

mermaid tale

by Ed Higgins

your words that came crashing over me
so cold the clear shock was like salt water

filling any mariner's lungs caught far below decks
whose ship has impossibly broken apart

an ocean rushes tightly in on us
sheets of ice-green desperation

and I would grow gills and fins,
a mermaid's fanned tail, her kelp wavy

hair, if only you would return to me.

