

Sad Song, Siren Song

A sad song plays inside my head.
I cannot escape it
Without the drowning Siren song
Of a moment's joy.
And when the echoes of the Sirens fade away,
There the sad song plays again,
And I weep.
Good fortune comes only rarely
And the Sirens are flirtatious,
But their interest is as soft as the zephyr,
And fragile besides.
The sad song fades only slowly.
I cling to it in my sensory-deprived world,
Wishing I could hear some other voice
But too afraid to be alone to try
Too often deceived by the Siren song.
The sad song lacks hope,
But it is my home, my hearth.
No one comes near
As the song bites them,
Comforting me and stinging me all the same.
But there, below the sombre music
Chimes the bittersweet.
Perhaps the song is not so blue,
But only the cold strains of truth

Shrouding my glimpses of hope.
Is there enough of the harmony in my sad song,
Played side-by-side to the fleeting Siren song,
That one day I can learn to hear more
Than just the loudly weeping melody?
When I play that tune aloud for you
Will you stay longer than your Siren?