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 vermilion-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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