

Martin Robertson

The Sirens

You wonder what the sirens sang?
“Once the delicious sexual ache
bursts in its paradisaal pang
you cannot have your eaten cake.

Then take, oh take your trip with us.
We know the spell of joys that last,
dreams which dissolve Time’s tyrannous
one-way of future, present, past.

Beach on our lotus-strand, and be
happy.” The wily hero, bound
tight by his ear-blocked company,
sailed on. The Sirens dropped and drowned,

the story says. But not for long.
They soar to Lucy in the sky
with diamonds and a new song.
I think the Sirens do not die.