

**How, in the
Season's
First Snowfall,
Frog
Came to Leave
His Pond
in Quest
of the Sea**

Voices like a wounded language— like pins
 Of ice in trees they pricked into his skull
 As the pond's edge froze; that sunset, the bay's thin
 Necklace of tides shimmered, until snow fell;
 It whipped into him; it made our bones ache;

And as I listened, each voice seemed as lost:

“ . . . It begins
 Like a scythe that cuts
 From the swath
 That is her flesh
 To remake us. . . ”

“ . . . There is a sound
 That whispers
 That empties
 Like waterfalls
 It begins. . . ”

“ . . . The sea makes
 Her healing loosened
 From a shell of sighs
 Surrendering. . . ”

Frog heard the voices rise

Like mists of breath on cold days surrounding
 him, as tides fingered the marsh grass like a lyre,
 As he set out to make the sea his lover.

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