

Lizard

by Tim G. Young

I'm a lizard by trade
doing my pushups at 3 am
feels pretty damn good
and the beer is still cold

Take me back, Kerouac
remember the bottle of wine we shared
couldn't tell if it was red or white
I wanted it red
That was the time you left me behind
the streets were empty except for the rain
it fell like bullets
hurt like hell
but what hurt worse
was when you were gone without a word

I thought it was a bad dream
but no such luck
I went back to my stupid job
I was counting on something but lost track
so I quit
everyone looked at me

Their looks made me feel half baked
I wandered over the hot rocks
except when I dashed to the shade
I didn't want to be eaten alive
I did more pushups.

