

POETRY

Cindy King

THE RIVERS RUNNETH BLACK WITH MASCARA

The widows soar-eth with parasols of flies,  
with press-powder desert faces, the widows runneth over.

With pillbox hats and fascinators,  
the widows runneth,

widows behind blind glasses and tinted windows,  
broken widows runneth, widows streaked with rain.

The widows walk-eth the widow's walk in button boots,  
widows wear-eth corsets to train their sighs.

In bustles and petticoats, widows rustle-eth,  
shower-eth earth with the feathers of ravens.

They bring-eth their lips together, hide-eth their lipstick teeth.  
Merry widows will work-eth to please you.

With belladonna, with nightshade, widows  
Coif-eth their hair with the precision angels.

The widows watch-eth pornography  
and are-eth not ashamed.

They do-eth the Hustle, a spinoff  
of a spinoff that is twice as good as the original.

Ever certain of the finale,  
widows will always see-eth things through.

*She's a killer, killer queen, gunpowder, gelatin...*  
they singeth, and you may block your ears

but still, you can hear the widows. Widows  
surround-eth you, pass-eth you between them

like a pink tetherball. They drop-eth you in a basket,  
push-eth you through reeds

down rivers that runneth black with mascara.