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## A Siren of the Sea Clutching my Pearls ...

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## A Siren of the Sea Clutching my Pearls . . .

What is this thing inside me . . .

aching

breaking

rejuvenating

again and again

Incessant nagging at the mind

and wrenching of the heart

my strand of pearls slapping against the skin

bruising, echoing

like her words

like her eyes

like my hands between her thighs

where I want to go

without hesitation or communication

don't touch me, I need you

I cringe at your presence,

but can't stop thinking of you

as you're gone

What we have is the Ocean:

my eyes a storm surge striking your heart

my waves crashing up against

your soft, sweet sand

I fall back, go deep and cold

your winds lick at my skin

and wake my blood

your current pulls me back in

The white water is us –

rearing up

suspended

pure, powerful, poetic

spinning, then falling

crashing, then rising up again