Orpheus Monologue #1

I’m going to make each strand of your hair into an instrument. Your hair will stand on end as it plays my music and become a hair orchestra. It will fly you up into the sky. The clouds will be so moved by your music that they will fill up with water until they become heavy and you’ll sit on one and fall gently down to earth. How about that? It’s settled then. Your hair will be my orchestra and – I love you.

I better tie a string around your finger to remind you. I always have string. In case I come upon a broken instrument.
Dear Eurydice,

Last night I dreamed that we climbed Mount Olympus and we started to make love and all the strands of your hair were little faucets and water was streaming out of your head and I said, why is water coming out of your hair? And you said, gravity is very compelling.

And then we jumped off Mount Olympus and flew through the clouds and you held your knee to your chest because you skinned it on a sharp cloud and then we fell into a salty lake. Then I woke up and the window frightened me and I thought: Eurydice is dead. Then I thought — who is Eurydice? Then the whole room started to float and I thought: what are people? Then my bed clothes smiled at me with a crooked green mouth and I thought: who am I? It scares me, Eurydice. Please come back.

Love, - Orpheus
Orpheus Monologue #3

(Orpheus with a telephone)

For Eurydice — E, U, R, Y — that’s right. No, there’s no last name. It’s not like that. What? No, I don’t know the country. I don’t know the city either. I don’t know the street. I don’t know — it probably starts with a vowel. Could you just — would you mind checking please — I would really appreciate it. You can’t enter a name without a city? Why not? Well, thank you for trying. Wait — miss — it's a special case. She’s dead. Well, thank you for trying. You have a nice day too.

(He hangs up)

I’ll find you. Don’t move!
Orpheus Monologue #4

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 it does in the world. When songs are pressing against my throat, then, only then, I will go down and sing for the devils and they will cry through their parched throats.

Eurydice, don’t kiss a dead man. Their lips look red and tempting but put your tongue in their mouths and it tastes like oatmeal. I know how much you hate oatmeal.

I'm going the way of death.

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

Love,
Orpheus
Orpheus Monologue #5

You always clapped your hands
on the third beat
you couldn’t wait for the fourth.
Remember –
I tried to teach you —

you were always one step
ahead
of the music
your sense of rhythm —
it was — off –

I would say clap on the downbeat
no, the down-beat –
It’s dangerous not
to have a sense of rhythm.
You LOSE things when you can’t
keep a simple beat –
why’d you have to say my name –
Eurydice –

I know we used to fight –
it seems so silly now – if –

WE’VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR CENTURIES!
I want to reminisce!
Remember when you wanted your name in a song
so I put your name in a song —

When I played my music
at the gates of hell
I was singing your name
over and over and over again.
Eurydice.