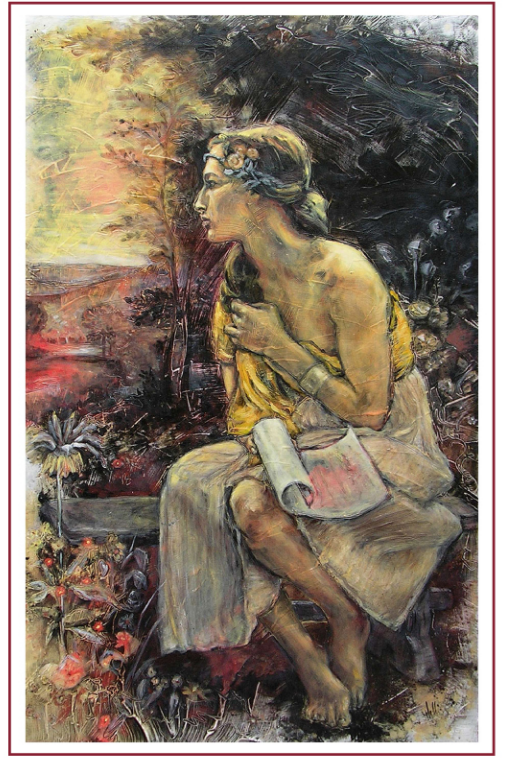


# For Persephone

poem by T.Collins Logan

original paintings by Mollie Kellogg



*You might think  
that having walked across the eons  
without your hand in mine  
I could wait just one more day  
to see you  
and that the promise of tomorrow  
and tomorrow, and tomorrow  
is enough  
and that in this deep winter of my heart  
in these still hours  
where my soul stays warm  
by flickering light of memory  
I know you are there  
just beyond the borders of my realm  
thinking of me  
yearning for me  
even as you tend your verdant, crowded garden  
and I would not add my sorrow  
to your own  
but this alone I feel  
has a different heft than solitude  
and as this page is my companion  
and these syllables my counselors and friends  
I grieve the distance  
between your breath and mine  
in streaming words  
like a slow, persistent warmth of tears  
against my cheek  
where the cherished promise of winter's end  
becomes a trick of jealous gods  
who live forever without knowing pain*

*and however great my power  
to shape the comforts of my world  
it is your voice, your scent, your smile  
your nearness  
which ignites from this grim dust  
a flame so fierce it dims the sky  
lifts up a sacred offering  
that love and hope and joy will grow  
with soaring possibility  
and yet, I know,  
that others thrive in the season of my loss  
and long untended fields are carefully sown  
and fences for a horde of untamed beasts  
are mended  
and children laugh and play  
without a thought  
for the weight of shadows  
on our parted time  
so I will rest in a truth made clear:  
it is you, it is you, it is you  
that wherever you are  
there is life  
and love  
and light  
and I shall steel myself to wait  
for night to pass  
for the moon to boldly trace her path  
and for the slow turning of the seasons  
to bring you close to me  
once more.*