

I.

You have been taught by Hades the language
Of hate
Of cold winters and violent autumns

Your mother cried endlessly
Until her tears dried up
And are only rivers now

It is you,
Your fault,
Persephone,
To be so bright and
Irreplaceable

You're smarter than this
Than six pomegranate seeds

Bright girl, how could you let this happen to
You?
To your mother?

You didn't know
And that's no excuse.

III.

Sophrosyne

You sit up in the middle of the night in the
Sofa-bed-living-bedroom you now share,
Twin parasites, conjoined in limbs and sweat,
Pain and fate

The sun watches as you rise, alone, to the
Kitchen. You've never noticed until now how
A wolf
And a deer
Look the same when they're trying not to be
Detected.

The wallpaper is your audience, and
The mold is your chorus.
The performance starts
When you wash the knife. Your greatest fear
Stares back at you.

So here are your options,
Daughter-of-two:

Left or right?

Which will you be?

The knife has made its decision.
Not a soul that knows your sorrows could
Convict you,
But one thing you know
Is no one will understand.

II.

You stand alone in the wreckage of blood and
Bodies
Your love was a war, you know
There was going to be collateral damage

Sirens in the distance, red and blue lights flash
The neighbors will talk. You say
Let them
Think what they want
You will make the pain worth it and drag him
Down with you with claws and venom and all
Your love

If women were never meant for rationality
You, Medea, will be as unreasonable as they
Come
Child of Corinth, he never understood
Why the fig tree in the yard could never
Bloom
He'll understand now, yes
He'll understand now.