

## SIREN LANGUAGE

---

*Mark Irwin*

Was the calming of winds  
a prelude  
to the unending lament  
reaching like their hair  
the air carried toward you

listening

*the way a bell would listen  
songless in space*

As the sound of oars  
were pulling through water

you were pulling away  
but thinking

*could beeswax kneaded  
seal a silence in*

or were the ears of your men  
filled with a humming

like that among flowers  
still flags of color  
the Sirens kept