

## **Widow...**

...the more you say it, the stranger  
it feels on the face;

pursed lips which resemble a kiss,  
the flicker of "i" a candle tapering  
into night-space

and next, the hardness  
of "d" launching "o" down  
slanted cheekbone as tears follow suit.

The last consonant curls in,  
initiator and terminator - both root  
and dried up flower head

of the life order;  
*ashes to ashes, dust to dust,*  
full circle you have come

while I must persevere  
through the ambiguity of now,  
lips repeating the substantial word

in time with the clock which ticks  
woodenly against the mantel.