

## **This is what happened to spring**

The earth split open for me to drop  
a lily swift-falling, half dance macabre  
my pulse flits and catches in my throat  
kore - mellow fullness, soft curves  
flung to dark angles, harsh lines  
set deep into the faces of the dead.

The Styx shudders, an ashen languor settling  
as it retreats over and into itself, over and over  
again, I lower myself down into its biting cold,  
letting my purity dissolve, diluted by this solitude  
I dive deeper  
down to the depth where my lungs burn  
as I learn not to scream at the weeds  
- like plumes of smoke –  
curling around my legs  
the floor is soft and brown, settled decay undistinguished from choking new life  
down at the depth where darkness transforms sodden driftwood into naiads,  
and catfish have eyes like Gods  
maudlin illusions  
the one and the other  
no Gods remain here - only men  
covetous and selfish  
death at least sinks to meet his depravity.

His hands find me here, my body floods back

He presses it to my mouth, I roll it round my tongue – its cool solidity, blood red – a promise  
pomegranates, remittance for Persephone.

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