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## Ruth

Nancy White

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## White: Ruth

RUTH

Nancy White

Honey, you know how it goes:  
what doesn't kill you . . .  
You've got ghosts, I've  
got ghosts—Oh, my wedding cup  
was all over garnets. The little pops  
of light, that was mica  
in the clay. God put me  
in some unlikely places and he said  
*grow*. Just another tumbled  
rock on shore, rounder and  
rounder. What's a life anyhow  
but sense enough for one?  
And then, sometime, it ends.  
And what was yours was yours.