

Fishing
Dead
Frogs
Out of
My
In-Law's
Pool

Bloated, they float
or collect in filters between
browned pine needles
and knotted leaves.
Soggy and mottled
as rotten grapes,
I fish out the poor things
before the kids plunge
in sunbaked floaties—
frolic open-mouthed
and swallow one whole.
How does it feel
to feel that trapped?
They must leap in, thinking:
Water. I've got this.
Only to find themselves
chlorine-sick, sunk
beneath the lip, limp-
bodied and drifting
in the kingdom of light.

