

A Frog Poem

I

Poem-hope in a glass jar:
a throbbing pickle with a pale, sweating stomach.

II

Thumb-sized creature,
rubber fingers splayed against glass.

III

Its black eyes crackled as I looked at it,
agitated green heart.

IV

I let the thing go; it hopped away.
This poem came the next day.

CLIFFORD MORGAN