B7: No Tears for the Widow


I never saw my mother cry
Until the night my father died
Married nearly thirty years
And his dying had been hard
I remember how the family came
To share the grief, the tears, the pain
And how her friends all gathered round
And all the black-rimmed cards

The funeral was a large affair
The civic fathers all were there
And mother held up stoically
She never shed a tear
But everyone there understood
That she had entered widowhood
And life would never be the same
Her status now was clear

And there were tears for the widow
Tears for the widow
For the woman who had lost her love
And must carry on alone
And mother now writes "widow"
In the space on all the forms
It's part of her identity
Like her grey hair or her name

My friend Amelia lost her love
To cancer's slow and painful glove
The dying was no easier
Than my father's was back then
No black-rimmed cards came to her door
Her grief and anguish all ignored
Except, of course, for closest friends
Who tried to understand

Her lover was described by all
As a single woman living well
A tragic loss for family
Taken well before her time
When Amy left the funeral home
She travelled to their house alone
And sat among familiar things
And wept into the night

And there were no tears for the widow
No tears for the widow
For the woman who had lost her love
And must carry on alone
And Amy still writes "single"
In the space on all the forms
But she rages at the lie it tells
And the loss that it ignores

And who can tell how many other women
Live their lives in shadows
Unrecognized, unsympathized
Unseen and disallowed
Who've lost not only lovers
But often hearth and home
For "marriage" is a special word
And only meant for some

And there are no tears for the widows
No tears for the widows
For the women who've lost lovers
And must carry on alone
And life goes on, but for them
There is no space on any forms
Yes, "marriage" is a special word
And only meant for some