

Polliwog

My life began in a small, watery world,
Mostly head, with a happy wriggling tail.
I swam, but not by choice.
I couldn't help it. It's my nature.
Any bully or predator
Could take me out in a single gulp.

The winds of change surprised me
Like lightning from a cloudless sky.
My tail! My tail!
Why was it shrinking?
Someone was reorganizing me!
What were these new appendages?

Why do I have new cravings, a new appetite?
Where did I get these lungs, and for what?
For screaming? For singing?
I was messed up.
Now I move with equal ease on land and water.
I laugh uproariously at my baby photos.

Did I ever look like *that*?
My mirror says, What a handsome dude.
Muscles Zeus would have envied,
A smile as wide as the Grand Canyon.
Soulful eyes that say,
Don't you just love me?