

Jellyfish Blood Cells Like Heroine

Listen, reader, I did not choose to be temporary,
did not choose to look myself in the mirror,
see a sandbag suspended between two flagpoles,
to pull the skin on my face towards the edges of the frame
until it caught wind like a kite, none of these were selected
when I filled out the survey in my tiny plastic box
fresh into a hospital nursery, no one told me when I began
to cry that those tears would be unimportant to those shed
at twenty, twenty-one, so on, and I definitely never learned
about how life passes you by like a rival racecar driver
and you have to wait until the end of the film to see
yourself win, and even then, you have to hope the journey
was worth it, and even then, it may not be, and even then
you may wish there was a sequel, a second film where you learn
about the immortal jellyfish, gelatinous marine creature
which, when old enough, hits reset on itself, becomes young
again, and in the sequel you may wish you were a scientist
or a fisherman, you may wish you could take a scalpel, shave
part of the immortal jellyfish into a vial, then syringe,
you may wish you could shoot the jellyfish cells into you
like heroine, like something else that would delete
the years which fell behind you like dominos, like
corpses in the aftermath of disaster, or perhaps, too,
a string of flowers knit from your neck, through
the grass, beyond where you can see, and instead of
foaming at the mouth, a jellyfish sealed within the grip
of your fist, you see how beautiful it was to have been
here at all, to have a chance to see a hair fall out of place,
to have shared something so small with those you love,
for however long your cells march on, and on.