

# The Lizard King

*by* Tim G. Young

Jim Morrison moved  
ever so slightly  
in the cold of his grave

Somehow Ray Manzarek's  
stray note  
found its way  
through the earth  
to Jim's thigh bone

In the darkness  
the bone slid down  
to nudge another

The Lizard King's  
greasy eye ball  
opened to cradle the note

The note sang like a baby  
cutting through tears  
of torment and grief

A melody crouched by the  
eye ball and crept  
inside The Lizard's mind  
where began dancing and gyrations  
unusual but for  
Jim Morrison

Then dreamed taking a shower  
with a roomful of strangers  
passing the soap

tied up with string

When the call came with the time  
to perform  
Jim recognized the funeral  
that surrounded him

He called a friend  
and won a million dollars  
sent to the  
starving children of Paris

After a while  
the opportunity to perform  
perhaps one last time  
made its offer and  
could not be ignored

The new song lifted his head  
from the dead  
and propelled him through the  
familiar, starry, strange night

Flying fast his hand  
reached out and expertly  
attached to the microphone

His sleepy voice  
pushed forward  
in each raspy bone  
of his head

A keyboard riff  
began its solemn pitch  
As Jim lifted his leg

and fell on both knees

Then the microphone  
touched his thin lips  
A screech rang out  
across France and  
danced with the bones  
in the cold of the grave  
Until by surprise  
the closed eyes of  
Pamela opened wide

In an exquisite moment  
Ray, Pamela and Jim  
shared one last cigarette

Just as the song cried  
and the  
melody died

