

MY GREAT GRAY HUNTER

She waits, motionless, gray stone among gray stones.
Air whispers in grass, soft rustle against rustle.
Tail tip twitch, rhythmic and slow.

Stirring in the green stems, barely discernable.
Tail tip twitch ceases, shadow in shadows, motionless.
Tiny head, beady eyes, long tongue flicking.

Yellow eyes turning black, stiller that still she waits.
Long body, longer tail, gray-brown stripes,
Bold at last slithers to the rock.

Slow motion body arch, head never moving
Eyes never blinking, she pounces!
My little gray cat . . .
Has caught another lizard!

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