

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock —T.S. Eliot

I have heard the mermaids singing each to each.
I do not think that they will sing to me.
I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

Kayko

Sea-girl, Wreathed
Acrylic on canvas, 1988
Painted for Ann Neasham Luck
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Excerpt from "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"
By T. S. Eliot
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