

Susan Brennan

CRUELTY SEA MAID

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I was the only one to hear the sailors;
sea songs, sad shanties, the salt broken air.
Waves, my pillows, waves, waves, my home.

I shadowed their journey, captured
what was tossed overboard:
a portrait of a beauty, black hair, black eyes.

Sometimes I would haunt them,
imitate a cricket or beloved dog.
Don't dream so loud, sweet sailors, hush, hush.

I return to my reef, fire coral, black coral.
As where fish sleep, their impulsive return
to the same bit of reef, night after night, fire coral, black coral.