

# The Passion of Orpheus

**Noureddine Mhakkak**

In the depth of the mirror  
your shadow walks alone  
shivering with cold  
In the depth of the mirror  
Orpheus sings to the dead  
lifting his wife from slumber  
to dance alone  
and together  
to the melodies of his guitar  
The depth of the mirror  
shines  
like ensorceled water  
and you appear  
lucious  
there  
in the middle  
like his bride  
a woman  
who won't let me enter  
While I  
cling to the entrance  
cling  
as poets do  
to the tightly closed door  
The nights are rainy  
and the guardian  
doesn't want to hear my voice...  
the crow  
stands close to me  
and the dove looks on  
in wonder  
As I cling to the entrance  
as poets do

Unlock the door

or the mirror will shatter  
and I will live like Borges  
in the vastness of libraries  
and write like Jahiz  
a thousand books  
and a book  
The woman  
looks in the mirror  
and I live in its depths  
and you look at me  
and the ensorceled mirror  
and don't say anything  
Oh Eurydice !