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Demeter and Persephone

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Demeter and Persephone

So Persephone had to go back again.
Demeter sulked around the house
like a loose thread, like the tomato
at the bottom of the refrigerator.

What could ever placate her?
Lonely mother, perhaps
a long drive in a thunderstorm,
or buying some flowers for the dinner table.

Rice, with some cooked vegetable—
not corn—too much like
the bloody teeth of a pomegranate.
The aching in the middle wrist

at the iron, she watches television, hemming
linen trousers. She grows
disgusted at some uneven line of stitching,
the coming and going of a sharp, pointed thing.

Julia Grawemeyer, '05