

THE LIZARD

On the hot driveway of memory a lizard is always darting into the garage's shade the cool floor like the underbelly of a stream's rock but there is no stream and the garage door rolls down when someone pushes a button and the lizard's severed blue tail becomes its own animal the whole scaled muscle writhing like an eyeless snake on asphalt then vaulting up like a mouthless trout through water there is barely blood on the other side of the door the lizard is still alive hiding beneath a bike helmet or the pile of yellow jump ropes outside the child keeps watching what remains the detached cobalt scrap flipping at her feet still shocked that the lizard leaves half of her body behind without a sound that she never circles back for what she's lost