

## The Frog

You wanted to open the pool  
You filled my head with images of starry nights, and fireflies  
We made plans.

You left before we could see the bottom  
Left it unfinished, unclear, just like your explanations  
There was meant to be more to us.

I still sit beside it,  
Murky and neglected  
Foreboding yet pathetic  
Both me and the pool.

Yet now I am mocked  
A low, guttural noise resonates night and day  
A reminder of the failure.

The frog won't sit still  
He travels between steps and rocks  
Leaf piles and bushes  
Bellowing to remind me.

Remind me that I got too comfortable  
Felt too safe, became too sure  
Waiting for our perfect summer nights.

The frog remains  
Elusive, yet omnipresent  
Cruel and persistent  
This isn't how it was supposed to be.