

Here, even without a moon, we can see each other:
in a place like this,
two men, my father and this unacknowledged
son of his, can give off their own light.
In this differentiating dark, they can be recognized.

ADVICE

Be like the jellyfish that moves by taking in
and letting go. Not constant,
unlike the green pilings of the dock
that moor and bear the weight of sailors
leaving love behind.
Allow light to move through the body—
fracture the light, should it come to that—
but be aware that light and the self
are fellow travelers.
Bend around coral, do not let that once live thing
pierce your soft parts.
And sting if you must.
Be sister to Medusa and to the sea anemone
who makes the under world
believe her tentacles are blossoms:
she's saved by beauty.
Be the peony of dawn and sunset sky, not plucked
by any hand yet floating
in this larger bowl at noon:
be like the jellyfish that encompasses memory
and knowledge both
but who knows and who remembers nothing.