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## *from* The Jellyfish Diaries

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7. cabbagehead jelly

You are a doll I used to carry,  
now neatly placed on this pillow  
of sand. Milky-white and legless,  
you scare all the kids with your  
stumpy bell. Some used to predict  
marriage with your soupy face.

All I can see is a future of nets—  
but full of sweet fish.

So try not to get tangled up  
in my doings. There are exactly  
three trees in the Gobi desert  
and I have time to water only  
one. How would *you* choose?

Leave the rest of my garden—  
the tomato, the squash, the wax beans—  
for now, you can stay over here,  
in this neat patch of soil.

23. egg yolk jelly

At breakfast I divide you—  
a skillet oiled  
and rubbed  
with toasty crumbs  
of bacon.  
In this tunnel  
of mirrors, float  
one arm towards  
what we think of as *sky*—  
your stomachs will repeat  
themselves over and over  
as if a single beam  
could ever really break  
a pillowy water's core.  
You swim to the edge  
of the pan, quivering  
at the heat under  
your bell-belly.

25. moon jelly

Four-eyes, you can't even race  
to one end of this earth without  
your glasses slipping down.  
I see shrimp tiptoeing  
the lining of your stomachs  
like they are trying  
not to wake you  
from your gorgeous sleep.  
Still, with no arms  
you are a limp soccer ball.  
Even the bitter blood stars  
washed ashore try to press  
their arms one last time  
into the sand. When you  
are too full, even the business  
of flies knocking at my globe light  
cannot capture your wild hum.