

Spring 1979

Again

Mark Rubin

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AGAIN

I had no delusions frogs
were more than frogs.
Standing in the green light
they gave, how beautiful,
their subarcticular pads. I knew

they held back
one word, and know
we die one word too soon.
One sound waves into another.
I don't know where it ends though

I believe in Ohio, two lives move
close to what they hear.
What one thinks, the other sighs
how one frog will dive and not come up.

Watching where they've gone,
I brush the water after them.
Here is the one who believed
he was no better than this dreams,
and dreamed of tugboats, the man
on deck staring in the water
where the water moves on the other side,
the face imagined, the face inside.

Here he is again. The one who became
what he loved, and loved so far beyond himself
there were no words to contain it,
how simple, the tympanic membrane.