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16 YEARS OPENTHE LIZARD LYDIA PENDER

*The Lizard by Lydia Pender*

There on the sun-hot stone  
Why do you wait, alone  
And still, so still?  
Neck arched, head high, tense and alert, but still,  
Still as the stone?

Still is your delicate head,  
Like the head of an arrow;  
Still is your delicate throat,  
Rounded and narrow;  
Still is your delicate back,  
Patterned in silver and black,  
And bright with the burnished sheen that the gum-tips share;  
Even your delicate feet  
Are still, still as the heat,  
With a stillness alive and awake, and intensely aware.

Why do I catch my breath,  
Held by your spell?  
Listening, waiting - for what?  
Will you not tell?  
More alive in your quiet than ever the locust can be,  
Shrilling his clamorous song from the shimmering tree;  
More alive in your motionless grace, as the slow minutes die,  
Than the scurrying ants that go hurrying busily by.  
I know, if my shadow but fall by your feet on the stone,  
In the wink of an eye,  
Let me try -  
Ah!  
He's gone!