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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.