

UNVANISHING EURIDICE

Ever since I was born, I guess, I've looked
to be born once again, to have a new
beginning, feel my life as all my own.
I sensed this change, this miracle could come
with love alone, but O the paradox
of love, the idea, that lures us on and on
stone-blind into its varied human forms.
How often have I found (or thought I did),
then, Orpheus-like. I danced back and, alas,
my joy was gone!

And now, as I stand lost,
and all seems strange and desolate around
who are you, smiling, in full light of day,
appearing here before me, the only sight
that I can look upon, and feel that this
is all I want to see before I die?
Surely you are Euridice returned,
unaided, uncompelled and unexpected.
I touch you, and you're real. You're not a dream,
though lovelier than a dream. The very air
turns artist with the colors of the sun,
and paints you fairest of her creatures fair,
My seeking ends in you, but what I find
prompts me to seek, and further wonders uncover.
You are forever new, forever the same.
My love of you shall grow and grow. No chance
to rest or pause, when there's so much to miss.
The universe entire I shall embrace
through you, and learn life's secret in a kiss.

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