

On Being a Reptile

Warm. Heat.
Heat blasting down from overhead.
Rock. Heat coming from rock,
Warming my body.
Light. Light pouring down on me.
I turn my head towards the light
And shut my eyes.
I am bathed in a warm glow
From below and above.
I yawn. I stretch. I stretch and yawn.
Hunger stirs me. I open my eyes
And look around for food.
Green! Green leaves, fresh and moist
In the heat. I munch contentedly,
Savouring the taste of the
Fresh green leaves.
I find a comfortable patch
Of sand, and stretch out,
Out of the direct line of the heat,
But warm enough to keep me alert.
Noise, noise intrudes on me.
Dogs barking, people shouting.
I lazily turn my head
And observe them through the glass.
No danger to me; I sit and watch
The life of the house
Go on around me.