

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Orpheus's Swan Song

By Chard deNiord

If I had waited for you to exit Erebus completely into the light of day, you would have resurrected in only the second you needed to follow me out into the land of the living, and not only that but then return to our home in the forest and grow old with me there along with our eleven children until we died one day a hundred years later from something other than the kind of tragedy Ananke\* summoned in her cruel, indifferent charge of bidding a viper slither up to you on his scutes in the garden and bite you on your ankle with that mother lode of venom that stopped your heart in a second. But since I paid the price of looking back too soon because it was dusk and I thought you were there since I had walked five hundred miles at least on that long, infernal porch that Hades had built at the mouth of his cave and sensed you were there for sure because we had talked for hours it seemed about this and that on our way up from the fires, but no, you were only still a shade which didn't seem fair at all and for which mistake I cursed the god who knew I couldn't walk beyond his door without turning around too soon, mortal that I was and gifted singer for naught whose songs moved even the trees to dance but the Maenads to scream, pull out their hair and then behead me despite the fact I continued to sing on the shoals of Lesbos and acquire the fame of a man who had been to Hell and back with nothing to show for the love he had lost except his songs that break the heart.

\*Ananke is considered the most powerful dictator of fate and circumstance. Mortals and gods alike respected her power and paid her homage.