

The Perfect Depth Of The Mermaids

Nahemah

Slowly and tiny do you slide
and slip yourself from your necklace
of entwined seaweeds
and you wriggle behind the stairs
of this stony trampoline

And firmly you perch your legs
on those sharp razors
that shave Neptune's frothy
and curly beard

Breeze drunks you riding this
oceanic horse over the dissolved
hills of salt

And from the electric jelly of "Medusae"
you feed our finnings
turning on cold and shining scales
of silvered blue
which smilingly they immerse us
more and more
in the perfect depth of the mermaids