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Lizard antics capture imagination

LIZARD

Hi Lizard!
I noticed it took you awhile this morning
To get your motor running
To scramble quickly away from things that like to
eat you.
You'd better watch it, from now on in.

Stay under that rock
Until your temperature rises
Until the sun (that was such a killer,
And is now a friend) warms the rock for you.

My, my, how things change!
I saw you snatch that locust
After you were nice and warmed by the midday
sun.
Quicker than the eye — your meal was in you.

Why don't I see you do your little dance?
You know, push-ups and all that nice, rhythmical
stuff —
Do you need the heat for that?

Well, the heat waves no longer rise from the
ground,
The mesa looks clearer, greener
(Although, Lord knows why — it hasn't rained).

My step is lighter — I have more energy,
I sleep better,
The cool air revitalizes me
As it slows you down.

No wonder you must make your adjustments —
Not so many insects available;
Like you, they come alive in the sun and quickly
retire
At dusk.

I guess you cannot take advantage of those
beautiful sunsets;
If you were to await until the last rays were in the
sky
You would be easy prey to the night-folk —
What a life! Constantly dodging the eaters.

I know you, lizard;
Now I can catch and hold you in the chilly morn-
ings
When I have found your hiding place;
I will warm your little body in my hands
For just a few moments
And set you free.

Barbara Sciacca