

# Precursing Persephone

by Sarah Josie Pridgeon

Mother from Mothers  
She echoes disdain  
She wallows, she worships  
In secretive pain:

*Woman of many; Women of none  
Effaced, yet bright as the sun  
For many moons, too many unwon  
Arise and wander: come undone.*

Mother to Mothers  
She rides from the East  
Arrow straight, mercury moist,  
Bones dried and discreet:

*Women aplenty and Women anew  
Bones unpolished; bones too few  
There is no place to be in lieu  
Unseen and uncharted, it's time to ensue.*

Mother of Mothers  
She marries our mirrors  
Yours, hers and mine  
Forsaken in slivers:

*Tongues tell tales to reawake  
Some will strive; others will quake  
Fake shadows must come opaque  
Tarry not, these tales are ours to take.*

Mother, O Mother  
She whispers: Sanguine  
For all will come  
In only, due time:

*Grow your own bones  
And you will become:*

*Unbridled, unfettered  
Strong wings unsevered*

*Unsullied, unpeeled  
All wrinkles revealed*

*Embedded, untreaded  
Mysteries remembered*

*Aligned and undone.*

*Our time has begun.*