



Drawing : Evgueni Bosyatski

## Orpheus

Giovanni Malito

Raising his gentle face  
to the stars, he plays  
on his lyre and he sings.

Four soldiers, forgetting  
their gory purpose, lean  
on their spears, listening.

His singing is soft, but  
still the soldiers hear  
nothing of the nearby battle –

the screams of men, and  
the rumbling of hooves  
as war horses whinney.