

Perseverance

Translucent Will

In tanks of blue, where quiet glows are found,
The jellyfish pulse slowly, round and round.
Without a strong backbone to help them steer,
They keep on going, year after year.

They never quit although the way is slow,
A gentle beat will tell them where to go.
If currents push and try to make them fall,
They simply pulse again and give their all.

With endless rhythm, never growing tired,
They press ahead by effort softly wired.
Each gentle throb, a promise to advance,
A steady, bright and persevering trance.

So when I see their patient, drifting dance,
I learn the value of another chance.
To not give up, to always try anew,
Just like a jellyfish, so soft and true.