

Steven Winn

Eurydice's Return

Yes, this
was where it was, those
melodies, the minor
thirds, the blur of microtones
that filled her
like the haze suspended
in this glade now, held her
rooted like a laurel then
as he went on
and on with it, the verses
clinging to her
like clematis
or a snake,
pulling her in, down—
so easily it all flowed out of him
she's not even sure
she looked at him, and what did it matter then
if he could sound like that?
Why did she ever listen?

It doesn't matter now,
feeling her own pulse beat where he holds her
by the wrist,
he so sure of everything—that forward-
thrusting stride of his
that leads them back through these same trees,
his lyre lifted
like a lamp to light
the way he knows so well,
her feet behind him swishing in the grass
until he simply has to ask:

Does she—
he turns to face her—
remember that first song he sang?