

MERMAID

Jun 4, 2010

The island's bound by water all around
And fishermen abound.
A simple fisherman I am
A simple fisherman I call myself.
I seek the water all alone
From gay painted boat
I cast my net away from land
Back where horizon is demand.

The sea gives all the gifts I need
With wrappings all of blue-green weed
And garlands from the deep.

I list from left to right
A walk back in the boat
Transforms right to left
While stars in the night
Convert the sea to sky
And then sky to sea
Depending only upon my squint.

One night when I was thus lost to direction
My nets gave tug as if a school were there
Outside my want and tried routines
Something sang to my ears.
No scare was there.
I left my oars at ease.

"Fisher, Fisher what do you in the night
Fisher, Fisher I see you are not alive by fright."

"Oh sweet and uncantankerous voice
Please approach so we can talk"

I saw the water bulge, wave and split
A foamy seam upon the quilted black
And then a form emerged as half way up from a deep dream,
The underside unknown
As the topside strange pattern makes.

If the sun were blonde, the moon silver shone
A face so pure and eyes so splendid green
Piled small foams of light across the whispering waves
And bred more meaning to every breath.

"Here I've sat in wait to imagine beauty

A modest dash, swift and gleaming
Never caught from sighting land
That somehow mounts the rainbow
Lost like insignificant tragedy in rising sky
Beyond grasp and so queerly disappointing
The higher it arches as the more fading it becomes;
Yet this darkness like a great bowl
Collects the light
And seems to siphon down the water
The quieter the sea the sweeter the wave
Some sounds of words escape the shining breast
And the fisher perhaps regrets his grasp
As the net fallen from hand breaks dark water into odd squares or diamonds
And now it is her voice again returns
A reminiscence of something gone uncaught
And something that seems to needle him with pain.

So long out here since first I left the land
So short the span we have as worldly whelps
Before we are shown the way to the sea,
The gifting sea, the lapping wave, the dusk of novelty.
Oh that love alone of which we hear so many stories
So resounds between our ears and scours our memory clean of satisfaction
That all our channels search the darkness
For the love-bouey of life.
We would swim to it if it sang to us and cling there
For all the storms and all the calms
For all that is turgid and all that is clear
We would cling to this beauty of the sea
This role and dip
This wave and watery nook
To ride this cosmic motion
We can not mount on land
Which stops and starts without premonition
Dragging us down to age or absurd disgrace.
There is no disgrace in the endless roll of the bound
Not possible that shame be found.

So the voice of the fisherman let's out in joy

"

Show me more. Show me more".
The bright green eyes look up and capture
Me set before the starry fields.
I can't control my lust;
I can't control my love.
I must marry this beauty and live with her forever on my boat.
Two can pull the nets
Two can fish
Two can play naked on the boards.
I am mad for this company and this fecund happiness.
Smile and make me know!
Speak again but this time with vows.

I know you have them for why else appear?

"I know you call
And I know you want
And I know you feel,
But I am a creature of the sea
A legless creature of the sea
Unfit for boat, but sometimes caught by net
I am the Mermaid who drives the fisher mad.
He must throw me back.
I am the Mermaid all folk believe.
I am the Mermaid you all seek
In this dark star-bright sea, quiet, patient fishers.

Part fish, part maid,
A marriage I cannot hold.

I always lead and never lie down
Not even for the sea gods.

I am the fish wench they all abandoned,
I am symbol and I am flesh
Left to bait your crashing minds
Never a wife to be
No matter how nor where
You look upon the sea.

Don't be diving in the water;
I'll just swim away, never a wife to be
Always a maiden, never a mate,
Never unwilling a breast to bare,
Rum to swill or meal to cook,
Fix a net or darn a sail.

You can look in the star-bright sea.
My secret is opened in the night.
My eyes slyly blend in the light.
My smile must set before the dawn
When the fish begin to swarm your net.

Don't be diving in the water.
I can only be heard and seen when you are dry;
Don't risk yourself for me
Or you will surely die.

So I heard her once again!

The sea must mix sorrow and joy as salt and water.
The fisherman's heart knows all this
As he is but the fatal husband of his boat.