**Purple Frogs**

*June 5, 2013*

Red polliwogs.

Turn Ones head on Life's trail.

Tell One to heed each moments spectacle.

Harken to the whisper of the wind.

Then. Comprehend.

Each mystery that drifts as mystic as unread unopened mail.

As so do green Dogs.

Clothed in Orange Togs.

So startle without fail.

Especially when they wag with glee.

At once a dozen Tails.

Yet say I.

None beats the cry.

Of wonder what erupts.

When Sun no longer casts its Golden Spell.

As cross the Darken Sky.

Soars Covey of a thousand thousand whiring thousand pound geese or Bobwhite quail. Each pursued by soaring blue.

Elephants who.

Sing a tune of Fair Thee Well.

What flap their ears to fly.

Astide each rainbow pilots in polka dots composed.

Of a healthy crossbreed.

Indeed. If One might suppose.

Such as those. Could exist.

Rare delicious mix.

Of Chesapeak and Bischon Pups.

Yet no sight dawn break morn noon tea time dusk grey night or

Wash of pale moonlight. May approach nor rival nor compare.

To that my Spirit Heart Soul Eyes taste see.

Beyond the Rare of Rare.

The Vision Thy doth grant to One as Me.

What lives and dances where.

Inside Private Chamber of my Mind so sure safe secure resides.

Give thanks You grant your Love.

I know your Trust.

I find and hold You There.