

METAMORPHOSIS: A Tadpole's Tale

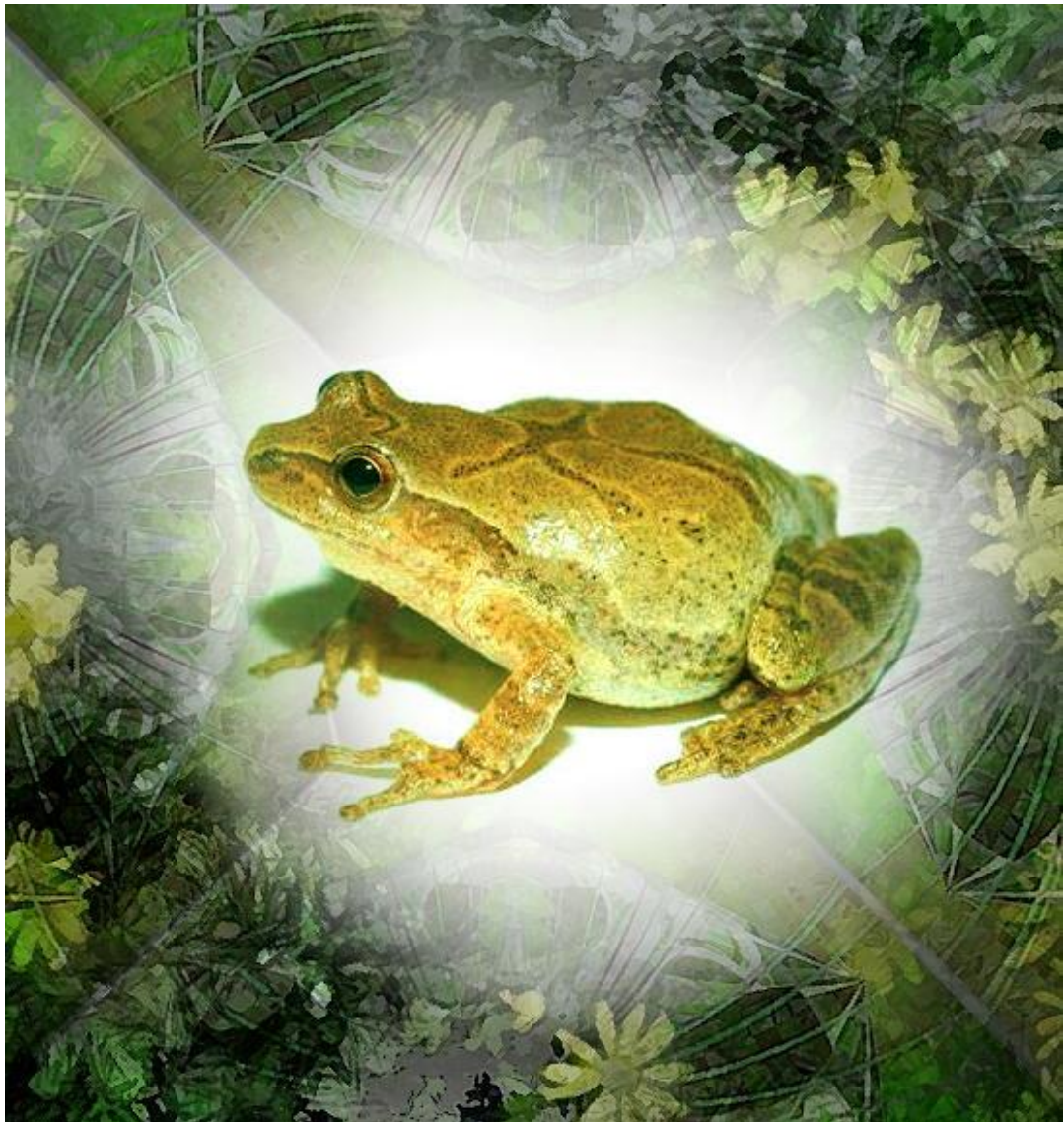
i was born with spring
& began as a pulsating embryo
under a maple leaf

wriggling my tail by blind instinct
i emerged from a translucent sack
swimming towards clumps of reeds

soon i became an insatiable mouth
a propeller searching for clumps of algae
mosquitoes & aquatic plants

my world was dangerous
& exciting
& many siblings were devoured
by birds or bass

as summer came my tail shrank
& fins shriveled away
one morning
my head rose above water
& i climbed onto a lily
then croaked –
" being a friggin' frog is great!"



Soo: This is non-sense.

Ellisha: That's fine. The world needs more of that. We should live lightly & not take ourselves seriously.

Andrzi: Actually, this poem makes me wanna croak.

Julzs: Why?

Andrzi: Don't too many people live like frogs already?

- T Newfields

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