


PERSEPHONE IN HADES



ELISE AYLERE

I have eaten the seed of the pomegranate,
The fruit of mystic knowledge,
The food of the dead;
Now have I no part in the life of earth
Nor in the ways of the living,
Now may I wander no more in the beautiful sunlight,
For in my heart I bear the dark knowledge
That none may know and live.

Yet from the gate of Hades
I will gaze a little forth,
On the verge of the sweet world
I will linger a little and remember
The things that were mine,
Those I have loved beyond all others,
The things for which I die.

I have chosen the bitter fruit
And the truth of darkness.
Behold, I go down unto death
That the earth may blossom,
And ripen in the fulness of harvest;
That young life may come forth in its season,
In the nest and the fold,
And in the wild lairs of the wood.

I will come forth as the flowers 
Reborn in the stir of the springtime
A frail bloom rising as a spirit
From the seed planted in earth,
And the world shall be glad for its beauty
Yet shall know me not;
I will come forth again
In the leaf and the nestling,
For it is my life that I give them
And by my truth they shall live.

Yea, 
Though my end is darkness, 
And though none remember,
It is by my vision ye behold the sun.