

While we slept

they must have dragged themselves
along dark channels rutting mud
their swollen bodies carving grooves
through cool ooze. Leathered skin forced apart
tight marsh grasses and clumps of fern
to find high jinks and kerfuffle
under the moonless sky,
the slop and tickle of pond-play
in a thick broth of spring slime
where lovers were waiting to swell to the rhythm
that insists this is the time.

He would have waited, beadily,
an old pro with nothing left to prove,
confident his call would be answered,
that there would be takers for his mottled sack
stuffed with gene juice
and randy again for the next round of the old game.
Last night must have been a threesome at least,
mounting and being mounted.
Spawn slithered implausibly
from its small distended source.
Seed spurted blindly in the blind dark,
foam boiled over into jellied mounds
as the cup flowed, on and on.

And this morning we marvel
at the sheer volume of the stuff
piled there amongst the reeds
like left-over tapioca
but each bubble pregnant with a wriggling pupil
primed to do it all again.