

Listen

Downtown is quiet and, tonight, dead with apathy.

The nymphai look like girls stood up for prom.

The fountain is their company moving with them, shining their skin like stones in a river.

Rain is pouring hard and the wind is toppling the fountain spray on me, soaking me absolutely but I stay a while longer out of respect.

In all there are nineteen, all stunning, but my eyes fall on the more feminine forms.

These women are real. There is nothing forged in their figures and they are completely unapologetic.

They look so soft and tranquil--it intimidates me.

I know I will never be that centered regardless of how much yoga I take, therapy I sit through, and poetry I read.

I walk up to the most alluring one as if I am entering a temple and she seems to say
You are lucky to see me.

She's right.

The silhouettes merging against the night, nearly too subtle to be seen, could pass for divine and like the Gods they whisper just below your awareness.

[Listen—the Sirens Deserve to be Heard.](#)



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