

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.