

## **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