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## Allusions

Donna Gilbert

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## Allusions

Donna Gilbert

I am no manipulator in the deep  
Of any mysterious sea, though I am  
Clear about desire; wide open as a  
River to the rain, and as thirsty. I am  
No tailed, finned, scaly, Rapunzel-haired gliding  
Myth pulling you in or drowning you in any  
Way. If I invite you into my waters,  
It is for a life-affirming swim; a loll  
Along the bottom where it is lovely, dark  
And secret, hidden calmly there in the deep  
Blue ghost shade, a jump headlong off the balance  
Beam plank into sea - a brief taste of ocean,  
Simple moonlight white on the sand, where only  
Unblinking eyes know, and they understand what  
Tasting life is. And I will breathe air into your  
Lover lungs. You will not drown here. I will share,  
Then I will leave you four days buoyant, trade ten  
Years for every lusty second. I might  
Wrap these beautiful legs I do have 'round you  
And sway you in the tide - soothe you in the cool  
Quiet of that first morning. I am no muse.  
I am my own everything and I want to  
Share my everything with voluntary you  
For the first-time-forever. Though my home is  
Faux complete, I could walk anywhere on these  
Genius feet; I could lie down in a field of  
Maize, relieving that yellowed view, shucking the  
Still life; the stony shore - my heart in hand - for  
That brief taste of god and sky. I don't know why.

I am not bound to be beneath the brine.  
I could fly. I could dance in front of you.  
I could run from you on my strong woman legs.  
I could. The beauty is I would not run from you.  
I am no Mermaid.