

## **Lizard in the Loam**

I left them in the ground,  
those bones,  
those brittle shards that grazed my spade  
and surfaced  
wan and pocked,  
unshackled from the roots  
and breaching from the loam.

The spine,  
a ragged line of scutes  
that crested in the marl,  
gave glimmers of the well-worn tale  
you told me long before  
my waking thoughts  
could dig and bury on their own.

You bore his jaw through with a thorn  
and plunged him in the leafy wood.  
I left them in the ground,  
those bones,  
the jaws ajar,  
the soil turned.

*Tyler Fisher*