

Priscilla Hernandez

"The Call Of The Nymph"

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Down here I hardly see the world through water lilies
rounded and edged distorted silhouettes
Under the waters my graceful being suspended
by a rope of weeds bound so tightly to my waist

It's so silent down here I can only hear
the hissing murmur of the distant river
It's so freezing so cold come to me my dear, my dear...
Won't you dare to break the glassy surface
of this shady pond?
there's no reason to feel fear if your heart is wise and
pure
Are you afraid it is not?

Where do you hide?
Where do you go?
Why do you run away?

It seems it was ages ago
I last saw the shining sky
how many souls I may devour
to become a dragonfly?
And fly high
Down here I hardly see the world through water lilies

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