

with which I consumed
a thousand communions. That liquor
was almost never worth drinking,

but I was taught to try
everything, at least once.
Which is impossible, of course, and necessary,

if we want to leave
our old forms behind—
metamorphosed, like the frogs

who lived in the slough behind my old apartment.
They sang so loud during storms
you couldn't hear the rain.

You could almost believe
it was their voices falling over you,
filling your clothes, your hair.

Someone better make sure
the stove is off. Someone better check
the pantry and make sure

if God shows up on Sunday
we'll have enough glasses
to hold him.