

to feel like Eurydice

I write greek tragedies when I look at you  
late at night your face so calm  
i sigh  
I'd sacrifice a thousand ships for you

On quiet days, our legs entwined  
sleep nestled in the corners of your eyes  
i realize  
i'd take every arrow aimed at my heel for you

between your laughs so bright and light  
my gaze fixed on the movement of your lips  
i know  
I'd steal every golden apple from the garden of the nymphs for you

But what about you

on saturdays wandering through the isles  
your back the only thing i want to see  
i wonder  
would you be unable to keep yourself from looking back at me

in moments when i scream at you  
push you away and bolt  
i doubt  
would you follow me forever wear my laurel leaves to remember me

once the first autumn leaves fall along the park's path  
your hands so warm in mine  
I question  
would you wait half a year in darkness just to feel my kiss again

but then you turn to me and smile  
and  
i write greek tragedies when i look at you