

Méasure



A REVIEW OF FORMAL POETRY

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On a Broken Electric Guitar String

You think a moment, when it breaks
And shreds at once — and the whole chord,
So nicely tuned, ends with a squeak
Between your fingers and the board —
How its sharp point, which you had threaded
Two days before was like a needle
A doctor gives: yes, something dreaded
But meant to buoy up the feeble.
But, no. That isn't right, you see.
It is no souvenir of those
Discomforts we take anxiously
To keep our bodies well disposed.
You see a cave mouth whose path goes
Far down the dark stone throat of earth.
It's quiet now, but through it rose,
On her way to a second birth,
The changed shade of Eurydice.
Ahead of her, on hastening foot,
Her husband led, his voice still free
Though hair and face hung, weighed with soot.
The girl had felt the snare of loss.
The man had passed beyond its injury
With words both to undo its cost
And to disclose its deepest mystery.
Now, just outside, pierced on a rock,
A shattered frame yoked on limp string,
The harp — flung down at his first shock
To see and lose at once her being.