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Praxilla's Folly

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Praxilla's Folly

Sicya — a fruit like the cucumber
Or the gourd
Eaten ripe.

In Cucumber Town
In Sicyon near Corinth
Praxilla mourned Adonis in the spring.

Her Adonis, sprouting in the garden,
Spoke of what he missed,
Being dead:

Sunlight
Starlight
Moonlight

Ripe cucumbers
Apples
Pears.

“Silly as Praxilla's Adonis!”
Men in other
Cities hooted

Shocked that an idiot woman dared
Put cucumbers on a par
With the celestial glories.

In Cucumber Town
Praxilla
Ate fresh salad

Her bite of immortality
Succulent
With earth-born flavors.

In the land of death, Adonis
Waiting for the spring
Remembers sunlight on the garden.

Ruth Berman