

## Birdfoot's Grampa

### Joseph Bruchac

The old man  
must have stopped our car  
two dozen times to climb out  
and gather into his hands  
5 the small toads blinded  
by our lights and leaping,  
live drops of rain.  
The rain was falling,  
a mist about his white hair  
10 and I kept saying  
you can't save them all  
accept it, get back in  
we've got places to go.

But, leathery hands full  
15 of wet brown life,  
knee deep in the summer  
roadside grass,  
he just smiled and said  
they have places to go to  
20 too.

<http://www.nexuslearning.net/books/holt-eol2/Collection%204/Birdfoot.htm>