

CAUSA CAUSANS
For Robyn

Persephone's dreaming is what brings the spring.
Her patience, her slow,
even breath
 as she wills the anemones up on their stems,
as she coaxes
the green into grass.

In her cave of black night where all deep
hungers live,
Persephone
 stretches and yearns and her memory
lifts her, a clear beam
of hope
 translucent
 and bearing her up.

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There are women
in rags. There are women
in pearls. There are women in grey,
timid dreams.

 On the backs of grey tortoises, these women ride
toward the soft morning that
never comes.

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But the green turtle lifting
a thick, steady foot
takes a
 step, takes a
step, takes a
step.

 In his ponderous
manner, he knows how
to move.

 In the depths
of his small, solemn head,
he is plotting

 a course: from the elm
to the grass, from the grass to the raspberry
bush.

 It will take him
a day and a night. See? He clings
to the gradual slope of the earth.