

Persephone's Seeds

*As Persephone roared out of Hade's domain on her chopper, she swore never to return.
...Six months later...*

For a while when she was welcomed by Demeter she had no tolerance for males. She reveled in female power. She was freed after all. She had no intention to go back to that place where she was bound by her heart. What a chain Hades had placed upon her! ...Little did she know, she would never be free of *him*. That is the way of attachment.

By now she had loved him. Whether she would look or not, he was ever behind the scenes. Early on, she simply reacted to her mixed emotions, which only proved he was important to her. He had revealed to her the angel behind his demonic appearance. She could not get away from that. She loved him beyond all reason. Just as Love would have it. *Love is insidious.*

Where did that missionary come from, anyway? He made her husband look damned good, in the end. She thought he was the 'one', unlike the one at home who loved her so. ...God, he was rough – her husband – and sometimes he was not true to her. But he was not a façade; he was not ever a fake, like so many...

Her husband was raw, refined only when he wanted to be. She would never control him. Yet she had not known that he did not control her. He could not manufacture what she brought to him. He was truly King when she was by his side. She underestimated herself; so, of course he did the same.

But that came to an end; then their real life began.

This time, when she returned, she did it willingly. That meant even more to him. (They had not admitted love before). Obsession or not, they began to experience love in all the forms a couple encounters. Destruction and desire and creation and... They were in for all of it. No one is as brave as a lover who is consumed in another. They had to laugh – and cry.

Grief took them to the depths. The death of children, for instance. *Where to put that?* They stayed together over the years, through millenniums. Who else knew them best but the one to whom each gave their heart? Destiny took over, and yet it had no hold on their spirit. They moved beyond appearances. And no one experienced such love as Persephone and Hades. Only those who surrender so much to each other can attain what they gained. They could see they were meant for this. They grew in courage and faith and obedience to Love, which kept them together.

At first Persephone saw love as a chain from which to be freed. Later she despaired when she found the chain was her own and she felt alone. The only way to gain was to lose. *What a deal...Damn gods!* When she found herself apart from another's creation, she saw he was a part of her all along.

Persephone walked back to Hades and left the pomegranates behind.

And she was enough for him. Through her he felt truly alive, even when he was hurting in ways only he could be.

So they really missed these incarnations when they came to their end. They decided to go there again and again...and again. They longed to keep it together.

Neither Persephone or Hades had a monopoly on pain, because the only thing that could touch them was each other. They tortured and delighted, fortified and tore at one another. Only through Love did each come to know hate, all the perversions one can express. It took a very long time for them to see it was all the same. Love gave them endless seasons to learn of the heart.

Persephone and Hades adored one another, as each had only the other in this world. Beauty was their offspring, as well as its twin the opposite. As they grew older together, they walked often hand-in-hand with no pretense. Even Demeter came to bless them in their endless joy, in their supernatural love that transcended the world. They had trod a long path before they became still.

And this is the way of Love, Master of us all – even gods.

-Rija Maha