

MIND TO MIND

Creative writing that explores the abstract side of our profession and our lives

Eurydice

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I.
Her death is upon her.
Today she severs the thread that binds her to tomorrow;
the unforgiving blade is poised within her hand.

She is seeking respite
from depression and pain, solace
from suffering and sadness.

Driven to the valley of her shadows,
she searches for comfort, for answers, for peace.
She has found the source of her sorrow;

it is pulsating inside of her wrist.
She senses it so completely, as dark red
as the rest of her miasmic existence.

She prepares for her final breaths,
closes her eyes
and reaches for the blackness.

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Fig. 1. “Orpheus Leading Eurydice from the Underworld” by Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot (1861). Reprinted by permission of the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas.

II. (fig. 1)

Knocks at the door
call her back, bring her out,
restore her to her present and save her from her past.

She was discovered, rescued; delivered
at the last from her supposed deliverance.
The beginning of her end

would have to be postponed.
She is Eurydice, led by Orpheus
from the darkness of the Underworld,

though this time he will not falter.
This time she will emerge - reborn,
unbroken - resurrected by the glorious light.
In what would have been her final hours,

in what would have been her final act,
she was forestalled, delayed; she was saved.

III.

She is surrendering what would have been her death,
pursuing instead the life that remains,
abandoning her suicide for the future it would have forfeited.

Desperate for healing, she acquiesces
to the vulnerability of counseling,
to the chemistry of antidepressants,

to the baffling art of electroconvulsive therapy;
each step a progressive divergence,
guiding her nearer to the scattered rays of sunshine.

As she ascends from the gloom,
she is embracing her failures, offering up
her deepest, darkest, most tragic self.

She is striding toward wholeness,
striving toward luminosity,
grasping for the penumbra,

for the softness at the edge of her shadows,
clinging to the sunlight, to the dawn,
to the faintest glimmers of blessed hope.