

# *The Widow's Lament in Springtime*

*by William Carlos Williams*

Sorrow is my own yard  
where the new grass  
flames as it has flamed  
often before but not  
with the cold fire  
that closes round me this year.  
Thirtyfive years  
I lived with my husband.  
The plumbtree is white today  
with masses of flowers.  
Masses of flowers  
load the cherry branches  
and color some bushes  
yellow and some red  
but the grief in my heart  
is stronger than they  
for though they were my joy  
formerly, today I notice them  
and turn away forgetting.  
Today my son told me  
that in the meadows,  
at the edge of the heavy woods  
in the distance, he saw  
trees of white flowers.  
I feel that I would like  
to go there  
and fall into those flowers  
and sink into the marsh near them.