

## And This You Call Work

Iris DeMent

And this you call work is carefree existence  
Catching ere it's flown  
What music has privately hinted  
And jestingly call it my own

And using another's blithe scherzo  
For lines far too languid to run  
To swear your poor heart is lamenting  
In fields that smile back at the sun

And later, when pinewoods play trappist  
Doing what bold eavesdroppers dare  
While the fog's impalpable curtain  
Hangs vaguely, as smoke on the air

Not feeling one qualm of conscience  
I take things from left and right  
Life is sly, but I take something from it  
And all from the stillness of night