

Scientific Name: Aurelia Aurita
By Fallon Rabin

The currents are strong today,
With a crispy chill.
I sense a great deal of change,
As I drift near the krill.

Brine shrimp creeps by,
Looking tastier than ever,
I sneak up and SNATCH!
I feel satisfied.

Only then did I notice their numbers declined;
Last I was here, there were thousands,
But now only a dozen to find.

There's a change in these waters;
I sense it,
A sensation I have never felt before.

I worry for next season,
Because all that will be left,
Is an ocean of pollution.

Oh no, a sea turtle approaches,
I try to remain calm,
But I fear I will be lunch.
He's getting closer...
Phew, he took another. Crunch!

My that sea turtle's behavior is odd!
Why would he choose a plastic bag indeed,
Over a scrumptious jelly like me?
I thought I was the food that he needs.

I could feel him thrashing in the wake,
To suffocate and break.
Now he lies at the bottom unawake,
His innocent mistake.

The current is getting intense,
As the wind picks up and spreads,
My tentacles are tangled.

I can feel the nearby surge,

Pulsing with an alarming urge.
A place once full of beautiful healthy creatures,
Has become dark with diminished features.

Toxic black fluid flows,
It's now thick and slow;
Lost in this foreign gift,
With no place else to go.

Immense pressure is paralyzing,
Swallowed by the darkness, far from the beach.
The surface terrifyingly out of reach,
I sink.

Forever, gone.