Orpheus

Orpheus felt like one of the irrational heroes from one of his songs. There was only one thing he wanted, and that crazy wanting, that unconditional love, out shined any fear or dread he could have experienced.

The lonely musician looked down at the light-consuming hole that lay beneath him. His voice had had enough sorrow in it, death itself had stretched its mysterious, misery-seeking hand out  of hell up through the underworld, and through the skin of Gaia. Every living thing that could hear him had pleaded Thanatos and Nyx, to combine forces and end the beautiful agony his voice had put them through. Part of his impossible plan had worked; so Orpheus didn’t think twice about leaping into the whole that had appeared at his feet. From above, Ares happened to be looking down. Even he felt obliged to gruffly praise the courageous hero for his undying love.

The youthful lover held

 in one hand a candle, and in the other his precious lyre. He had barely sprinted a few meters before the light he held in his hand was overcome by Nyx’s work and flickered and failed.  Orpheus whipped around and headed for the way he’d come through.

It was locked, covered up by rock.

Suddenly, Orpheus realised what a fool he’d been. How did he- a puny mortal- expect to complete anything in life, let alone convince a major *god*to give him back a mortal who had rightfully died? He was living in a fairytale. It was impossible. Elpis was just another hoax. Just like joy or friendship or Aphrodite. All that exist was hatred. Envy. Death.

Orpheus crumpled to the floor; and started sobbing musical tears.

Then, in the corner of his blurred vision, he thought he saw a woman standing ahead. Slowly, he rose to his feet and stumbled back, gasping. For he recognised that woman like no one else did. It was his wife, Eurydice. He could distinctly see her he curly, golden hair playfully bounce down her shoulders as she smiled that smile that made his stomach churn and his heart pound and his body shake with intense love. Through his eyes blurred with tears, it was hard to see. But he knew it was her. He was too afraid to speak, to move, to even breathe. He felt like she existed only in the silence and stillness of the scene.

Eurydice kept on smiling at the staring Orpheus, as if waiting for him to make the first move. As Orpheus was as silent as Nyx was dark, the girl turned and slowly walked away, through the tunnel. ‘Eurydice!’,  Orpheus cried out, his desperation taking control over his fear. But his efforts only made his love go faster. It felt like time was speeding up for him, like he was slowing down and fighting some invisible barrier; trying to be faster. Finally, he broke into a run, his feet kicking up dust like a stallion.

His mind was so manipulated by such desire. If it hadn’t been, he may have realised that the figure was slightly glowing; that it was gliding, not walking; that Eurydice had brown hair, not blond; and that he was right: love was just another hoax.

He may have realised: it was all the work of Aphrodite, and disaster was inevitable.