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Under the Sun, and: Smooth Dark Stone

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CHARD DENIORD

Under the Sun

The days are my consolation.
I take one home each night
and put it in the case beside
my bed and watch it fade
in the dark, no matter how shiny
it seems at first, no matter how high
it stands behind the glass. I keep
a few polished for memory's sake,
but even they grow tarnished
and lost among the others.
"Thank you," I say to the dusk
each night for another trophy
engraved with the cloud code
of that particular day—April 10,
June 19 . . . As for the diamond-
studded chalice I glimpsed in a dream,
I no longer want it, although I live
as if I do to fool myself, throwing
quarters at a wall, playing
the numbers, singing, "Grief is happy
with a stone. See how bright
it shines on the dull cold ground."

Smooth Dark Stone

Already I know from the smooth dark stone
that a name disappeared in time and the weather.
How to carve another for now as deep
as the other and not believe it will last forever?