

Billy Jones

HALF MAN HALF SKINK

skink in the pile of leaves
at the foot of the large
spider stained blank canvas
I've been staring at for years
imagining hundreds
of possible paintings

the skink runs towards me
minute eyes glinting
with intelligence
& rapport
with me
his life
the world

just a little lizard
about 3 inches long
zigzagging across dappled tiles
darting under the sofa I'm sitting on
writing about him
feeling like it's him
writing about me

10 days off 59 I listen to the wind
backing a solo songbird as I look
at a skink thinking of Charley
"Bird" Parker blowing his heroin sax
loaded with a million volts
of rapid soulfire beebop lyric
out of it riffraff funk

all this shot through me
by the eyes of a skink
flying across the speckled floor

20

LINQ