

## 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

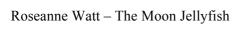
as we wade out to the shallows, toss each into the softly crooning waves. Inside some are purple crescent moons; we think they

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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