

# The New Criterion

## Poems

November 2000

### The music of farewell

by [Morri Creech](#)

*Descending for the last time to the underworld,  
the soul of Orpheus addresses his audience.*

It's true, of course, that the dusk-umbered leaves  
Deepening on the hawthorn are a mere sleight  
Of sun and shadow, true the olive groves  
And tamarisks beside the river sway  
To an off-key breeze, not to their own delight—  
And the blue teal, arrowing through the stray  
October clouds, keep to their appointments  
According to schedule but not with us in mind,  
Though you would have it otherwise. What sense  
Is there in listening to the sun-shot wind  
Croon through the autumn branches, once the song  
Behind the song is finished? Always you listened  
With your heads tilted towards the absolute  
As if the gods would sing to you, while the long  
Phrase of my sorrow held your world together,  
Your world of strippe ...

**Morri Creech's** second book, *Field Knowledge* (Waywiser), won the first annual Anthony Hecht prize.

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This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 19 November 2000, on page 39

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