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To Catch a Mermaid

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Spiritual Smorgasbord

Forslin-Bojnansky: To Catch a Mermaid

Karen Forslin-Bojnansky

Born woman I walk this earth
my song joins the wind
my blood promises life
yet I compete and fight
like a man.

Baptised Christian I pray
the Eucharist forgives
Jesus loves me
yet I feel God's presence everywhere
like a psychic.

Meditate with lit candle
smell of burnt incense
chant Eastern mantras
yet I embrace angels and miracles
like a nun.

Emit Reiki energy from palms
rocks assist as crystals whisper
I channel Divine love
yet I doubt my ability
like a novice.

Lift sacred chanupa pipe
in wilderness prayer circle
for a heart talk with Creator
yet I question my acceptance
like a stepchild.

Radiant moon on star filled nights
imbues my heart and soul
to sing praise to God
yet my eclectic worship varies
like many paths.

To Catch a Mermaid

Karen Forslin-Bojnansky

My youthful siren song
naively sung to him,
we flirt with eyes that dance,
draw us closer to tease
playfully push at the edge of the pier.

A warm lake engulfs us
as we plunge clothed into shrouded water.
We stand in soft mud face to face.
Sugarcoated bait sours
to harsh demands.

"Kiss me, screw me, I want you!"
A charming face turns dark, hardens
as my rebuff accelerates his anger.
Angling, he attempts to persuade
but pulls too hard on the line.

Fun becomes fear as I try to elude
but his hooks sink deep into my wrists.
Caught, his new strategy emerges.
Cruel words threaten
force blocks my departure.

I twist free my hands and flee
just two more strokes to freedom pier.
Snagged again, trapped in his net
I plead and flop to escape
his malevolence.

Punishment my reward as he
forces me beneath murky waters
until my fight and oxygen expire.
Resigned to soon breathe water
my Soul implores God to intervene.

A light pierces the gloom and my despair,
transported into a radiant bubble
a glowing silent angel appears to hold my hand
smiling "everything's all right"
while time miraculously pauses.

Chastened, the net draws me from my watery grave
to cough and gasp cool summer air.
A friend calls for me, interrupted
he begrudgingly releases me with whispered threat,
a vow to be re-caught only next time filleted.

I imprint his tactics, mark the buoys,
battle scarred but grateful, I resolve
to never swim in hostile waters
again!