

Persephone Returns.... Again

A story of spring

The goddess Demeter, with her daughter Persephone,
were playing with the daughters of Oceanus,
gathering flowers over a soft meadow. . . .
which Mother Earth made to grow at the will of Zeus,
to be a trap for the young girl,
and to satisfy the god of the underworld Hades,
who wanted the fair Persephone for his wife.

The lovely maiden was enchanted and reached out
with both hands to pluck a flower of the deepest blue.
But the earth split asunder beneath her feet,
and Hades, with his immortal horses,
sprang upon her to take her away with him
down. . . . down into his gloomy home.

The heights of the mountains and the depths of the sea echoed
with the young girl's grief-stricken cries:
and her queenly mother heard her.

Wasting with yearning for her daughter,
Demeter caused a glacial blast to inflict both mankind
and the fertile earth.
The ground would not make the seed sprout,
and she would have destroyed the whole race of
man, with this cruel wintery famine.

The goddess vowed that she would never
let fruit spring out of the ground again
until she beheld her fair-faced daughter with her own eyes.

(Homeric Hymn)

“O Death, where *is* your sting?
O Hades, where *is* your victory?”

(St Paul’s First Epistle to the
Corinthians, 15:55)

She had been withering, slowly disintegrating back into the earth. Like a flower passing away and crumpling.

Languishing, defeated by the elements of time—by nature—by this cruel world.

Drooping, Drying, Dying. . . .

As she awaited the return of spring; as she once again embraced the daughter imprisoned by hell itself.



A childish squeal, a girl's laughter, the gentle flurry of wings, the delicate scent of a nymph, a man—dressed in white—sitting within a tomb.

The destruction of death. . . .Transforming and transformed.

Tears roll over the earth, fertilising it, and the goddess Demeter weeps at the vision before her: a lithesome girl with eyes as black as Hades bringing with her the warm wind, the luminous sky and the eternal promise of hope—of new beginnings.

A dance, a leap of praise, nourishing and being nourished. . . . As the world begins to blossom around them once again.

The girl runs towards her mother, soaring through the air like Icarus escaping towards his freedom. A melody pours forth from her very soul of such richness the wind god Zephyrus himself shudders with delight as he blows the moist breath of life, as the earth begins to murmur with anticipation, as the air once again carries the scent of flowers and spices, as the sea itself gushes like a grateful child, ships sailing delightfully across its body.

Once again.

The fluttering of wings—of birds and butterflies and the hosts of heaven—all joining in the melody—a melody that rejoices in the triumph of life over death.

A world transformed and transforming. . . .

As they glory in the works of the young nymph who too waits for Persephone's return to earth.

'Chloris,' the girl calls to the young woman bounding through the fields like a wild gazelle. 'Chloris, I have waited too long to see your splendour. . . .'

The nymph's dress is the colour of sparkling gold illuminating a universe still shrouded in shadows, in the clamour of voices that scream in despair, enclosed in their tombs yet yearning, yearning. . . . for the rays of light to burst forth and suffuse them with life. Her yellow hair a cascade of flowers spilling upon the thirsty land that sighs for the delights of beauty and love, that aches for the promise of spring.

Tears roll over the earth, swelling with force, a gush of purifying waters regenerating a dying earth.

A tender embrace, maternal words of affection, a broken heart now healed—erasing the ruthless blasts of winter that had gashed her soul, her mind, so that she had longed to drown. . . .to be enclosed within the frozen waters.



A childish squeal, a girl's laughter, the gentle flurry of wings, the delicate scent of a nymph, a man – dressed in white – sitting within a tomb.

Transforming and transformed. . . .

The nymph revels in the resurrection of the dead; she who enjoys perpetual spring now brings with her a world of colour and light.

Working with precision and care as the meadows light up with purple and yellow flowers, as her dress swishes and sways, sanctifying all that she touches, healing a wounded cosmos. The sky winks with joy as the trees blossom profusely, gloating in their beauty, their ambrosial fruit providing food for the gods, budding flowers reminding man of the promise of sexual joy and fulfilment. Singing a song. . . .

*The voice of my beloved!
Behold, he comes
Leaping upon the mountains,
skipping upon the hills.
And declaring*

*Lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone.
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of singing has come,*

She scatters the world with the seeds she holds in her hands, her lips breathing spring roses. Mother and daughter look on from afar, whilst the earth becomes saturated with the smell of jasmine, frankincense and precious myrrh.

Anointing, anointing a body thought dead but alive.

Weaves a wreath of flowers to entwine the hair of daughter and mother as they traverse lands and seas, as the earth beneath their bare feet begins to laugh with delight for it contains the seed of life, the seed of life now breaking free from its enclosure so it can – once again – feel the breath of the divine.

A butterfly brushes her arm, the feather of a duck floats before her and she grabs it and gently rubs her cheek with it. A lamb leaps forth from nowhere, only to dive back into the sea of flowers. An eagle perches itself upon a branch, oblivious to the presence of the women.

Chloris plucks a tulip and gazes lovingly, hypnotically at this marvel – this queen bedecked in royal purple. Its trembling petals open wide, reminding her of a bed scattered with blushing reds, her lover beckoning her forth as she opens wide her heart and caresses his body now scented with her moist breath.

Chloris, the nymph of spring, turns around and gazes for the last time at the mother and daughter. She laughs long and hard and glides towards a forest of girlish pink and virginal white.

Transforming and transformed. . . .

The flowers cascading from her hair begin to swathe her whole body. Reds, blues, yellows, lilacs, deep purples, pinks, whites, oranges. . . . Her breasts swell with yearning as Zephyrus blows a tender kiss upon her and whispers in her ear.

She disappears into the flowery abyss, diving deep within its velvety embrace that promises hope and that gives the gift of life to those who seek it.