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Stepping Out

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STEPPING OUT

At night, *o-op, o-op*.

The way they called meant the rocks
and tree limbs had lost their names.
The way they wanted to smile
but could not,
there was something about bullfrogs
that made the grass sing,
if you cannot live with sadness,
it will live with you.

Father, low branches sweep
the water we threw coins in.
They silver, like names
you've named your life.

I am tired, and want to take in,
as water takes in night
losses of private moons.

What am I to do?
If I wait once by the Dutch Elm,
I wait twice for you.

When the moons overcome you,
blessed are they who see
the eyes of carps as dimes. Frogs
this side of music sing softly in reach.
They'll not let you be alone.