

Turtles and Frogs and Little Tadpoles

Turtles and frogs, and little tadpoles
Tracks in the mud and a lost feather
from some old bird lying there.
It's a peaceful spot, here in the shade
Under the limbs of an old beech tree.

Turtles and frogs, and little tadpoles
The smell of honeysuckle is in the air;
The day is warm, clouds are puffy.
The locust sings, and the old crow caws,
While June bugs buzz around a tree.

Turtles and frogs, and little tadpoles
I come to this place often now;
It used to be seldom that I did.
Many things have happened, and many
Are the things that I could have done.

Turtles and frogs, and little tadpoles
Skittering minnows, waterdogs too.
An old Blue heron flaps slowly by,
Ignoring all as if to say to one and all,
What are you doing out in the sun?

Turtles and frogs, and little tadpoles
The splash of a playful fish disturbs
the calmness of the pond and then
Everything settles down into a quiet.
Only a moment, for soon I must run.

Turtles and frogs, and little tadpoles
Tracks in the mud and the smell of hay
Fills the air as the cows next door
Head for the barn at the end of the day,
And fireflies begin their mating dance.

Turtles and frogs, and little tadpoles
Honeysuckles vines and muscadines
Hang heavy on the vine, waiting for
The picking, making into jelly and wine.
What fool thinks this all is by chance?

Turtles and Frogs, © Leonard Yarbrough 2010