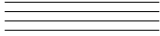


P E R S E P H O N E



G W Y N E T H L E W I S

“Look at me, Ma!”
Walking the beam,
She wobbles then
Pirouettes
En pointe
On a proton.

Daughters never see danger,
Which is their charm,
Till they come to harm:
Flowers scattered in the bubble chamber.

Then, implacable mother, I
Search under winter’s gravity waves
Find where she hides.
Pomegranate seeds
Pulse in her gullet,
A fact, irreducible. Her eyes:
Dilated to mirrors of black
In which I loom large.

In light again
On visits home
She dances at double strength.
The pinprick pupils
Have shut me out.