

# Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

## FROGS

The storm broke, and it rained,  
And water rose in the pool,  
And frogs hopped into the gutter,

With their skins of yellow and green,  
And just their eyes shining above the surface  
Of the warm solution of slime.

At night, when fire flies trace  
Light-lines between the trees and flowers  
Exhaling perfume,

The frogs speak to each other  
In rhythm. The sound is monstrous,  
But their voices are filled with satisfaction.

In the city I pine for the country;  
In the country I long for conversation—  
Our happy croaking.

Louis Simpson (1923-2012)



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*Kayla Beehler, designer*