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.”