

Eurydice
Liam Snipes

How could I be serious
When I burn up at the tune
Of the corvid's song?

When the buzz of the dragonflies—
Tickling the tips of my ears—
Makes me kneel down and weep?

How can you take me serious
When at your feet
I pray like a songbird?

The robins do look a little different here
With a slightly harsher song, but
Incongruent with the nature of things
I would not have looked back

We both know
I strummed your fingers
Like a bass guitar and
The sound of music
Floated from your lips
Into my mouth, down my throat
Forming a lump in my heart

At the very least, *I* remember
How your body lie naked
Basking on the beach
Under the eyes of the Texan-Italian sun
Despite this, I rolled to my side
Unflinching, the cork popped
And Champaign spilt from the bottleneck
The bubbles tickled your back
Later,
Peeking through the doorway
Whistling, I could hear the opera
In the reflection of the mirror

Your bare skin
Did not take me so seriously