

The Young Widow

by fate's cruel hand
his ripe leaf fell from the branch
her burden doubled

her three charges weighed
testing daily her lone strength
her limbs bore their load

no man to heed her
young woman's natural needs
too proud to settle

she tilled her hard ground
tending we sprouts 'til harvest
her beloved yield

the boy could not know
by his age's innocence
what she did for me

