

frogs

she caught me
off guard
when I came home
I didn't know
she had the frogs
laid out on the table

if you keep
this up, I said, every frog in the pond
will lie decaying
here – the pond
won't be the same

she said she needed
time to figure things out –
to see if these are the frogs
she wanted living
outside our bedroom window –
and I should ask myself
the same question

and we go on like this
everyday I watch her
pull frogs out of our pond
to cut and peel open flaps
of skin exposing their brains
and hearts to the air

and sometimes I find myself
helping – I can hardly believe
I help – pinning their skin
to cardboard slabs – probing

inside of them with a needle
or slub of a finger
to see what makes them
kick or twitch or shit

from *blue crow*