

# BULLFROGS

*Dave Seter*

Maybe tree roots grew knots in our backs  
as we slept. Whatever the reason, we both woke up.  
In the middle of the night, despite the cold,  
we quit the tent and got drunk first shot  
on the Milky Way spilling its light.  
Sleepy staggering, staggered,  
we stood open-mouthed far away from the city.  
Back home we tried to obliterate night  
with fistfuls of light thrown back at the sky.  
But camping in the dark, our senses heightened,  
what had woken us was the call of bullfrogs.  
We followed the sound, towards the pond,  
the distance between us and enlightenment  
seeming to close. Each step seemed to float.  
In that setting, who could care about what was petty  
and industrial? That moment devastates me still.  
We knew then and there beauty could not be owned  
only borrowed, our mouths gaping like those  
of the bullfrogs but making no sound of our own.