

VISITED BY FROGS

Three frogs appeared
by the side of our house
next to the woodpile.
My brothers and I watched them.
They were motionless.

The first blanket of snow
covered them, this small family
of frogs. They moved under the wood
and found themselves in the company
of spiders.

We let the cat out one morning
and she came back with a frozen frog
hanging from her mouth.

On Christmas day
my brothers and I went out
and had a snowball fight.
I saw frog tracks in the snow
ending in the middle of the yard.

We put their ice-cold bodies
in a milk bag
and threw it in the trash.