

frogism

when we were fat
& that was full,
at eleven years
with objective,
& jelly,
& every biscuit,
just sugar
& molasses
& butter
after Saturdays that
were rainy,
the frogs
would pop up
& sit
on top of rocks,
in the drippings
& we would,
in our sugar high,
drag the shovels
from the mower shed
& sneak up
on the frogs
& beat them
flat until the
metal had gone
through the frog
& was only
hitting rock,
it'd be that
certain racket
that drove
Momma mad,
but she'd say, "oh
boys are
being boys," &
that Christmas
is when Daddy
bought
us guns,

Thomas Kristopher is an emerging poet and playwright. Reared in the Deep South, he is currently living in the Midwest. Most of his works are centered on the psychological debate of religious dogma versus free will, and human sexuality versus indoctrinated spirituality.