

# Silver Flash Minnows and Pickle Green Frogs

Ron Keedy

Silver flash minnows and pickle green frogs,  
Brown-eared bunnies inside hollow logs.

Off in the distance goes the velvet moss trail,  
From under the mud peeks an old rusty pail.

Crawdads swim backwards in water so clear,  
Dragonflies buzzing without any fear.

Squirrels loudly cussing perched high in the trees,  
Wildflowers nodding in the afternoon breeze.

A fast moving ripple gives bare feet a tickle,  
A snake crosses path causing neck hair to prickle.

Wade through the shallows to the big bar of sand,  
A tiny warm island detached from the land.

Sand buried toes toasted by the sun,  
Wind at your back ain't no better fun.

Kingfishers diving, catching fish in their beak,  
Fond memories always of my Sugar Creek.