

Summer

Waves of heat permeate the soaked grass as the boy croaks,
catching frogs in flooded acres. He jumps through tall blades
belching ribbits and sledging through the marshy swamp.

He swoops frogs and hides them in his cargo pocket. A dog barks,
tied up near the cobblestone well, chain links grind against the rock
while the tire swing whistles, waiting for the next ride.

The swing is gone. The dog has since then passed, but
the smell of mud reminds him of summers when he was a boy.
He can still hear the frogs when he visits, taking escapes from

the city. From a place where sirens sound like church bells, and
children should be supervised. Amber Alerts remind him
those moments in the mud have ended. Always watching,

Its trips to the reptile store. Its art lessons and day care.