

Enchantment by Kara L.C. Jones; written after hearing "the civil war song that was not suppose to be a civil war song" and "wyoming cowgirl"
Dedicated to the awesome music of Redperl and to the life & death of my son, Dakota Jones

The
siren
myth
had
always befuddled me.
How
could
woman-bird-creatures lure you
to the
middle
of a
dead-
ly sea
just to
hear
some
music?
But then
I heard
one,
a siren,
a real
live siren, ancient
Molpe incarnate,
daughter of the river.
This modern day Molpe
carried not a flute, but
violin tucked under chin just so, bow
calling my body, making my soul sway,
my fingers fan out hoping to catch
just one nourishing note, hooked
in hand at the mouth of the river
before it swam into the salty ocean of her music
where both fish and fan(atic) are pulled
into the current to navigate
this island. Then myth came to
mind, the legends that precede
odysseus, the Greek tales of
those who invoked the Sirens at
the moment of death decaled them
onto tombs of royalty, and common
people alike, and I was bound to my chair, sweet
seductions washing over me, pulling me in and out
of the veil between the worlds reminding me
of the deadly survival sea I navigate each day since
the death of my son, reminding me
his spirit is still here and present,
letting me catch glimpse of him
in the charms and musical spells
of a classically trained
jewish woman violin player
from back east:
my siren.