



Leapfrog

Elie Heile



cattail cotton and leapfrog legs
and the only joy we remember from when we
were kids
was to sing the song of scraped knees and
seesaws.
callused feet inhabit red tongued slides
and become little tadpoles in the puddle
below.
jump-leap over each other and end up in the
mud;
an amphibious misfortune. tiny little heart-
throats pulse
to the tune of my little playmate
and rainwater sends cold tracks down legs.
leapfrog thunder and startled croaks and dive
for cover.
little frogs leave footprints across
darkening concrete
towards each other, towards the home they
know best.

oh, if i could relive life with you,
i would do it in a heartbeat-legleap.