

To Eurydice

Eurydice, so sadly you left on the day of your nuptials. Gone, lost, to the great domain of Hades. Of you Orpheus sang, the stones wept, and the skies fell dark upon the overworld. Your story, untold, masked by the vain voyage of your lover. Did you long to be saved? Did you wish to fall into oblivion? Had you not died at the hands of a snake, would you have truly lived a full life? The fates drag you to a dark underworld, you forget your life, and assume ignorant bliss in death, only to be dragged from that bliss by Orpheus. Orpheus who loved you so, Orpheus who could not let go. Maybe you choose to call out his name, drawing his attention, and snapping you back to Hades. Or more simply, maybe it was fate.