“Betrayals/Hades, Eurydice, Orpheus”

She stood before his throne, her body so beautiful it made the old king wince.

And we ghosts, gray husks, gathered close as if to warm ourselves at embers.

Then he entered, his boots like thunder echoing in that dark, silent hall.

And what had he brought? Songs of anguish and desire—all she had gladly forgot.

His words about the world were meant to lure her back, to hurt her into memory.

And they worked. I watched her brow furrow, her placid face lose all repose.

I thought we'd lost her then until our sly king whispered in the singer's ear:

“Take her. She's yours. And trust her if you dare, but be alert.

Do not turn your back on her.”

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