

Barbara Freimuth

JELLYFISH

Red jellies—
red genitals dangling like jewels—
how many lovers have you known?
I heard you snared Neptune
in his bold youth.

Your tentacles strafe the dark current,
poison your paramours
as you whisper their bright names.

The sea's a lonely place.
Where you troll, it shines red;
love comes at a price.

Those petticoats pulsing with neon lights—
is there a trick you haven't mastered?
Passion swims blind up your pretty skirts.

