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Demeter Speaks

Katherine Williams

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Demeter Speaks

My womb is hard as unripe melons
I have bred weasels and wasps and caterpillars in droves
From this pregnant cavern of damp stalactites
I smell my children near me in the darkness
I glimpse their eyes sparking fires in the gloom
They twist and shove and brush their feelers against my legs
Seeking my milk of motherly madness
I taste of silk and nails and greenwood smoke
I am unripe
But ripe enough for eating
My insatiable Persephones
Eat away at my groaning table
Convulsed in laughter at the bitterness of my pomegranates and bursting wheat
I taste their hunger in the back of my throat, like river mud
Vini vidi vici
I am the hero who conquers
I am the victim who sleeps
I am a womb, throbbing in the darkness
Hades is crying in the light of day

Katherine Williams

Note: This poem was selected from the many works produced at the First Annual Honors Creative Writing Retreat, sponsored by Collin County Community College and held April 7-10, 1994, in Leander, Texas. Anyone interested in attending next year's retreat should contact Dr. Peggy Brown at (214)881-5808.