Eleusis, birthplace of Demeter: the place where our next steps will fall. I hope grace will hold our hands, binding and bonding us calmly to fate. Wherever her ever ceasing benevolence moves us, we know that we Mooded our souls so that we could clearly see each other, despite the Motion of her test. The multiplicity of her arrows is staggering, regardless of the number of daggers we stand holding with fresh blood of our flesh Dripping down to the floor, slowly finding its death, We become ever more alive as our wounds heal And our skin hardens with a scar of destiny’s justice as a symbol of her Reliant might and, duly, of our modest and dutiful compliance. This war of good versus evil is not so alive in the world as in us As we choose where our next steps will fall.