

Demeter

That bitch. The one with wheat germ crusted to her chest, whose mouth is a spigot caught in the crossfire of a cornflower's breath. We should all be so lucky. Standing bare except for braids, saying things like *husband*, expecting a reply. Tossing seeds like some tottering bridesmaid, when the wind would do the job just fine. You can keep your cornucopia. Your thistles. Your sod swollen hands. Go on - tell them about your second chance. How you took the steep steps of your father's gullet, felt the drill of his tongue, the spackle of his spine, as he released you. Tell them how the cycle repeats - how mother turns to daughter *feed me*. So you felt the small weight of her body budding against yours, felt your body open and her crown spit forth. Who are you to decide which womb to stretch? to say who has room for another? Seriously, love is just a palette for sin without children.

