

Spring Arts Festival — Horry County, South Carolina

an opposite a ballet is the chameleon —
as jagged as the “Z” in lizard,
a bright green antidote
to the esses in glissade.

at the gym a visiting troupe
casts grey pearls before us,
and I am escaped home at intermission
to regard my books
and the creature who has fled
civility of shrub,
has carried liquid green of new leaf
in his skin and poured it
over my study’s clutter.

even while tulle yet whispers
above South Carolina,
this lizard is a green gash on my desk.

against a passable pas de bourree
this lizard is his own argument.
his crimson throat inflates
only to a pheromone orchestra.

fleeing the sweat of ballerinas,
I drink
the cool impossible green of chameleon,

its eyes dancing stage left
and stage left again.

I bathe in a wilderness of lizards.

for a moment, I am free of the dance.