

SIRENS

We have such perfect bodies for song,
they tremble with every note, as we throng
in salty air. We serenade sailors
with blocked ears, who stare at our
breasts, wings, mouths; blink at eyelashes
fluttering time... But where, in all this,
is Death? Between fall and pure ascent
is the place where it takes hold. That
is their fear: failure of will. Our fear
is the man, wilfully bound, who hears
but never listens: a captive audience
sailing on. That slays us; eloquence
forsakes us; we let the sea consume us.