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Pluto to Persephone

Mary Gardner
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By MARY GARDNER

Little love, thou must not fear my touch—
No earthly lover could have loved thee so
That he would dare the sun, the light and such
For thee. Still! Still—be thou as on we go
To wilder darkness and to glowering gloom—
Forget thy mother's smile . . . thy girlhood years
In orchards rich with wondrous fruit and bloom . . .
O queen, thy maiden dreams outshine thy tears!

Persephone, tremble not as near
The underworld our demon chargers pace;
My arms will guard thee in thy mortal fear—
My home is thine—from me turn not thy face.
O love! Have dreams that life can never give . . .
Thy youth was sleep . . . Awake, Persephone, and live!