

Siren Call

I was sunken

in the amniotic waters of motherhood,
trawling the lonely depths
as time slowly crept
its tendrils round my throat.

I ached, sometimes, to outswim
its sting in broad strokes
where the years had stuck like limpets' tongues
to this sea-shelf, this hardened trove
of buried self, this fossilised body wave-
licked so smooth it lost its shape.

The waters chilled at your siren call
and my heart opened like a clam,
split two-ways in supplication.

I offered you my last burnished pearl,
following your song as you charmed
the winds, as naiads from their streams
craned youthful necks
for just a glimpse of you.

I was bound for a deeper place now,
where the seascape would take me
to an unseen horizon
where memory could begin,
where I could float upturned
towards the sun,
let it scald my skin.