

She (ONE) had heard that the lake was deep and thought to push to the bottom.

To force her arms up under water (wet) and above her head and grasp her skirt caught tight between her hands with nails dug hard in part in the pulling fabric now and also into her skin. Over her head, her eyes, she'd not be able to see (under), nor be seen either – anyway

Addressing the lake,
She is undressed.

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Before, the glare of the sun and a squint had rested themselves upon her eyes, where they met
A bead of sweat, and she had covered her eyes right with her hand, and the heat to her cheeks
Cooled below the surface of the lake.

Her gesture slips. Having waited, she walked in, to the lake and drops to the floor,
Cold, her warm skin goosed as she bares herself (to no one).

And about that bead of sweat the water has taken, the water shifts
About her too and calms again above her
As she opens her mouth
As it falls beneath the water

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She (one) had thought to push to the bottom and too exposed her own.

Taken in her hands and against the tide, she grasps the steeping fabric -
Her left hand clutched behind her back and her right
Above her, weighted both, they clutch her now - wet drapery
Here clung tight, and lifting the skirt
Which had then laid soft, down and over her
Which covered her now only in part, pulling it
Up and close to her back, her stomach, in knots, the bloated fabric.

ana: up, and *syрма*: skirt
Up skirt, she exhibits,

She had thought of this before.

And she took her tongue to the back of her throat
Then let it loose and emptied her mouth she let out a laugh that
Is nothing but its own sound (only here where it couldn't be heard)

And in the sun, it's not so much she mooned as showed herself toward an-other.

And in a moment takes an action for her own that had (before) so cheered her mother and in passing,
When –

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Neat ankle or glancing and when he stole her
Down, she pulled the root and from the earth held in her hand her flower and
In the water, it is drowned.

From the others, apart, and gathering flowers
The earth had yawned and swallowed
Her, here, Persephone, and in his bed, she keened
And over head her mother (too) keened

As hand on wrist he took his bride
But that he calls it marriage does not change
That she was rapt.

And hand upon wrist he took his bride
And under world her vision blurred -

Hand upon wrist he took his bride
And his is not to be given voice
As hers never was and words had failed her (now).

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And I begin to sing (of Demeter)

*- of her and her (one) who was rapt away
- of her who grieves her daughter's loss and (two) her own and of the moment,
When -*

- Baubo - For having said so (and having said so much) and
Drawn up from below, she too took in her hands her skirt and in a single utterance,
Raised it fast above her head and speechless,

And in a gesture sounds a shift, for in hand her stomach's
Slapped and stating the unsayable.

She drew aside her robes, and showed a sight of shame no longer shameful.

And she laughed (Demeter)
- she (two), who had with heavy heart shed her tears, had shed her tears
Felt (once) filled and took one sip –

At the lake, a dust has settled itself and over her

As she jumps and her gaze, it is taken.
She has touched the bottom of the lake
And, all unwilling, has found herself his home

And in this
Home, above his bed she had, perhaps, dried that first flower.
Hung it up and on the wall
Stretched it up and in her arms, up and
With a nail, she makes it home.

This hymn is hers and she takes his and makes it home.

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At the edge of the lake lays a hand
Full of seeds. Seeds like the one she had eaten
Seeds that spat wet at the press of her tongue
That she'd split with her teeth, and catching her
Tooth, pushed up with her tongue

She had swallowed with her own words
That first seed. Not passed in hand but hand to mouth and
Forced – formed as red as a clot that stains, she swallowed that seed that kept her his,
As the earth had yawned and had swallowed her, before.

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Or, and in another version, she had put it there herself. Had found the fruit, had
Tongued the fruit and found it sweet and fecund and
In a word, its sound the opposite of itself and apposite she found it life in death

The first time when, and until then,
Uneating, she kept on on hope and waiting
For her mother. But what is done,
Is done and done again and waiting (now) won't change it.

She made (it) multiple in her mouth
And it begins –

Later, now, and on the lake, puts hand (her own) to her
Own mouth and takes the seed, starts counting.
And she laughed (Persephone)
- she (too), who had with heavy heart shed her tears, had shed her tears
Felt filled and took a sip –

At the edge of the lake her footing slips
And catches itself.