

# the HARLEQUIN

*Roseanne Watt*

## **The Moon Jellyfish**

We find them melting  
by the shoormal, like dropped  
scoops of translucent ice-cream,  
the same morning

of the old fisherman's funeral  
at the chapel by our beach.  
We'd seen the coffin going past  
in a parade as slow as shadows

cast by summer clouds,  
into the churchyard where  
blind headstones watched us  
playing daily with the waves.

The beach is filled with dead things.  
Except the jellyfish. We know  
they are immortal, so when  
storms bring them to the shore

it is the most tragic sight – at least,  
that's what the fisherman said.  
We want to save the jellyfish.  
They ooze between our fingers

as we wade out to the shallows,  
toss each into the softly crooning  
waves. Inside some are purple  
crescent moons; we think they

are the girls. We do not know  
the jellyfish are folklore  
a myth we're offering the tide  
to be rejected, for the dead

will continue being dead.  
We know only the blank stones,  
the deepening afternoon, and jellyfish  
returning, dream-like, to shore.

*Shoormal: the meeting point of the waves and the shore*

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