

Demeter's Nectarine

Christopher Cassetty

O', budding Nectarine,
who kiss'd so high upon the sprig for thee,
Demeter, ere she wept the Winter dearth
o' wisps o' pollen borne by honey-bee
to Thee: the Portent o' the blessèd Spring.

O', fallen Nectarine,
whose Fleurs and Lure hath fallen on the Earth,
reposed on the verdant mead all furl'd,
and pure, so she could not resist thy worth,
and ope'd the Earth exhuming misery.

O', blooming Nectarine,
who hast fleurie a darling Orchid rose,
beget thou such a rich and merry mirth
for past, and too, too long has Spring reposed
in fetters o' Eleusis' mysteries—

O', dreary Nectarine,
who will not bare her fruit this solemn year,
and weeps beneath the barren skies forlorn—
as will'd away the Sun Demeter's tears
from thee, for loss o' bless'd Persephone.

O', flower'd Nectarine,
who hath so much allur'd the minds o' wise,
becom'st thou love-betrothed to nether-worlds,
the path o' lies that led to her demise,
and comes to thee the Queen: Persephone.

Demeter's Nectarine,
who whilom bloom'd upon the kiss of she,
Demeter, ere the Goddess' heart she tore,
and why must die her louely Nectarine:
deceitful fleurs who lur'd Persephone.