

An Abundance of Frogs

Perhaps
the shadow across the lawn
would allude you
to some sort of conclusion
following the scattered popsicle sticks
around the maple tree
and back to my house where
the Piggywig stood
with a ring on the end of his nose?
Or maybe the flight of the robin
weaving spirals in the sky
will point out the braches where
the two monkeys chortled
and shorts got stuck
on dull stubs
and laughter echoed for days?
Maybe the sprinkled breadcrumbs
with hints of peanut butter and
grape jelly, trailing into the forest
with no acknowledgement of the geese
and the caterpillar and the buck,
bounding away at the loudness,
and apple juice spilled on the dead ground?
But there was an abundance of frogs
 of frogs,
 of frogs,
but there was an abundance of frogs.