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## Losing Eurydice, Neutrinos & Quarks

Sheryl Noethe

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Sheryl Noethe

## *Losing Eurydice, Neutrinos & Quarks*

This story of Orpheus & Eurydice, for example,  
same plot as quantum mechanics.

The energy applied to observation—

(the slow turn of the head, the electron microscope, suspicion)  
changes the loved one forever.

This active measure alters the elements, busts couples up  
and creates a lag time from event  
to perception. Phone calls from a bar somewhere, the ghostly  
trail of light shattered by the bombarding eyes of electrons  
until all we are sure of moves backwards in time, as abstraction,  
answering only to names like Truth, Beauty, & Grace.

There is first the impulse just to look, then,  
to touch. An impulse like that next breath, heartbeat—  
and she is flying down a windy sound  
her dress straight out like a flag  
disappearing down the yawning tunnel  
into a bottomless yellow grim.

Here is the shape she would've been—  
arms out, ashen, a look of relief  
& disbelief. Looking starved to death  
on the probability of love in hell.  
The absolute absence of choice.  
A single red fruit bulging with seeds  
in a barbed wire garden.

First, she reached out a hand to him, then,  
covered her face. As though he'd caressed  
her, indifferent as fire.

When you recognize a thing, and name it,  
it loses what it was.

You looked at her. The world moved  
to cover everything.

So you try not to look, and to keep love in sight  
without ever touching  
what she really was.

Somehow, keeping her alive  
without looking, without  
ever trusting your eyes,  
which are what we choose with,  
how we arrange things,  
how we try to believe  
in each  
other.