

HADES

Am I unworthy?
I bear the ultimate test for eternity
to remain locked
in the night womb of the earth
and all I ask of the entire pantheon
is a wife.
And nothing will make her stay.
I have dazzled her with every decaying thing
I could cut from life.
There is nothing like her so warm
born of endless summers
without spring no winter.
Does she not see the allure of death?
After all this entropy,
she will not belong to me.
Every year, running away to the Sun
and the fields.
The second day of “spring” is the hardest.
Imagine her suckling the breast of her mother
the harvest
Smelling the flowers of things
that all will die one day
and live eternally with me.
I cannot understand what I do not offer.