

A Toast to the Lion's Mane

By Regina Stinson

Floating about the pellucid pool on a beautiful summer's day
A jellyfish dined on plankton and fish and other such suitable prey
Ever so slowly the huge creature pulsated without a single care
Its flowing tentacles, silver and gold, like a lion's lustrous hair
Suddenly, some strangely-shaped being disrupted the jelly's feast
Disturbed and frightened, the animal stirred to avoid this dreadful beast
The pool was small and the jellyfish large, its tentacles sticky and long
Found their way to the fellow's back with a sting that was painful and strong
It languished about while the fellow got out of the water with ardent intent
The poor jellyfish had done nothing amiss, just followed its natural bent
In haste did the master cause its disaster, striking with frenzy-like mania.
The true victim in this, was plainly the fish, let us cheer capillata, cyanea!

(This was given at an Illustrious Clients of Indianapolis meeting, date unknown.)