Porch-Lit Persephone

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Porch-Lit Persephone

There you stand, a dark statue
framed by the lit doorway
of your hotel room.

The porch rails attempt to
cup you in their safety
but you insist to lean over –
a drop of water hanging to rock.

You hop back and forth and
I watch from my roost, hoping
that you see me
rooted on my porch,
caged by bars
that claim good intentions,
hoping
that you look across to me
motionless
like a lucky penny stuck to
asphalt by gum.

You see me!
I see you!

Already intimate in imagination
and wanting to know if the
shadowy stories hold truth.

Your balcony becomes a
shrine and you, in your
dress, become divine as
a goddess of Greece.

Then the grizzly hands wrap
around you of a lurid man.
Blocking the light,
he joins you and you
look away,
away from me.
The fingers he uses to press you look like claws.

Your flesh they press to tear! He lifts you away.

The eyes that were mine are gone. The cage around your shrine becomes a jail cell for my thoughts, which stay to linger long past your chariot ride to Hades.

The air turns cold. Fall and then winter.

My bed sheets in the dark look like snow.