

## Jellyfish

Jamison Spencer

“I met this kid on the beach who got shot in the head, and he’s not bullshitting either. He’s got the scar to prove it, a vicious pink groove through the hairline, a bright bald streak of angry baby flesh. He said it was a .22 and told me who shot him and everything, but the name meant nothing to me and he didn’t explain the why. Him and his friend hooked me up with a forty dollar sack of really decent midgrade and we just got stoned and walked around the seedy downtown streets, chatting up all the cute girls in their fresh fitting bikinis.”

She just laughs at that.

Above us, kids jump from the pier, cocky and brave and alive, their pale round bellies outthrust, hungry for sunlight. They seem to hang suspended, defying gravity, before falling down and down and crashing into the surf below. I pull my legs out of the water but she leaves hers in as the jellyfish, grey like sand but filled with a bright runny egg yolk yellow, floats by her, close, but for now at least, safely out of reach.