# Bufo Bufo

Swallower of those who rot.

You’re rudely ripe yourself,

pond princess. Lummocker

in a kingdom of mud. Achtung!

At the invasion of boots,

abdicate throne for moat —

eye snapping elastic, white fat

sweats down your ballooned rump

you're hidden flat: pebbledashed,

stone-clumped. Army green

wriggling over the reeds.

At dinner, your croak roars

through a trombone trunk,

soft mouth agape, wide

as a tent, camping for flies.

At day’s end, a whole swarm

sings in the back of your throat.

Little grave god, do the Olmec

have it right? You greet us

at death’s gates to eat

our skin, so we’re born anew?

I’ve seen you weave your spawn ⁠

into pond glass, a beaded silver

necklace — glimmering with life.

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