The Mermaid's Revenge

by Roberta

She was fresh from the sea
and made of salt.
I lick her with the tip of my tongue.
Carry her upon it. She is
flipper without face. They say
she is the murder of men
in those graceful tail-flips.
I taste the word 'murder.'
Her murder is made of nectar
and the knives of her fin.

We were never
meant to touch her.
Lapping salt beads from
my crackling, ecstatic lips.

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