

from **LETTERS TO THE CHURCHES OF THE PRAIRIES**

(Revelation 2: 12–17)

to Pergamum
my daughter who
like Persephone
has left me
left this bright land
gone
to Los Angeles *the city of Lost Angels*

to be with her own kind

to Pergamum
my daughter who
like Persephone
is missed
in Winnipeg
the land above
we still sing
of her glory
gone
to Hollywood *the land of silver*

escaping from her name *her home*

to Pergamum
my daughter who
like Persephone
returns
each spring
to visit
to Hell with her grand designs
I want her
here, with me
here, where I lie
with her mother
in fields of wheat
where we burn our son
make him move through fire
so he will never leave
never leave us here
like Pergamum
my daughter
who