

JELLYFISH

Afterwards, looking over the wall,
I saw you lying flat out,
Hair trigger temper trailing.

You and your kind were coming
In on the tide, a flotilla of a ghostly kind –
Sheer as a 10 Denier -
Inner workings laid bare like a clock.

Compass, they call you,
Your markings low-key as a lampshade,
My leg stung wildly as you,
Unsettling beauty - net of nerves,
Your bell pulsing - propelled away.

From above, it struck me:
See-through as water,
You - though blind, though dumb,
And but for your name, directionless -
Have the ultimate camouflage.

Serene, uncanny creature,
Buoyant booby-trap,
Yours is a strange state of grace
In times of war.