

Elaine Feinstein
Widow's Necklace

Friends try my stories on their teeth or
with a match: are they plastic or amber?

My children say I must have forgotten
how I used to turn to them so very often,

repeating your words and begging reassurance.
Why should I now recall a loving presence?

But so I do: my story as a wife
is threaded on the string of my own life,

and when I touch these beads, I still remember
your warm back as we slept like spoons together.