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Siren's Song

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Siren's Song

Salt water caresses her thighs
As she wades into the sea,
Waves uplift her mind,
She gazes out on the rolling ocean.

Gulls argue and cry above—
Children building sand cities,
Mothers reading romance novels.
Men preen in the sun,
Eyes glued to damp bikinis.

The warm surf convinces her;
She dives under discovering
A muted world, all coral and green,
Seaweed swaying to an ocean breeze.

A blond sun bleaches bathers' hair.
Voices rise as a volleyball spins.
A radio sings the song of the day.
Toddlers pad around in diapers
Searching for baubles to collect.

A cool stream beckons her further,
The shoreline recedes as she glides
In the azure sea, the sky touched.
A balm to her mind so lost in thought.

Five fish nudge her shoulder.
"'Sweetheart, don't you think this is far enough?'"
Strong, insistent hands lead her back,
As the siren's song fades off,
She smiles at the answers she heard.

Kathy Murphy