ORPHEUS

Scene 17

ORPHEUS. Eurydice!

Before I go down there, I won't practice my music
Some say practice. But practice is a word invented by
cowards. The animals don't have a word for practice
A gazelle does not run for practice. He runs because
he is scared or he is hungry. A bird doesn't sing for
practice. She sings because she's happy or sad. So I say
store it up. The music sounds better in my head than i
does in the world. When songs are pressing against m
throat, then, only then, I will go down and sing for th
devils and they will cry through their parched throats.

Eurydice, don't kiss a dead man. Their lips look re
and tempting but put your tongue in their mouth
and it tastes like oatmeal. I know how much you hat
oatmeal.

I'm going the way of death.

Here is my plan: Tonight, when I go to bed, I will tur
off the light and put a straw in my mouth. When I fa
asleep, I will crawl through the straw and my breat
will push me like a great wind into the darkness and
will sing your name and I will arrive. I have consulte
the almanacs, the footstools, and the architects, an
everyone agrees: I found the right note. Wait for me.

Love,
Orpheus