Grandpa’s Foresight
by Kevin Anderson

Past the gate and across the hay field
grandpa’s got a ditch,
runs by the east property line, uses it for irrigation.
Cattle use it for drinkin’.
I use it for the frogs.

When a neighbor down stream
has the water rights, I cross the gate, walk to the ditch
and leave my responsibilities at the A-frame.
Leopard frogs laze in the grasses on the shore,
Walking along the banks spooks ‘em to the water’s safety.
Grandpa’d say “That’s when ya see ‘em,
if you’re fast enough.”
When we were fast enough
my sister and I would haul ‘em back to the farm house
and keep ‘em in grandma’s old sour cream containers.

One time I go walking back to the farm house,
frog in hand, grin big as a ten gallon hat.
Grandpa draws me up, says
“Did you shut the gate this time?”
I stand there lookin dumb as a mule.
As the frog slips away Grandpa says
“Hope you catch Holsteins good as frogs.”