

# Gecko

*by* Gary Hardaway

Mia looked dismayed and then perturbed  
as I retrieved the little body, pierced  
by cat teeth busily as San Sebastian  
was by arrows, with a Kleenex. Her  
“Hrrumph!” was almost audible as she turned  
to sniff behind the chifferobe for fresh  
green trophies. I flushed the gecko  
and its shroud-- the closest this far inland to  
a burial at sea that I could give  
a small thing which did no harm. I might  
have built a tiny pyre in the Weber  
grille but it is cold today, and damp.

