

# 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.

