

SISYPHUS AND EURYDICE

Meg Lange

Remember the weight of this feeling
I tell myself,
it's oppressive burden on my lungs.
trace the tension with your fingertips I instruct
explore the dense threaded intricacies I wouldn't let her touch with a
javelin
recall the scrunch of my eyes
my hands on my ears
my neck hairs ramrod straight
blocking out them telling me my love is wrong
that my love is poison
that it is unnatural
picture the safety net behind me
picture hands caressing my smile lines
picture the mulberry hair, a curtain hiding me from the frigid static
picture the eyes I would always look back for just for the safety of their
stare
but looking back means doubt and that is the failure they will latch onto
that is the weakness they will feed on
drinking in the sap of my tears as I carry on up the hill hoping she is
behind me
boulder in front, pressing against the calluses in my hands



in my darkest of desperate days, I might consider reaching my hand back
but that is still doubt.
that is still weakness.
I cannot forget this feeling I tell myself.

