

Long Line of Widows

I come from a long line of widows.
Survival was in their blood,
Grimly outliving husbands
Ever since the Flood.

I come from a long line of women
Of sturdy peasant stock,
Keeping their brood together
In the face of fear and shock.

I come from a long line of mothers,
Grandmothers, sisters, aunts,
Rearing each others' children,
And wearing the family pants.

I come from a long line of widows
Spending their golden years
Stolid and solitary,
Refusing to yield to tears.

Love, have you longed to give me
A gift that would signify,
Love, that you truly love me?
Promise me not to die.