

The Mermaid*

Far down the beach, the fishermen
cast their nets; the sea pours through them.
She leaves her rock, the sun
behind her, dives back into her shadow
and as she parts the water, the long scar
of her leaving is healed in an instant.
At first, the gliding shapes are silent.
Though soon, as the legs
that she once longed for, grow
accustomed to their fusion,
as the shadowed lines along her ribs
begin to open like the slats
of a Venetian blind to let in water,
the silver scales descending with her,
she will begin to hear
the pizzicato of her sonar striking
minnows, the long strings of the bow waves
drawn across the bridges till they hum,
the wild choirs of whales singing,
the deep ground bass of oceans moving,
her own small waving tail the obbligato.

*lyrics excerpted from the poem "*Concerto*" by Eleanor Wilner
music, including vocal arrangement, by Jim Vincent

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