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Eurydice

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Eurydice
Rebecca Hurtado

Our last night together,
he played with my hair
and frowned.
I thought hard to turn each strand taut,
Dreamt of scrubbing it
with rosin
scraped
from pines.
Orpheus, if you can hear me through the melodies in your head,
from the depths of hell,
beneath our bed
is a torn veil.
Bound by twine so tight
is a chrysalis you might
mistake for empty.
But inside
are hundreds of sleeping strands.
Limp
as a loosened bow.
Know that when you found me dead,
my last thought was how they curl,
soft
like water
slipping through my hands.
Like a snake coiled
on the forest floor.
Know that this is what it is
to love an artist:
when you wake alone
to brush your hair,
the strands that fall out
are the only ones
just yours.