

# Green anole at Middleton Place

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [September 21, 2004](#) issue

As I stood, rooted, winter-locked, my hand  
outstretched in southern sun, the lizard leapt  
to the branch of my arm as if there was nothing  
at all to fear. As if I was the tree he sought,  
he rested, weightless, green as grass, pink  
throat-fan ballooning with each small breath,  
and I felt something ease inside, a sweetness  
rising, as he ran, quick as raindrops, up my trunk,  
toe pads tickling as he touched, oh so lightly, neck,  
cheek, hair, like a blessing, or a prayer.