

ROSE HUNTER

medusozoa

are you a medusa? i would in any case
use both hands to drink from your cup

free swimming, an x-ray parachute
gelatinous negligee, not a true fish
you are a misnomer (who said i was

an outlier) and only a medusa in the
non-polyp stage (if i knew what you
were once if i knew what you'd done
if i knew what you were once) but

don't want to talk about what you were
barnacled to in that other life
(*poly* much + *pous*, foot) many feet
to go nowhere with. maybe that's why
you are on such a drift now

exumbrellas and subumbrellas
(just think, back then we couldn't find
even one!) nerve net and breathing

with your skin. you do not form images
but can detect light and determine

up from down, sunlight on the water's
surface. i'm going to say you are the largest
medusa, the lion's mane hair jelly: i got
stuck there for a time, tangled with other

sea creatures. jerry rigged you like to create
more juggle, compulsive dangler you, sheer

negligence or *no fault of your own*, all i
know: do not get in your wake. look at you
you're impossible. i mean just look at you.

in march already you must walk
on the shady side of the street
complaining about your feet.
you are a little like a lady of leisure

with a porter to carry your bags. haeckel
has you as a frilly lampshade and his
wife's hair. *the true one*, the one he loved.
as ceiling decoration you are so thick

you appear transparent (with your *jackass*
this jackass that), you can be eaten, dried or salted.