

Frog Legs

ROBERT SAMAROTTO

They lie on my plate
like dismembered Barbie Dolls.

I pull one apart
and begin nibbling at the
flexor brevis superficialis
up along the tarsalis.

Here I bare my teeth
and with a little growl
attack the glutaesus magnus

all the time thinking of Inger Eklund
those long shapely legs next to mine
as we leaned over a dissecting table
in Sewanhaka High School;
Inger, my formaldehyde sweetheart.

I think of amphibian courtship maneuvers
of nuptial excrescences
of Inger and I in amplexic positions
I think about the unbroken record
of a pair of Andean anurans
who remained love-locked
one hundred and twenty-five days!

I think of oviposition sites
of Inger flexing her rectus femoris
as she reaches for a scalpel
of Inger leaning forward
her vastus lateralis brushing mine
as we explore the dark cavity.

I want to buy a green suit
grow webbing between my toes
return to the swamp of teenage lust
sit on a stump singing green songs
until Inger comes to her senses
and leaps from the shadows of lily pads
to carry me off muscle by muscle
to the paradise of her cephalic embrace.