

χορός της Περσεφόνης και της Δήμητρας

Pupils embraced the sky.

I searched.

Scouring for tales of wishes come
true. Was it all just a lie? Are they existent?

Do they judge? Standing within
the eyes of the museum— Time forms around
pausing to breathe. I live in their space now freed.

Colours alter, Changing, Displaying fear
of unknown, the loss
of her daughter. One ripped from her gasp too soon.

Promised to one she never blessed. Cursed
to watch her daughter
's Godliness flourish from afar

Leaves fall. Trapped, gripped
by the wind pulled in every direction.
The world continues and my heart beats. Every pulse lives
for the beauty that surrounds me.

She fallen, into the depths.
Tricked by one said to have love.

Leaving her mother's mind to scramble. Devotion
blossoms off a perfect portrait of
who she was meant to be. The husband she's sewn too;
forebode the planned life ahead.
Displaying a life
stolen from her very hands, treated with care by force.

The sky darkens, feeling unleashed,
tears streaming. Torn and stripped from her mother.
water came washing away the seams
that held her up. Young girl bound to promises
she didn't make;

Held to standards miles higher than her head.
A young woman stuck in space and time
unfreeing and unforgiving.

Days grow shorter—

stronger— colder.
As she weeps into the darkness. Her
heart swells
with love. The trees once—
full, Now left bare grasping at the hollowness
harboring a mother's seasonal fear.