Pollywog: Some Lines On a Sculpture
By Margaret McLeod

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Is it more alien than I,
this barely formed thing
bent tight with futile yearning?
Does it push away from Earth,
or seek to enter?

There is no fat without a thin,
no got without a want.
Is it always a turn
about the corner
that makes the narrow wide?

What becomes of the aborted frog,
this sad pollywog,
with its head bent down
and its tail curling under?
Trapped in air,
does it kiss the surface
of its concrete pond,
and wonder at its hardness?

There is something
that it isn’t saying –
Like a comma
swollen
with its own importance,
it is holding something back.