

And this last myth poem I did, "Eurydice". Usually most poems I've read about the Orpheus and Eurydice myth showcase sympathy for Orpheus because he's the one left on Earth all alone. And I was thinking of it from Eurydice's point of view, I said here is a woman who has one chance to get out of hell and is ruined by this stupid act, this man turning back because he is not trustful enough. So I did this poem in her voice, and I imagined what would be a modern equivalent of hell and I said it would have to be a concentration camp and so the poem uses images of the concentration camp.

"Eurydice"

I am a woman
brought limping to hell

under the Night
and Fog decree.

But they've let him come
to Belsen, rare passenger

in a river-green van,
ferried in by an old chauffeur

who drives past
the howl-choked dogs

at the fence. At a shudder
of coals, trains unload

wide-eyed children,
who now flock around him.

Yes, he is here,
he who, people said,

could dissolve bombs
in mid-air

when he played Beethoven.
Now the guards weep

as he begins
his own Dream of Calliope.

The smoke hangs down its arms
over the chimneys,

clearing the ghost-washed air.
Yes, I will soon be

on the train with him,
rushing along the upper Rhine.

But a guard hands him papers,
he has done something, no,

he must not do something,
he leafs

through the papers,
he must not, what?

He is pushed into the van.
His gaze runs through my tears,

stringing them into a necklace
that chokes me

as my farewell burnt
amplifies in a sudden

tunnel of mustard twilight.