Furnishing the Frog Cosmos

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Earth-jam of a mulched garden—foxglove and roses beneath the statue who trickles water from her jug to the pond. Frogs on the lily pads couple aloofly, another threading of eggs among the algae.

And why shouldn't offspring of a given moment be considered kin, whatever it takes to link lives among the blossoms?

All these squiggly scribbles in water, the young translucent ones preparing for the planet, for big leaps through the concentric circles of slime. Not far from here in the woods, the discarded clothes of childhood are buried—softened shoes, the woolens and denims.

An owl dives for the red-headed woman as she weeds the small plot. Her fickle mane is something that bird wants, sweaters clumped underground with the winged mittens. In a heartbeat, the woman rises, out of synch with the concrete maiden who pours water endlessly for the frogs. One by one the stories diminish. Particle light and cracked radiance, an outgrown body of clothing in the dirt.