

## Persephone Lying in Bed

Being in love is like being dead.  
I lie perfectly still with my  
muscles clenched and wait  
while the clock spins its hands.  
Passivity makes me  
more beautiful. I'm  
a vessel for the seeds  
he feeds me that explode  
in my mouth. If I enjoy  
their lusciousness I'll be  
trapped here forever.  
If I remove my clothes and move  
I'll be forever thirsty.

What do I desire? Not spring  
when the topheavy flowers sway  
on their stems, excessive  
blossoms festoon the trees.  
Not the reenactment of  
the kiss and wail,  
my lonely train screeching from the station.  
When it's time to leave  
I'll slither out of here without  
once using the clicks  
and moans of ordinary speech,  
I, who used to mark  
every occasion. I'll stand  
before the muddy field and watch  
another morning begin.  
I'll start to walk.