

Fire Snakes

Laura Veirs

Mermaids
Shimmer in the waves
Wanted to share a word
Course they only waved
Left me alone
With the blood in my mouth
To paw and to pray
To tear at the fray for a thundercloud

To dress up your wounds
Wash off the salt
Freshen the blooms
At your sea-rusted altar

Caldera's edge
We'll hold hands and wait
Mudflows are greyhounds
Exploding from gates
With hot ash and hot rocks
They'll crash and they'll mosh
Till the trees are all flat
And we all collapse from the chase

Then I'll dress up your wounds
Wash off the salt
Freshen the blooms
At your mud-cruled altar...