

What Persephone Did Next

The underworld wind sighs from the abyss.
At winter's end the Queen of May ascends.
This daughter, skin veneered in graphite scales
which sparkle, dark beneath the silk cocoon –
a mandible gift from the teeming hordes
of tiny tricoteuses. The face that launched
a thousand souvenirs is haloed, veiled
in ancient carbon stones, the tears of gods.

The western world catches its breath. Blood-lines
coalesce through the golden traitors' gate
for marriage to the state. This nascent king
is worried. Will his wife, like his mother,
be fashionably late? This consort groomed
for afterlife on sacred Ynys Mon.