

## Widow Undetected

Moving was the best thing.  
There was no one who knew,  
had the sympathy sticky as old tapioca.  
For a long while I wore the ring, not out of duty,  
or habit, more because it felt right, identified  
the knuckle, & I meant to go on keeping busy,  
I meant to go...

Wife was never exactly how I thought of myself anyway.  
The word was no problem, the same with belonging, lucky  
freedom in the fact, a pact of accessible, united  
but untied lives.

I never wanted to look tragic, my pride like fresh  
dish water, purely added to, for work was essential  
& kept the missing hid. Realms underneath I sensed  
it welling to trap, & some times I gave in, a hot flood  
when least expected, say while paying a bill, & how

strange, that crazed raging, that long howl  
after facing each night that wide gravel bed...

I never quite got accustomed, only numb now 'n then,  
& that was more dangerous than moving, though so many  
said how brave (or foolish)

Foolish! Brave! Try sheer terror & instinct:  
leaping a gulf & looking down the whole time for my body  
at the bottom  
'til a quiet voice whispered: courage.

Thus a collision passed through me to leave me standing  
with its knowledge,  
& this is the change of keeping, of letting go  
both my husband, my truth.