Eurydice Writes

A. Anupama
A. ANUPAMA

EURYDICE WRITES

A poetry of having no place to put my head when it is sad.
My eyes followed the back of yours as you played the music.
O, don’t turn back to look at me, don’t. What slowed you? O, why?

No sound from my following feet? The heaviness of my stare? Sudden fear that I was
saddened by your song, instead of gladdened? A wish to see me in absolute dark just
before I might step in light?

I remember you in light,
against the light your ears,
rounded caverns eternally lost to me now
your head, with no place to rest when it is sad, turned toward me
with a syllable of question on its lips, instead of song.