

# An Undersea Jellyfish

by *DS Maolalai*

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outside the porthole,  
when they turn down the cabin  
to footpath emergency  
lights, then – there is dublin,  
a smear on the landscape,  
spread out and glistening  
like a sample of microbial  
cultures. it lies on the world,  
extruding its thick threads  
of motorway, joining as liquid  
these isolate dismal  
commuter-filled towns  
with the centre, an undersea jelly-  
fish's poisonous light. it's a clear 10pm –  
we'll touch down in an hour  
in london. I move my legs gently  
and open my book,  
feel the clay of portmarnock  
full of living life under my cushion.