

A Poem for Proserpines

The ragged stone angel
patiently at prayer
looks homeward
and away
from the patiently prowling wolf
rabid at her feet.

Its psychic stare
no longer piercing
its slack-jawed patty-cake
within the sanctuary
of her plump
and plastered
thigh.

She moans in Heaven's rapture
Sighing.

sighing...

ever, ever sighing.

Then sighing
Nevermore.

She turns her marble gaze
to the Proserpines
of velvet pomegranates.

To the Beatrices and Magdalens
to the Annabels and Helens
(only Goethe's
never Faust's)
to the Lo's and Lauras
nursing their sanguine wounds.

She flutters her pitted, seeded wings
in the subtle motions of stone
and gazes onward
toward the Temple of the mystics

Where Anastasia awakens
to the mind-locked remembrance
of a mad, en-trancing monk

tracing whispered mantras
upon her sanguine thighs.

Is she weeping for the child
or does the child weep for her?

Joey Madia, May 23, 2007