

## Pomegranates

Those who weren't there like to say  
that Hades stole me away,  
when the world was flush  
with spring and sunlight  
dripped from rose petals.

This was not the case.

I was Kore in those days,  
beloved by my mother,  
underestimated by men  
who could not be bothered  
to look past the innocence of my youth and see  
the ambition that lurked beneath.  
I still wonder how  
they all could expect  
me to be satisfied,  
content with an eternity  
of braiding flowers  
into the hair of my companions.

Perhaps that is why he struck me.

Bleak. Dark. Cold.  
Bones for a crown,  
Death sewn into his robes.  
To one who had only known  
crisp blue skies and a rainbow sea  
of flowers dancing in the afternoon breeze,  
he ignited my curiosity.  
On that spring day,  
his pale fingers found mine  
in the light of that spring sun,  
a whispered promise on his lips:  
*I will make you a queen.*

How, then, could Mother expect  
me to refuse an offer  
such as that?  
Power where there once was none,  
the potential for love and a throne  
blooming in the ice of his touch.  
Subjects who regard me not only  
with adoration, but fear,

seeing all that I can be.

Yes, I followed him--  
That was a decision I would make for myself,  
No longer Kore, but Persephone,  
A force equally great and terrible as  
her husband.  
I see now that I would follow  
him anywhere, down  
into the caverns of the damned  
where rubies flourish instead  
of roses, and the dead welcome  
me with outstretched arms  
as their queen.