

Letter to Eurydice

Twice-killed Eurydice –
fool! to place your love
above your life!

It was no snake, but yourself
you crushed beneath your
disregarding heel;
your betrayed blood
poisoned you, and your
life quenched the
thirsty roots of hell.

Twice-killed Eurydice –
fool! to let your love
destroy your life;
once by his absence,
once by his too-eager presence.
Could you not feel the distance
when he embraced you, and
you could touch
only his lyre-hungry fingers?

Much-mourned Eurydice,
it must be worth it now,
with his lyre flung into heaven
and his great love below.

(But you must have know that
when he caressed his lyre
it was your hair he stroked,
and your lovely body.)