

Michael McGuire

"The Sirens Of Hypothalamus"

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THE SIRENS OF HYPOTHALAMUS

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Over and across oceans and egos, they will lure any
man from shore to
sea, a song with a shiny hook of sacrifice, bated with
the taste of what
might be.

Never was a beauty more formalized, the soprano
tongue of her
temptation, and you feel like the wind chasing a star,
no longer the dumb
show of sublimation.

She stands dressed in your imaginations default, and
you a connoisseur of
melody, she has the moon on a chain of mornings, and
you believe you
could live off the scraps of this luxury.
Her price in detail uncalculated, the slope of her hips;
perfections grade,
but it's your desire that swims madly thru your blood,
she just feeds off
the meal you have made.

Will you swim to her island of you, distorted by the
phantom of the view,
with rose petal sex and love in wine, with angels for lips
and the devil's
spine, the milk of her myth to nourish newborn, and the
shoulder of time
when the build is shopworn, poet of her muse; you
write the song she
sings, only ashes delivered in the heat she brings.
Dec.01

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