

“Hello” she sang, her voice loud and proud,
“My name is Nida and I come from the Land of Cnidaria.”

“I am a girl from Brooklyn,” I stammered.

“Are you a HUMAN girl?” she asked.

“Of Course!” I laughed.

“Then take my hand
And hold your breath,
We’ll dive inside
The ocean’s depth.

King Coral’s sick,
He’s fallen ill,
He’s bleaching out,
And weak’ning still.

He needs your help,
He’s fading fast.
A human child,
I found at last!”

Whip, Wiz, Whirl, Kerplunk,
Splish, Splash, down we sunk
The air bubbles rose,
And tickled my toes

My hand firm in hers,
The sights we did see!
A clown fish who juggled,
A goat fish who snuggled!

Then suddenly, Flash!
Right before our own eyes,
Pulsed the strangest of creatures,
With porous pink features.

“Who are you and why are you upside down?” I excitedly asked.

“And can you please tell us the way to King Coral, Great Brain of the Sea?” Nida added.

Porous				We
and				are a
pink				mess
we				and
upside			Tiny	we
down			spots of	like
jellies		Orange	algae	it
are	In	sunset	hide	this
quite	this	bells	in little	way,
content	porous	bounce	fleshy	A tan-
with	puddle	and	fingers	gled
our	of pinkish	breathe	and	up
bells	delight	while we	they	catas-
to the	our	weave	drink	trophe,
ground	bodies	interlacing	sunshine	an
and our	pulsate	complex	hungrily	
interlaced				
tangled	rhythmically	patterning	and	insanity,
tentacles	although	on muddy	bask	a pulsing
floating	we have	ocean	in it's	pink
upwards	no heart	floor	light	parade!

Oh! and we have no sense of direction at all with our bells to the ground and our fine fraying fingers floating upwards it seems the sky is below and the floor is above and East faces West faces South right is left. So do not ask an upside down jelly for directions for you will end up in Alaska when you are trying to find India! But since you insist, to find the Great King, take a left right southeast upwards north floating west. This will all make a lot more sense if you stand on your head. Porous and pink we upside down jellies are quite content with our bells to the ground and our tangled tentacles floating upwards.