



Ghosts of Ireland's Coast

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Textured fabrics of velvet and silk flow behind the beauties of Ireland's coast, still.

Walking one behind the other, back and forth, sunset to sunrise,

They sing of their broken hearts, lonely souls, and their cursed eyes.

The people of the inland claim them witches, with spells still left to give.

Wearing empty locket and cloaks of the time when they used to live.

The people of the sea claim them sirens, singing songs that can fold a man's knees.

Avoiding the songs, the sailors cover their ears, remembering the captain's heed.

Only one man knows whom the maidens are, wandering along the coast.

Every night, sunset to sunrise, he sits in the moonlight to watch their fabrics flow.

The people of the inland claim him as the maidens' lover,

Saying he once sailed to a land not yet discovered.

Without a return in three years time, the maidens were deeply saddened

and soon became Blind, singing along the coast for their long, lost love.

Their ghosts remain along the shore, never to fall below and never to rise above.

The people of the sea claim him, too, as the lonely sirens' heartache.

It is on the coasts of Ireland he is cursed to live,

Without comforting, his lovers wait.