

## 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.