

Fall 2013

Eurydice Writes

A. Anupama

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Anupama, A. (2013) "Eurydice Writes," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 79 , Article 32.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss79/32>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

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.