

VERONICA KORNBERG

Flirtation, with Moon Jellyfish

That golden gob in the sand.
“The moon’s ectoplasm,” you say,
“or wait—Neptune’s loogie.”
Our pleasure is like that, pelagic,
with no brain particularly, just a frilly
ruffle at the base and gemmed
light filling the globe.
I love the way you tease
the string of a kite with one hand
while palming my thigh with the other. Beyond us,
the hypnotized sea
is shifting its great heft
as the moon commands. I spiral
an orange with a sharp knife,
arrange the peel into an empty sphere.
“For your dining pleasure,” I say,
“a small sunset.” An O housed within dimpled skin.
Bright tiger burp
released from the surface of a rusted anchor we cut long
ago and abandoned
to the bottom, never buried.

Veronica Kornberg is a poet based in the town of Pescadero, on the Central Coast of California. She is the winner of the 2018 Morton Marcus Poetry Contest and her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Salamander*, *Radar Poetry*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Whale Road Review*, *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*, *Catamaran Literary Reader*, and other journals. She is currently at work on her first book of poems.

STEVE EMERY

Fragile Spheres, 2016
Acrylic on hot-press watercolor paper, 20 x 20 in



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