

I look back every day  
I stare at my reflection, hoping to see her eyes  
I wear the sweater she got wrong by a size  
I dig through her old craft supplies  
I look back through her old scrapbook  
I look back, making dishes she used to cook  
I look back, meditating on her life's outlook  
Now that I think about it  
Isn't looking back the sweetest punishment?  
Nothing less for flesh and blood  
Had I not needed to look back  
I wouldn't have loved  
I fear I am worse than Orpheus  
I am not deaf, nor do I have a hand around my own  
But isn't that what makes love so glorious?  
I look back, every day, even though I'm alone  
I have no soul to reclaim  
I can't judge Orpheus anymore  
Not when I know I would've done the same