



something borrowed

Dear Persephone,

Kennedy Cleveland • 9 • lyric poem

Persephone,  
dear goddess of spring,  
your beauty is known to all,  
especially the hellish king.

You were taken so young,  
you must've been so scared.  
I will save you at once,  
I promise you I still care.

I miss your long hair  
and your touch of life.  
You have always been my love,  
but now you're Hades' wife.

They say you have fallen for him.  
Please tell me it isn't true.  
Tell me it is all lies, and that  
you miss me like I miss you.