



Siren Song

By Ramona Volpe

Tales do abound of the men that are lost-
Those that hear the Siren's song.
No stories do tell of the lives that they've bought
Once consigned to the lure of my charm.
Gone they may be from the realm left behind;
A world laced with petty despair.
Do you know what they've traded their Earthly chains for
Once they've stroked a Siren's soft hair?
Imagine desires fulfilled by my glance,
Abandon the ship caulked with woe.
Come swim in the waves and ride with the surge
Where heaven is found far deep below.

Do hear my song: low, mellow and sweet
Of riches judged priceless on land.
In the sea where I dwell endless treasure abound,
I need only to reach out my hand.
Beckon do I, hear the rhythm and sweep,
Toil not on the ships up above.
For I swim in a world of beauty and wealth
And I sing out of joy, endless love.

Just a Fingertip touch, my silken embrace,
Cool liquid for thirst, pure honey the taste.
Ne'er hunger, merely wish for thy fill;
The ocean is endless, its bounty thy will.

Sisters have I, each graced like a pearl;
Emerald their eyes, opals their nails.
Their dance is eternal around through the swells.
The legends speak truly, our beauty excels.