

SIREN LANGUAGE

Mark Irwin

Was the calming of winds
a prelude
to the unending lament
reaching like their hair
the air carried toward you

listening

*the way a bell would listen
songless in space*

As the sound of oars
were pulling through water

you were pulling away
but thinking

*could beeswax kneaded
seal a silence in*

or were the ears of your men
filled with a humming

like that among flowers
still flags of color
the Sirens kept