

XTC, Mermaid Smiled

From pools of xylophone clear
From caves of memory
I saw the children at heart
That we once used to be
Borne on foaming seahorse herd
Compose with trumpeting shell
From lines across their hands
A song as new as new moon
As old as all the sands
Shrank to stagnant from Atlantic wild
Lost that child 'til mermaid
Smiled

Summoned by drum rolling surf
As laughing fish compel
The young boy woken in me
By clanging diving bell
Breakers pillow fight the shore
She wriggles free in the tide
I'm locked in adult land
Back in the mirror she slides
Waving with comb in hand
I was lucky to remain beguiled
Grown to child since mermaid
Smiled