

Sea Change

Then the mermaid grew legs and demanded food
so I took her to dinner. Not knowing what
a mermaid might eat I asked. 'Pizza' she said
'and a beer.' I was surprised but it made perfect
sense. Who wouldn't want pizza after so much fish?

She seemed a little unsteady on her new legs
so I held her hand when we walked down
the hill and slid into chairs. I gently caressed
both her hands across the table so she could still
feel the undulations of the waves through me.

A waitress looking like a young Naomi Watts
appeared and said 'Look at you two love birds.'
I was unsettled. Could she tell I was a large bird
who'd forgotten how to fly? Could she see the wings
sprouting from the muscles of my back under my shirt?

'She's either frigid or a screamer' the mermaid said
after the waitress withdrew. I accepted these facts
because mermaids have magical eyes. 'She's not
getting any and thinks it's cute grandma and grandpa fuck.'
I laughed at the notion of us as merely human.

I thought she might want to return to the water after
our meal but she wanted to show me what she could do
with her new legs. Surprised again I asked how but even
she could not explain her magic so I decided to believe
I was the cause and had magic in me as well.

I felt my wings grown strong and knew they would soon
lift me again and worried she might fall into the trap
set by men to transform her back into the figurehead
of a sailing ship. She smiled and reassured me her tits
could never be wooden again and set about undulating her tail.

— Jeffery Greb