

ISOBEL ROBIN

Eurydice To Orpheus

Why did you harry death?
You seared my darkness with a sharp sun's edge.
I who had moved through fear
alone, eyes attuned to labyrinths,
I followed you – your stride, your strong back's flesh.
You would not turn

but sang in kisses, spilling them like rain
to make bones bloom. I stretched my ghost-arms
and petals gauzed them.
Close to the rim of life I rustled my love
in the green voice of young leaves.
You turned, and withered me.

I had been content enough where I am not
your wife but my own shadow.
Here, beyond hours, I remember the hour
of waking in your quick world; I send
the tendrils of my name to twist around your dream.
You curve your fingers on a silent lyre.

Why did you harry death? It will find you;
a ceremony of girls, wild hands, cannibal eyes,
will rip you to the soul and make a god of you
but never find your song.
Your shredded song possesses me. I mourn for life –
my heart's life – Orpheus, never come back.