

The Widow of War

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Before allure began to pour
out of her sore onto the floor
she stored the door to her heart's core
beneath the boards of her store's floor.

The sore she wore was from the war
her husband fought and gave life for
and now she's poor and can't afford
to live the life she once ignored.

In time, she's sure, she'll close the store
that they once ran and both adored;
she's now a whore of wanted more
than life can offer or restore.

For now she's sure than ever more
that time won't heal her open sore
and so she boards and stores the door
beneath the boards of her store's floor.