

## Kathleen Winter

### Mermaid's Singing

Decadence is lonely, lovely—  
sing me the reverse. Just a bit too  
little honey in the acid, slightly bitter  
pleasure, nothing worse.

I can see your smoothness, Decadence, in  
starlight, O you monster of charisma!  
To be speechless, shorn of neighbors,  
this is plenty, this is ermine.

What is that which finds you, swimming,  
sings your name, claims I know you,  
mine, you are. Do only the damned hear  
*Philosophy of Lying* for *Philosophy of Mind*?

If you are a witch you will not drown.