

*Norman Buchwald*

### **Tongues in Earth**

In soft mud, frogs sleep all winter while  
clouds, bruised by sharp winds, surprise  
the earth with lightning. Below, red lava  
cuts through rocks while unaware and asleep,  
the frogs remain in their cool bed.

Burned by smoke, their eyes open and throats  
burst as soil lifts them into air, scattering  
into shadows, thick in the mist. Spring  
arrives, and in red clay, traces of tongues  
sprout upwards towards the sky.