

Ode to a jelly

Jan 2011 by Ben Palmer Fry (all rights reserved)

Written at the cottage, inspired by 'Seagull o' Seagull' by Thea Gormley

Best set and sung to an um-pah-pah beat

Jelly o Jelly o whither do you quive?
Your motion in water's so hard to describe,
Are you wafting or floating or pulsing a beat,
Inventing a verb is kind of a cheat.

I see you sadly washed up on the shore,
Now why would you do that was life such a bore?
Or did the gods wash you there away from your kin?
I'm sure such an act is a cardinal sin.

At nightfall, in life, you rise from the deep,
You drift in the currents while other fish sleep,
And you look at the moon and wonder "how come?
A jelly so big replaces the sun?"

In mankind you evoke both danger and awe,
Providing the subject of legends and lore,
Your cousins are puddings with whom you don't talk,
The essence of jelly needs more than a fork.

The turtles they love a soft and treat,
How noble to give yourself unto their feet,
But the others still fear you with your painful sting,
Amongst the invertebrates you are a king.