

PARABLE OF THE TALONS

Lee Slonimsky

Voluptuous, the bask of Madame Frog
on sunsplashed lilies. So green a June
that breezes tint, and now a throbbing moan
from glossy suitor.

Lord of nearby bog,
the season's stirred him to audacity.

There's haughtiness in her lack of response,
and then a rival rises, lusty pulse
revealed in bulging eyes, croaks' alacrity;
males spy each other, feint aggressively;
Madame becomes demure behind a stone.

A war now looms, the victor to be alone
with bashful lady in a realm of gleam;
so often though, things are not what they seem.
Fate intervenes: what taloned delicacies
sweet frogs make when they've loved too recklessly.

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