

FIELD TRIP

Pamela Schmid

The day we netted a tadpole
from leaf brack and learned that frogs
soak up the world's tears,
you fashioned a dragonfly
from a coffee filter and magic
marker; twice folded, dipped in water,
it purpled and blued as mud still clung
to our soles and we waited for colors
to bleed upward, like tie-dyed stars.
When you asked me to twist on the pipe
cleaner antennae, I obeyed—even though
I thought *we could start something here*,
thought *you can, not me*—but I
wanted to see this one thing through.
This was the week we sold the only
house you ever knew, the week
before those four letters—A-D-H-D—
would arrive on crisp white paper
and lock in the puzzle's last piece.
Brain fog sinks ships and I sing
to keep you near. My froglet, I can see
how the stubs at your side have sturdied
into legs, the apoptosis of your fine
unnecessary tail, how Pisces floats
inside you—celestial seabreath—
starpoints too slick to grasp?