

Siren Song⁴⁶⁶

María Isabel Romero-Pérez⁴⁶⁷

Ripped, pinned and warped.
Brooding winds,
Autumn cells & blood,
And all their barks.
I was cut a thousand times,
Bounded by the sea,
Pieced back together by a musing yard,
Of distant voices
Of birds and bees.

The guillemot narrows,
The tremor, the vibrant sounds
Of where I sleep & and where *he* sees,
Beyond,
boundless, all spirit.
I navigate the graveyard of a foreign land,
Not to search, nor to find.
Is it beauty or is it fright? None.
O! Green fatherland!
I've come this far,

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The ice must melt as the wind froze, but lie, rest,
Be merry in memory,
Forgive *me*,
Forget.
For life!

I see you back
Like the whitened fog of this East, green and yellow, and golden ore
From where pain and *names* are stone-carved.
I hear you
In my timeless yearning for the *past*.
The wishful lilies call,
Delusion is most wanted & I abide,
For this kind of love is a winter tree,
protected from the anguish of the ephemeral.
But ethereal is the embrace of this noble sun
And of thy glorious rainfall.
Love,
Green is deathless.

Notes on contributor

María Isabel Romero-Pérez holds a BA in English Studies and currently is a PhD student at the University of Granada, where she is working on her doctoral thesis on the British author Hope Mirrlees. She has worked as a teacher and researcher. In 2023 she lived in Ireland, where she enjoyed an Erasmus+ Traineeship at Trinity College Dublin.

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