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The Siren's Song

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HEART OF THE MATTER Eunice Bridges

The Siren's Song

Amy Holt

What am I to do with all these men cooing?
And those bird-things cackling like a bunch of geese?
I heard them an hour ago; "singing" or "serenading" as the men called it.
Serenade? The so-called "song" doesn't even have a disco beat.

It all started when Sammy, young know-it-all,
Tried to take the wheel from my hands.
Steering the ship toward the beached skull in the Siren's red waters,
Open eyes beaming and contorted,
That's how they get when a red-lipped woman glances their way.
I was busy; a poised captain looking over the trimmed and lean muscles
Of the cleaning men. (I wondered if I worked them too hard, they
Didn't have an inch of fat on them. But then again,
I thought, maybe the workload is just fine.)

A few girls think they're really funny.
These men are mine. It was I who chose them out of a group of hundreds:
Strong, bold, skintight-jeanned and able. Not the feeble.
That kind wasn't to be my crew.
My heaven has now become my hell.

Crazed men, fighting me! Of all men, their leader and closest comrade;
It was I, who made their uniforms out of only spandex and polyblend,
Half shirts tied at the ribcage to keep them cool, and shorts mid-thigh
And tight, so as to not tear on the rough edges of the ship's corners.
All thought out carefully, only for their comfort and nothing else.

Now I sit here alone wondering about my men and those nasty clucking hens.
All went overboard; some are downing in the murky water,
And others chasing the rabbit down her sloppy hole. Well,
I hope they're happy; leaving comfort and good cheer
For those bleeding, blabbing bitches.

With my sea men all gone, what am I to do but rise to the occasion?
I take of my captain's hat, kiss away my pride and sanity,
And jump in to see who I can save.