

The Siren: A Villanelle

Mundane, siren temptress, promises peace,
 her peace, the illusive eye of the storm.
 Nay, drown her out, weather the salt-soaked seas.

Myopic men, prey to her luring pleas,
 ne'er the future do their judgements inform.
 Mundane, siren temptress, promises peace.

Once within her grasp, her promise deforms.
 The savage sea reclaims the frugal form.
 Nay! Drown her out, weather the salt-soaked seas.

Even now, her sweet song beckons to me,
 amidst thrashing breakers, expanse conforms.
 Mundane, siren temptress, promises peace.

Doth you hear her, calling you to caprice?
 Heed my advice, I have withstood her storm.
 Nay! Drown her out! Weather the salt-soaked seas.

Risk alone doth her tender voice release,
 in prudence alone doth her song transform.
 Mundane, siren temptress, promises peace.
 Nay! Drown her out! Weather the salt-soaked seas!