

Frog Passed On

Julian Bishop

spatchcocked on pond-rot, afloat
on a sunken waterbed of leaf-fall.

For too long I ignore what's hidden
beneath the pond's rotten boards,

bloated ghost lifted by the leaves'
strange helium, body ballooning

halfway between sky and water.
At sunset, the garden tomb glows

like a drowned moonstone, exposing
the shallow nature of artificial liners.

Since a frog's body flows with blood
like antifreeze, I give the corpse another

week to roll away the obstinate rock
anchoring it to the bottom of the pond.

There's no miracle, the frog stays still
as the last pickled olive in jar of brine.

I fish it out, say goodbye: a bin-bag
committal, echo of dust and ashes.