

The Siren Wants To Be a Girl

I'm tired of singing. And sick  
of the ocean  
filled with soft-shelled men lashed  
to great chunks of boat. It's all so cold  
and mythic. I could use  
a hot bath, a good book, a body  
to lean on—old as womanhood  
and dry as chalk—  
whose whisper is a wasp's nest  
crackling into my flesh.  
I could use a dense vine climbing a house of brick.  
I'd be the child in dirty shoes  
angling to slow the old one  
on her way out to the car—the girl  
who climbs the vine  
that streams  
with wasps, who didn't hear  
their paper-siren whine  
curl from the eaves. Then shattered, falling:  
my apple-skin  
stung.           Brute gods, vain Tellers  
of asphodel, why always  
feathers and blood? Why beaks  
and emptied men? Why not  
her body and mine  
sprawled together on the drive,  
stone-sweet, twilight, clasped  
and rocking, the song  
and the wound  
not coming  
from me? The wind, for once,  
just tender, without claws and without salt.



## ABOUT SALLY ROSEN KINDRED

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Sally Rosen Kindred is the author of *No Eden* (Mayapple Press 2011), *Darling Hands, Darling Tongue* (Hyacinth Girl Press 2013), and *Book of Asters* (Mayapple Press 2014). Her poems have appeared in *Blackbird*, *Quarterly West*, and *Linebreak*. She is an editorial assistant for *Weave Magazine*, and her website is located at [www.sallyrosenkindred.com](http://www.sallyrosenkindred.com).

