

Mothering Persephone

Your children are not your children ... They come through you but not from you, and though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

--Kahlil Gibran

She has said nothing, and neither
will she eat, save for seeds, which she takes
at the speed of contempt. The strength
of wills surrounding her could stop
a season. Still, she would be planted,
her clothes rustling like hardening leaves
as winds cross around her, through
threads of her tested garments. Blowing
comes from everywhere but from her.
I have planted her to save her. Covered her
lightly veined feet in black dirt, pushed
red mulch up to mid-shin and bricked
around her in careful rows, as though
in clever decoration. Others wish
her transplanted, moved beneath
me, this world, but I made plain
I will kill everything she sees, everything
nourished by me through her to stop that:
that much at least has nothing to do
with her, and everything to do with how
my seasons will be ordered.

*Paul T Hogan
From Inventories, 2012*