

The Virtues of the Patient Lizard

by Tyler Berg

Somewhere in the desert, perhaps by the roadside of some far flung and desolate highway.

There is a lizard

He is plain and green, wholly lacking in a single notable feature outside of being a small green reptile in a hostile wasteland of rugged sand and omnipresent heat

The brutish sun wanes, lengthening the little beast's shadow until he towers over the cacti and and stone formations like some inky black dinosaur from time immemorial.

He scampers to and fro beneath that dying globe of glory, pretensions of urgency if the truth is to told, and why shouldn't it be? This little lizard has nowhere he need be, he is waiting.

Waiting for a succulent insect to trundle his way so that he may gorge his lizard belly on its sublimely crunchy body.

He waits without any concern of being late, he is already where he was intended to be, all is right for our little green friend.

He waits now for the sun to rise again, that he may warm his frigid blood against the toasty surface of a stone and rejoice in it.

Of mystery and ambition this little lizard is unaware, all things transpire accordingly in the microcosm of the world wherein this reptilian resides.

He will feast and die beneath the glaring gaze of the western sky,
waiting patiently for what will come next

