

## Persephone

The trees are making white  
buds. Shrunken heads,  
last year's berries, hang  
on leafing branches. I do not  
know the names. And here,  
fur creeps out of the  
pussy willow. I am  
warned not to put  
young stalks in water  
for their bloom is jealous  
yellow dust that drifts  
into dark corners,  
settles, and waits.

## The Old Penitentiary, Boise

A plain table big enough for a few chairs  
faces the plate glass execution room,  
light and airy with ample space  
to die. Below, not so close to heaven,  
Rows of stiff cells carry the pall.  
Did the rose garden, crisp under the  
brittle blue sky, give them pleasure  
as they walked to the ruined mess hall,  
to the blank asphalt recreation ground,  
or to solitary confinement in cement coffins?  
Thick and solid, these will last longest.  
The stones crumble standing,  
A temple for just rites.

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