Frog

the frog stopped singing when you left

i know back there in reality

that’s a coincidence and means nothing

but this isn’t reality

this is poetry

and there are no coincidences

here, god exists because we say it does

and no amount of logic can change that

faith and belief are for losers

i don’t need them – i have imagination

and here, where i spend part of every day,

when the frog stops singing

it’s because he is the echo of my sadness

because he can sense the change in the air

when it is not moved by your lungs

because the shock in the energy field

is the loon-lonely note of a scale

dropping from a dragon’s back

when the frog stops singing

it is because he is me