

A Grasshopper Has No Toenails

By Robin Lipinski

Clinging to the stalk of the frosty morning before the heat, she hung there full of eggs,
Waiting,
Waiting for my fingers to pluck her before she can realize she can't move.

Into an old washed peanut butter jar, she rolled from my fingers joining her friends,
Maybe even her future lover?

Some have doubt if the holes in the lid are enough air to give them,
Though with a shake, I can see they still doubt their dead.

Off now to the creek, filled with cold blooded trout,
I can hardly wait to feed them.

It is warmer now, the sun has returned to view the show,
Inside there was motion,
They were clinging again.

The hook is ready; I am ready, as are the trout,
But what about them?
Sunlight reflecting from the glass, inside there was squirming, tobacco juice, and clinging.

With a laugh, I opened it as if I was already fishing with them,
Waiting,
Waiting for my fingers to pluck her before she can fly.

One, and then another, soon there were none left,
Leaving me to wonder how it could be.

Leaving the trout hungry,
Leaving me to doubt,
Leaving them to wander, breed, and cling for another night.

The End