

# All Is Sold

Iris DeMent

All is sold, all is lost, all is plundered  
Death's wings flash black on our sight  
All's gnawed bare with sore want and sick longing  
So how are we graced with this light?

By day there's the breath of wild cherry  
In the city, from woods none espies  
At night, new and strange constellations  
Shine forth in the pale summer sky

And these houses, this dirt, these mean ruins  
Are touched by the miracle too  
It is close, the desire, the despaired of  
All longed for but none ever knew

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