

Suzanna Lubrano

"Widow's Walk"

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Consider me a widow boys, and I will tell you why,
It's not the man, but it's the marriage that was drowned
So I walk the walk and wait with watchful eye out to the
sky,
Looking for a kind of vessel I have never found.

Though I saw it splinter, I keep looking out to sea.
Like a dog with little sense, I keep returning,
To the very area where I did see the thing go down,
As if there's something at the site I should be learning.

That line is the horizon.
We watch the wind and set the sail,
But save ourselves when all omens
Point to fail.

If I tell the truth then I would have to tell you this;
Though I grieve (and I believe I feel it truly),
I knew that ship was empty by the time it hit the rocks,
Cause we could not hold on when fate became unruly.

So consider me a widow, boys, and I have told you why
Does the weather say a better day is nearing?
I'll set my house in order now and wait upon the will,
Cause it's clear that I need better skill in steering.

That line is the horizon.
We watch the wind and set the sail,
But save ourselves when omens
Point to fail.

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