The Stone Woman

She could have been Griselda's sister. Her love was one long story of patience until one day, choosing a flinty trail among the hills, she slowly walked away from him who all his life assumed that meekness to be unaltering like nature's laws

Mountain hardness became her defense She petrified, vein and corpuscle, among the rock veins. Her brain turned mineral.

On some revengeful night forgotten by the moon her lover will hear the hill slope tearing apart. She will grope her way toward his bed then, shaping memories of words with porphyry lips until he feels above his heartbeat the terrible grey satin of agate fingers.

—Doris Pitkin Buck