

anura

by Kitty Boots

no bass tones from the spring in back of the house
yet
no meaty legs propelling themselves into the water with a plunk
no jelly-like rafts floating on the water's surface
no tadpoles

not yet, it's early

still too early to dodge leaping bodies on misty roads at night
red eyes in the headlights

or to look up, when weeding the garden
lost in thought and music of a different era
pounding in your head, worming through your ears
and see

a bright green body, white throat, big sticky toes
friendly

a sign of rain? another child?
some sleep with them under their pillow
others recoil in fear

ribbit

