

Eurydice (1983)

By Ellen Bryant Voigt (United States)

It bears no correlation
to the living world. It is
as if a malice toward all things
malleable, mutable,
5 had seized the universe
and emptied its spherical alleys.

How could you think it,
that I would choose to stay, or break
under the journey back? Like a dog
10 I had followed your unravelling
skein of sound--

Orpheus,
standing
between me and iridescent earth,
15 you turned to verify the hell
I was thrown to, and got
what you needed for your songs.
They do not penetrate the grave,
I cannot hear them, I cannot know
20 how much you mourn.

But I mourn:
against my will
I forgive you over and over,
transfixed by your face
25 emerging like a moon across your shoulder,
your shocked mouth calling "Wife, wife"
as you let me go.



Ellen Bryant Voigt
born 1943