

### **The Jellyfish Has No Brain**

The jellyfish has no brain  
yet somehow knows where it's going,  
trailing tentacled threads  
prepared to sting,  
yet swimming amidst the swarm  
of jelly minions  
comes to no harm.

The worm has no eyes  
yet finds the path  
through damp earth,  
slick and sure digesting  
until the canny robin  
ear tilted to ground  
plucks it and pulls  
a red rope fulfilling  
her ardent hope.

The robin has no arms  
yet wings through air  
laden with dreams  
salted in tree pollen,  
her razor beak awaiting grasses,  
the design of a nest  
already formed in her eye.

What is it that we do not have  
or carry unawares,  
too busy with building  
lost in the maze  
to know our own nature?  
We float through life  
stinging like the jellyfish,  
impulsively digesting  
or building nests  
while the great eye, amused,  
blinks us out of awareness.

### **Unyielding Grasp**

Water adores gravity,  
just look at the way she clings;  
running downhill  
(he's always bringing her down,)  
open-armed to meet him  
laughing and gathering her skirts  
careless,  
not the least bit concerned  
with what she catches  
or carries along for the ride.

She's always moving restless,

seeking his hidden places,  
twisting, turning  
downward in a torrent  
or in trickling threads  
to his subterranean realm  
where she collects herself  
and lies placid  
in the stone chambers  
of his embrace.

Or she defies him,  
bubbles upward,  
an artesian exhalation  
springs forth  
briefly released  
from gravity's unyielding grasp.  
Sometimes he can be  
such  
a drag.

### **Too Much Light**

Ever since Edison  
switched on the first bulb  
man has been at war  
with the dark.

This newly radiant orb  
sped up time,  
children in sweat shops  
labor 'round the clock,  
night studies on a fast track  
to a marquee saying,  
"open 24 hours."  
They worked all night  
under that bulb to make  
an atomic bomb.

But darkness  
is where dreams happen.  
Crickets entice the senses  
lull the mind to stasis  
where rest falls  
clean and black,  
softly pats down the day  
until sleep embraces  
the light-weary soul.

Creatures wary  
of our persistent beaming wait  
until a channel of shadow  
presents itself,  
an invisible cloak

protection from the raw  
and relentless human eye.  
Too much light  
can make you  
crazy.



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