

# Persephone

Patricia Barber

Summer pales, like a ghost of stubborn Spring  
This itch, this prayerful longing for heat  
Belies an angel's desire to take wing

So as you fall, then fall into me sweet  
Persephone now your poet and guide  
Night after day after night I'll complete

Your saintly goodness with its darker side  
As one without the other is naive  
Past Limbo, to the Second Circle we slide:

When first you whisper that little white lie  
The gods will laugh  
The gods will cry

In this soft circle, Reason's slave to desire  
This feels like fun  
This feels like fire

These small indiscretions may get lost over time  
So much like love  
So much like crime

As fine fine fabric slipping over your skin  
This feels like silk  
This feels like sin

Like a gentle dirty dream  
Like a room where you can hide  
Like confession in your sleep  
Like expression sanctified  
Like a devil, like a friend  
Like a doctor who can end your pain

Like a pillow, like a kiss  
Like a party, like a pill  
Like a priest my lovely lips  
As redemption will fulfill  
Every spectral midnight fantasy  
Each and every damning desire to be  
Complicit with me

And as I leave you softly under the stars  
Without a scratch  
Without a scar

Like hell on earth slipping under your skin  
This feels like love  
This feels like sin