

The Selkie

(Excerpted from Susa Morgan Black's novel Moira's Selkie)

I dreamed a Selkie came to me
while I was swimming in the sea.
His skin was soft and white as milk
His hair was black and fine as silk.
He stared at me so wonderingly
and touched my face so tenderly.
We made love so joyously,
while swimming in that moonlit sea.
When day came, alas I woke
and he was gone - and my heart broke.

But looking down, my eyes did meet
With salt encrusted legs and feet.
I knew now that my love was real
And looked for him in every seal.
Their great dark eyes haunted me.
Their sleek black heads tempted me.
Their graceful forms enchanted me.
By moonlight, now, I search the shore
For the noble sealman I adore.

The village thinks that I'm quite mad,
Seeking what cannot be had.
But the wind that sighs o'er the sea
Will someday bring him back to me.
And he'll greet me so joyously,
And touch my face so gently,
And we shall live in ecstasy,
In the moonlit realm beneath the sea.
Until that day, I shall wait, for
To love a Selkie is my fate.

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