

# TIM WEST

## We Are Rubber Frogs

The world is full of towering mean girls  
and disconnected cool kids  
frozen in the tall grass waiting to hold  
Bic lighters to our delicate under-  
bellies, pale and smooth,  
or stomp down on our thin skins.  
It makes you scream  
the way people try to reach out  
and touch with fire and boot soles —  
embraces that leave us burnt,  
bruised and haunted forever,  
lacing our plasmic poetry  
with scar tissue and the withered  
rubber of chewed feet  
as we try to hop past their thick legs  
and into the pockets of our protectors,  
where we can safely watch  
the world that loves us so much  
that it never eases our pain.