

## **The Frogs' Role in All of This**

Rain's stopped.

Clouds move on.

Sun shines.

Wildflowers bloom.

And the grass is as green and lush  
as a mint-full of new bank notes.

But it's the croak of the frogs  
that gets my attention.  
A thousand or more throats  
plucked like untuned banjo strings.  
Their chorus is unrelenting  
in its tone, its volume.

So what does their song celebrate?  
Rain or sun or flower or grass?  
All of these or none of these?  
Does it even matter?  
With such strident, assured messengers,  
who needs a message?

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