

“Betrayals/Hades, Eurydice, Orpheus”

She stood before his throne,
her body so beautiful
it made the old king wince.

And we ghosts, gray husks,
gathered close as if
to warm ourselves at embers.

Then he entered, his boots
like thunder echoing
in that dark, silent hall.

And what had he brought?
Songs of anguish and desire—
all she had gladly forgot.

His words about the world
were meant to lure her back,
to hurt her into memory.

And they worked. I watched
her brow furrow,
her placid face lose all repose.

I thought we'd lost her then
until our sly king
whispered in the singer's ear:

“Take her. She's yours.
And trust her if you dare,
but be alert.

Do not turn your back on her.”