

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.

