

# 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

