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Losing Eurydice, Neutrinos & Quarks

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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.