Birdfoot's Grampa By Joseph Bruchac  
  
The Old Man   
must have stopped our car   
two dozen times to climb out   
and gather into his hands   
the small toads blinded   
by our lights & leaping   
like live drops of rain.  
The rain was falling,   
a mist around his white hair,   
and I kept saying,   
"You can't save them all,   
accept it, get in,   
we've got places to go."  
But, leathery hands full  
of wet brown life,   
knee deep in the summer,   
roadside grass,   
he just smiled and said,   
"They have places to go, too.”