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## *The Frog's Tale / What Mr. Ai Didn't Learn*

J. M. R. Harrison

Joe R. Christopher

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brimfire and hailstones descending from heaven. Another said that all the financial analysts predicted the DOW to break new record lows in the coming year. Another said the price of pigs allowed farmers to

make a profit for the first time in a decade. Another said the Middle East armistice fell through. I rubbed my eyes and my throbbing temples, turned the radio off and my attention on the road.

### **The Frog's Tale**

by

J. M. R. Harrison

I ate the fragile, rice-paper page  
with the spell to reverse the enchantment,  
gagging, pretending the spiky, black runes  
were succulent spiders and flies.  
Not that I'm enamoured of this clammy form  
I was cast into by yon sorcerer drowsing  
under the willow by the pond.  
Not at all: bloated, blotchy,  
ridiculous, bulging amphibian eyes,  
graceless, bumping locomotion, that tongue . . .  
. . . but this way I can forever believe  
that when the wizard yawns and wakes,  
he would remember  
and, in mercy, would restore me,  
if only he could.

### **What Mr. Ai Didn't Learn**

by

Joe R. Christopher

When on Gethen, oh! on Gethen,  
In the oldest kemmerhouses,  
Used and used again tomorrow,  
No one being barred from using,  
Who knows what the strange diseases,  
Microbes 'dapted to the cycle--  
Dire venereal diseases,  
Feeding on the triggered rutting,  
Growing through the dormant cycle,  
Ready to be spread in kemmer:  
When on Gethen, oh! on Gethen,  
Passion overwhelms discretion.