

Sapphic Sirens

by Lori Graham

She watches with emerald eyes
as ships of men approach;
her flowing hair and
seaweed gown
blowing in the gales
of October.

Scattered with jagged
rocks,
the shore,
an unsafe space,
loomed behind
the dark sky,
littered with
gloomy fog, which
disguised the rocks.

This would be their last journey.
Men of Destruction!
their arrogance, violence and wars
will smash to bits!
clashes of high, seductive
melodies and vicious wind,
their doom!

The others join her,
intertwined hands and hearts,
voices luring and delightful,
coaxing them in with their beauty and
utterances of false promises.

The men would be gone
from the planet! Peace will
come with the sunrise!
wood collides with the rocks,
the thunderous sound
rattles the earth!
inevitable finale!

The women walk away
claiming their land
hands united,
hearts glowing with
crimson promise

of Peace and Unity for all
Womankind!

