

2023

demeter in autumn (flowers on the frozen ground)

Eliana Lazzaro
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Lazzaro, Eliana (2023) "demeter in autumn (flowers on the frozen ground)," *Exile*: Vol. 70: No. 1, Article 13.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol70/iss1/13>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons. For more information, please contact eresources@denison.edu.

demeter in autumn (flowers on the frozen ground)
Eliaana Lazzaro

Today, Persephone leaves; so begins the season for grief.
Demeter braids her daughter's hair with steady fingers,
sets a fresh laurel crown atop her head, and does not cry.
Sometimes she wants to scream out to the heavens
for the unfairness of it all, for the daring of men
who fill pomegranates with poison and call it sweetness.
But she learned long ago:
not even goddesses keep their daughters.
The world of men is often strange, all-too unkind.
Still, she grips her scythe a little tighter:
what she wouldn't give to wield it on greater targets
than golden fields of wheat.

Persephone kisses her mother and steps away,
looks at her with contentment as the skeletal hands
of her husband break through the earth.
The ground swallows her. Demeter stands still.
Around her bare feet, the first newborn patches
of frost begin to bloom.

(Weeks later, I stumble across a wild strawberry flower
growing fresh and young in the grass in the frozen height
of November—I carefully sever the stem with my fingernail,
and another flower blooms in the underworld gardens
of dread Persephone: another precious gift molded by
her mother's sun-warmed hands.)