

## Curmudgeon

**Carol Harvey Steski**

Half-submerged in the algae sluice  
like a greasy green egg, sunny side  
greeting the day with a grudge,  
this bullfrog is thick  
as a grown man's fist

and tony-soprano-tough.  
His whole body's an open mouth  
flipped inside out. All day he waits,  
self-basting and belching glottal stops  
uncontested: a drunkard's dream.

He lives in a perennial meat-sweat.  
Only moves as extreme need arises  
and then, at a rubber-snail's pace,  
fat elastic-band joints  
and beefy limbs yawning.

Even when that ancient urge stirs  
wet in down-below folds  
he just lays right back and snaps  
a band of fingers to summon  
his infinity from the reeds.