

Lament of Orpheus

By Kyle Dungy

I swing my music for a harrowing tune, where
rhetoric brings an awful chase to see a ghost
in moonlight upon a reef out in sea and tide
Where drunkards go to find a place to die
(Feverish whale who strikes on the cusp of meridian)

Stand oh mighty love, atop the skyscraper
Look through all the streets and cities
Look for me, for my song—listen deeply,
But you do not hear my poem, for you are gone
(And in the night that blows strong winds, cold strums its harp)

Death too, strikes its funny joke on me, through
The clubs and restaurants, where we danced
And I at night hear Morpheus craft a pain
For me to feel, that no drug cannot keep me from
(Strike ye, thrust divine vengeance upon me, and drift to sea)

In constant wake I travel with me, seasons on
With a winter so dark and bitter no truck can clear
And as the moon rises upon a harvest night
I sigh and cast a sermon so wrought, that gods tear
(Hold me tight for the water is so deep that I find dark a place to rest)

The hope I find is cast and thin, like shadows
Turning and fighting in the heat of oceans crust
And in youths volatile wake, I scream and cry
Where memories pour out like a thrusting sword
(and now as time has come to pass I find that I cannot love at last)