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On Kajii Motojiro's (Alleged) Jellyfish

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Each morning, after a breakfast of streptomycin and ginger tea, he would brood over them: the way one might fit nicely in the palm of his hand slightly larger than a piece of fruit, the way he might leave one somewhere (his neighbor’s koi pond; the Osaka canal; in a bucket of water under a cherry tree, where he was known to contemplate the later stages of his disease—

when consumption had two meanings, previously a word he used only to describe meals, now filling and overfilling the cone jellies under his ribs), the way their tentacles’ lilt might be compared to a lion’s mane, but subtler—the saltwater combing them out from beneath umbrella bodies, their multicolored bells all glowing yellow like lemons, but warm to the touch.