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Deep Water Devotion (transgender sailor evocations)

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JUNE PEARSON

Deep Water Devotion (transgender sailor evocations)

I am my own object of scorn, and your servants see this, Lady Sea.
So as I sailed seeking your counsel, the sharks found me repulsive, and the sirens
turned away.
Now, surrounded by your presence, I ask that I may find comfort: either in your
wisdom or your watery judgment.
I've sailed far from safe harbors in hopes that you'd show me something true.
May I see my future, my lady?
May I find something worthy of enduring misfortune and woe?
I leave my fate to the whims of your water in hopes that you'd teach me who I am.
When Seasoned Sailors speak of The Ocean, their voices tremble and their sea legs
shake.
I'm not afraid of your dangers, my lady.
To live as I do now is fate worse than death
Your allure charms me.
On land, my facade of a face would fool mortal men, but it is false and you know
this. My reflection inside you shows more than I can say, more than anyone may
ever see.
I've got the makings of a Seaman: The tenor voice, the barrel chest.
But I want something else, your essence calls to me in ways they've never heard.



Their songs speak of besting you and undoing a mermaid's garments.
Their bravado fills their hearts as their lungs fill with water.
I do not join in these shanties but instead, drink of your water, bathe in it, cursing
them for their insolence.
They care not for your water, they are as salty as brine.
But I suppose you've punished them for that.
Your edict plagues their journeys with raging rapids and tidal waves,
Your embrace fills their lungs and causes their speech to cease.
Their eyes are full of fear at the mention of your name,
Your ferocity is well acquainted with them.
But your stillness my darling, your stark beauty, your expanse is unknown to them,
but it is known to me.
Make me in your image Lady Sea, let me know beauty as clear as water,
With real value wells below and wells within.
Let my isolation be not in vain, that I'd be true to myself, be truly myself, right down
to the vein.
Let me inflict pleasure and pain like your rough cragged bergs of ice
And the gentle lapping of your evening tides.