

## Widow Weeds

Marc Almond

She draped herself in widow weeds  
Veil of black and buttoned sleeves  
Hid her face from the world  
A shadow where once had been a girl  
Her husband of past twenty years  
Had passed away leaving her in tears  
Heart full of the future's fears  
She kneels beside his grave  
Where should be colour every day  
Just widow weeds, her friends all say  
"please stop your tears and throw away  
Those widow weeds of black and grey"  
Then she did wail a chilling sound  
Beat her fists and hit the ground  
She moaned his name, she pulled her hair  
She chanted verse and muttered prayer  
How could a man so just, so good  
Leave her a widow like he could  
Where should be colour every day  
Just widow weeds, her friends all say  
"please stop your tears and throw away  
Those widow weeds of black and grey"  
And deep within chador of lace  
The deep etched sorrow on her face  
This madonna in her cowl of grief  
Subservient in her belief  
Then came the reading of the will  
Grief had hold within her still  
But unable to believe her ears  
She stopped her sobbing, halted tears  
Not a penny, not a pound  
No provision to be found  
Not a thought of recognition  
The will was read with cold precision  
Anger jumped up in her breast  
Well maybe this was for the best  
Even as the will was blessed  
She tore away her veil  
Tears of rage to tears of joy  
No more grief from death's envoy  
No more weeping, gnashing teeth  
No more prostrate with grief  
She thought he loved her  
So sure he loved her  
She thought he loved her  
So sure he loved her  
But all his treasure all his wealth  
Just signify love for himself  
Just signify love for himself  
The chador fell unto the earth  
Witness a woman's rebirth  
Witness a woman's rebirth  
She exorcised grief's ugly demon  
With a new found sense of freedom  
Where should be colour every day  
Just widow weeds, now she can say  
She stopped her tears and threw away

Those widow weeds of black and grey