

Diana Azar

Persephone

The mourning mother does not interest
me at all. Mothers always mourn.
But the girl — where was she when
the crippled god of darkness suddenly
appeared? In the meadow linking
clover chains, easily pulled apart?
Or on Elysian playing fields arm
in arm with her friends?
She went unwilling, so they say.
And yet she stayed through
the long winter months buried inside
the earthy dark and every spring
when the light opened with the leaves,
unhindered by him, she returned.

The wonder isn't that she stayed
down there with him sweating
under a shower of sparks beside the forge,
but that, having known his hot crafty hands,
uncompelled, she ascended and returned.