

## BETS

One night I was sitting here and the song just stops. And I knew it must mean there's gators in the hood skating by giving the frogs the evil orange eyeball. And sure as shit, there he was. Twelve feet of him cruising like the Goodyear blimp riding low and slow in the moonlight. And you got the frogs with their webbed feet over the babies' mouths. Little froglings with their fingers in their ears and their eyeballs squinted shut praying not to be touched by the tail or the teeth, silent frog prayers- Save Me Frog Jesus!- but then a boa constrictor, thick as my leg- thicker- like a branchcome-to-life sliding cross the lake towards that gator. The gator could give a shit. It was stoned out of its mind on how tough it looked in the moonlight. But then the stick ducks underneath and suddenly it's coiled around the gator's belly like the fingers on a fist. Gator's trying to spin and thrash- but he was too fat, summer'd been too good and he's gasping and suddenly the frogs took up the song again- different now: SE-EEX? YE-ES! SE-E-EX? YE-ES!