

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/1

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Frogs and the Boston Strangler

I'm at work at my desk
finishing up a poem
about frogs (everything
in my life ends up in a poem
one way or another
it's sad yes
but what can you do?)
when one of my co-workers
sticks his shiny bald head
into my office and says
"hey I heard this great joke
on TV last night about a frog. . ."
of course I'm stunned by the coincidence
but can't say anything about it
because nobody at work knows
I'm a poet when I'm not at work
like the Boston Strangler was a strangler
when he wasn't driving a cab.

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On the Beach

1

You'd never know Mother Nature was squalling
if you were on the beach watching
the young blonde in the blue bikini on her stomach
floating on a yellow raft over the waves
just as peaceful, perfect and seductive as can be.

2

I bring Gertrude Stein along each summer when
we vacation on The Cape but after
one or two of her poems I get distracted
by the waves and the gulls, leave her alone again
in the beach bag beneath the big blue umbrella.

3

He surreptitiously snaps sultry pictures of a long-haired
Latina stretched out on a blanket sipping a Bud Light Lime
from a sweating can. He emails them to his buddy George
who responded with "what kind of camera do you have?"
and he knew they were now officially old men.

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**And so it is with our own past.
It is a labor in vain to attempt to recapture it.**

— *Marcel Proust*

1

Between the PSAT exams out in the hallway
she let me hold her hand
for the very first time. Don't know how
I made it through the second exam
and I've never been the same since.

2

Looking up at me holding my hand tightly
in the cool afternoon sun
at the football game telling me "Yes
I will go steady with you I will
be your girl if you still want me."

3

When she would fall asleep her pretty head
light upon my shoulder I'd concentrate
on keeping as still as a stuffed otter barely blinking
or even breathing listening
to the silence of the space all around me.