

How beautiful it must be,  
to be a fragile, miniscule frog  
at nightfall,  
gazing up at stars and sky.  
Observing the moon's silvery glow,  
Its graceful lope across the wide leaves of the paper-like forest.  
The forest, barely one of words, is a poem awaiting its voyage  
onto fresh, blank paper, longing, craving to become something new,  
as the frog stares, not menacingly, but in a dainty, gentle way.  
A way nearly as small and arcane as the frog itself,  
unbeknownst to the busy, rushed lives of humans.  
Here, a frog sits in its latibule of comfort  
watching the ripe mangoes be kissed by the sun  
watching the stars fade away, as if smothered in a blanket.  
As its round, porcelain eyes spot a small insect, it starts to leap,  
A tremendous, secretive leap, one that may never be seen again.  
A mighty leap, one that does not fit the size of the frog,  
more suited for a galloping noble steed of a knight  
behind a mask of shiny silver armor.  
Chasing the insect through dark green leaves,  
spotted with glimmering droplets of dew,  
the frog abruptly changes its route,  
stopping at the tip of an emerald green leaf,  
with sharp white stripes jutting from its center,  
the insides fading to a medium olive green, a natural gradient.

Now, there the frog sits, unmovable as a gigantic boulder.

How beautiful it must be,

To be a fragile, miniscule frog

Untouched by humanity,

Watching the world go by.