

# Lot's Wife

## Iris DeMent

And he who was righteous  
loomed radiant, striding  
Behind the Lord's messenger up the black hill  
But she walked reluctantâ€”alarm  
spoke within her;  
"It is not too late, you may look on it still,  
Upon the vermillion-stained  
towers of Sodom;  
You spun in that court, and  
you sang on that square;  
That house whose tall windows  
confront you with blankness  
Once knew you, a bride;  
you bore your sons there."She turned to behold it, and  
pain was her master;  
Her eyes yearning toward  
it could no longer see;  
Salt-white grew her body,  
the blood in it withered;  
Firm earth held her feet that  
would never go free.And is there not one who  
would weep for this woman,  
Or one who would find her  
loss bitter to brook?  
Alone in my heart uneclipsed, unforgotten,  
Is she who gave over her life for one look.

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