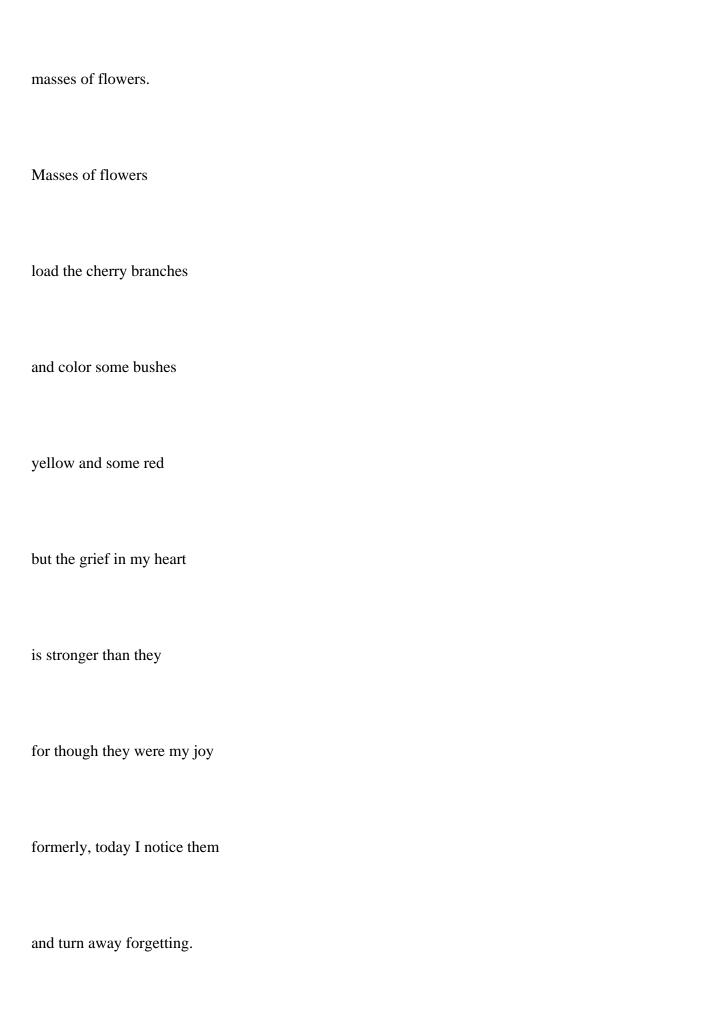
Widow's Lament in Spring Time

Widow's Lament in Spring Time

with

Sorrow is my own yard	
where the new grass	
flames as it has flamed	
often before but not	
with the cold fire	
that closes round me this year.	
Thirtyfive years	
I lived with my husband.	
The plumtree is white today	



Today my son told me	
hat in the meadows,	
t the edge of the heavy woods	
n the distance, he saw	
rees of white flowers.	
feel that I would like	
o go there	
nd fall into those flowers	
nd sink into the marsh near them.	