

## Siren's Call

I have not learned every tongue whose speakers take up sail  
and rope. When you pass in a swirl of wind and foam,  
without words, I can only sing.

The clouds are heavy, the water the deep green heart  
of a hundred feet down.

What you hear are the words  
your love dreams of speaking.

The song hides me in a veil of beauty.

Below wait the haunts of fish who burn with their own light,  
of scattered bones that once surmounted the waves,  
high ribs of wood enclosing golden hearts.

The clouds are heavy, your face  
gleaming brightly in a sea of fearsome shadow.

What is the darkening of your eyes, the sinking vessel,  
compared to the song, the clouds, my loving arms?

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