

The Jellyfish

With the sun on our backs and the waters  
lapping around our feet, we were dazzled  
by the beckoning blue shimmering, our clothes  
held aloft like precious gems. Wading  
into the bottomless, swirling sands suckling  
at my toes each step, pulling me deeper. The earth  
underfoot deserted me to the swells, all around creamy  
froth and salted spray, a flash of orange buoy  
panic breeding in my young mind, the frantic thrashing  
a jellyfish, you said, which didn't calm the  
terror until our Samaritan arrived.

Shivering, mouthfuls of coarse air at home, empty-handed  
your soggy money drying in the window, the looks on their faces.

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