

Like a White Stone

Iris DeMent

Like a white stone deep in a draw-well lying
As hard and clear a memory lies in me
I cannot strive, nor have I heart for striving
It is such pain and yet such ecstasy

It seems to me that someone looking closely
Into my eyes would see it, patent, pale
And seeing, would grow sadder and more thoughtful
Than one who listens to a bitter tale

The ancient gods changed men to things but left them
A consciousness that smoldered endlessly
That marvelous sorrows might endure forever
You have been changed into a memory