

SCOTT WITHIAM

Wedding Reception at the Aquarium

An enormous jellyfish contained in a pillar-shaped—
some might call cone-shaped—tank. Others just *tank*.
I loved pillars or columns and you. Still do. But on our way
out, hovering at the entrance—different than the one
we came in—I preferred geometry to architecture,
space to be determined rather than filled in, though I was more
like *it*. The tank lighted from the bottom, less to
see under than through the protoplasm to the nerve.
It collapsed to propel up, the only way
up, and then relaxed as close to fluid as could be
without wholly dissolving. Floated down
like a wedding gown or an eye.