

staring down the old frog...

will you pant for breath as your awkwardly ugly leaps show signs of age.

the old frog stares me down...

will you dribble urine and miss me as your stream weakens with age.

this is not another time.

this is not another place.

we realize what we are doing and what is coming.

no silence.

no cooperation.

the hostility grudges around the edge of a moon filled with

revenge nights of raw croaking

dueling with water pumps emptying the pond

everything taking on life with its intense meanings

surrounded by the illuminating sex sparkles of fireflies

in the here of the now.

the work of the devil is at hand.

i cannot fall asleep beside my wife

because of the misplaced muddy lump frog chirping

that cannot own the pure wet territory

of unnatural amphibian love

and his moist amphibian lovers.

but we have missed the point

land developers promising a gated paradise

home builders building high ceiling houses with picture windows

big car real estate agents dressing as success

selling it in broad daylight.

calming view of floating ducks in and out of aquatic plants.

weeping willows with their feather veined branches of cascading serenity.

dragonflies.

damsel flies.

songbird serenades.

a well managed and manicured reality in a spiritually warming sun.

but nightfall creates a brutal interspecies dimensional war  
with all its unpromoted features...

who could have known

that satan would live in the subdivision

and be the recreation director.

the hidden hand.

wf.h.

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