

KNEEDEEP

Green you hop onto my rock,
Sad I dozed, but now I waken
To confront your eyes that mock:
"Pardon, has this seat been taken?"

Frog, you croak at cloudy skies
With your knees stuck in your armpits.
As the echo of it dies,
Other frogs pick up their trumpets.

Free you offer evening song
To a crowd of one. I tarry
As the humor of your pose
Shifts my mood from sad to merry.

-By Suzanne Rice, Stoughton, WI

NOTE: This poem was printed in the December 2020 Yahara Senior news.