

THE WIDOW

Comateta M. Clifton

She never misses Sunday Mass,
is the epitome of one with class.
She never smokes and rarely drinks,
and never speaks before she thinks.
Lady-like and always charming,
her mood swings can be quite alarming.
And what's even more of a surprise
is what she does after moonrise.
She tends to the viable soil, then,
of her lush, colorful garden
where her three victims lay—
husbands rumored to have run away.
A Black Widow, she'll say she's not,
despite the bodies left to rot.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 1 2007