Mermaid

Mardelle Fortier
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The sun lazied like a mermaid,  
tail shining on the cool pure water  
and the yellow light drew us in, to the depths.  

All morning we swam through the glory  
of peacock waves, blue-green, golden,  
floated till our legs became part of the lake.  

We slid on silk, glided on fairy diamonds  
sprinkled through the melted sky,  
endless and ancient, speaking its mystical song.  

In the light my sister had  
turned green, turned golden, hair  
flowing in wind, waist curved into a beautiful tail.

Old Nude

Jeannine Messina

This old nude  
needs a change.  
From the soles of her feet  
to the top of her mane.  

Smooth skin from ankles  
past bulging knees.  
Cellulite thighs  
lipped with ease.  

Jodphur hips  
and sagging rear.  
A lot of work  
needed here.  

A tummy tuck  
and nipped in waist.  
Upward lift  
of breast, neck and face.  

Do the arms,  
oh please, oh please.  
When she waves  
they flap in the breeze.  

A style, a color  
all is complete.  
When people ask,  
she will be discreet.  

What does she see  
when she looks in the mirror?  
The same “old nude”  
with the new exterior.