

## THE WIDOW

### JULES JOUY

The Widow, near a prison  
In a dark shed remains  
She never leaves her house  
Than when a bandit has to die  
In the gala car  
Accompanied by the populace  
She goes not far from there  
And, sad, goes down to the square  
With funeral tunes  
Let it freeze, let it sell, let it rain  
She dresses slowly  
The widow

The witnesses, the priest and the law,  
See, everything is ready for the wedding,  
Each object finds its use:  
This black van is the carriage,  
All the accessories are there.  
The two horses for the trip  
And the two baskets full of bran,  
The wedding basket...  
So, stretching out her long red arms,  
Pampered, having had a new look,  
She is waiting for her new husband,  
The widow...

Here comes his so-called  
Under the porch of La Roquette  
Calling the expected male  
The Widow to him offers herself coquette  
While the crowd around them  
Look, shivering and pale:  
The man spits his last gasp  
For her lovers, chattering their beaks,

Killed in the first test,  
Only sleep once  
The widow

Cynical, under the gaze of the onlooker,  
Like a girl in her boudoir  
The Widow washes herself with plenty of water  
Undress and remove make-up  
Impassive amidst the cries  
She goes back to her dive  
Of her innumerable husbands,  
She wears mourning in red.  
In his car pulling up,  
Horrible ghoul that man waters  
She returns to sleep off her blood  
The widow...