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The Mermaid

Anissa Sboui

Rumors ran of a world
Where there is a mermaid
Rumors ran of a world
Where no one comes to your aid
But the sleeping beauty
As it is often said

At dusk,
The fisherman was flirting with
Seashells, a starfish resisted
She wanted not to be the booty.
Thinking about *Oceanides'* guile,
He stopped for a while
If only he could encounter one
He'd tell none
Even his unconfident son

As he saw a mermaid
The feminine treasure was neat
Irresistible heavenly beauty
The louder the sea coughed and wheezed
The more his little heart beat

The sky fell,
Into the hands of *Nyx*
Not a wink of sleep, he could have
Still dwelling on fantasies from above
And what's more, he saw her
Standing like a statue on the shore.
Her glimmering face was the torch,
Her bra was the lenses
Her long tail ignited his dormant senses
He ran to the fish scale bed
To scratch his back
And warm his cold days
With her delicate arms

“Descendant of Pontus: Gather me, amass
Artemis may scavenge from my carcass
I've been hankering for your love
There is no one else but us
Worry not, my mermaid
I know what they've said
You're the one I may wed
I marry you now
Meriel become mine,

Will you ever understand
My eternal feathery end?