

MOLLY SPENCER

Persephone [I no longer know]

I no longer know how I came to be here.
She claimed me? He returned me?

There was a great rending, more light
than I'm used to now. Then everyone

pretending I've never been anywhere
else. Here at the sink, tasting summer

in my mother's kitchen, washing plates
until their painted edges fade.

But I've taken on the green
of his river. I'm listening

for the whine of his dog
wanting my hand on its warm belly,

for the long hall of his walk
coming up behind.

There are children now, open-mouthed
and spindling toward light,

a tree we planted together
that fruits in red, debts that sound

somehow familiar. A deal I struck once:
the way I left off watering,

hoping growing things
would know to dig

for what they needed
deeper, down.