

GOOSEBERRY PICKERS

Head cocked in caricature
And blinking property,
The banded big young lizard
In the ripening gooseberry bush
Stood stock-still when I stopped picking.

Only then, when his brown root
Invisible rustle
In the green bush gizzard ceased
With my marauding fingers,
Had I noticed his tenancy.

My picking pause disclosed his own
Furtively in accord,
And fruitless under the gooseberry's cape
Once I, with my landlord's head, bent
To the lot both of us coveted.

With a more than footlong shape
He caricatured reptilian greed
In the form of foraging man,
And I broke our stillness to stalk off
Uprooted by his regard.

