



Sarah Longley

# *The Lizard*

Michael Longley

At the last restaurant on the road to Pisa airport  
The only thing under the pergola to distract me  
From *gnocchi* stuffed with walnuts in *porcini* sauce  
Was a greeny lizard curving her belly like a bowl  
So that when she tucked her hind legs behind her  
In philosophical fashion and lifted up her hands  
As though at prayer or in heated *conversazione*,  
She wouldn't scorch her elegant fingers or toes  
On the baking concrete and would feel the noon  
As no more than a hot buckle securing her eggs.  
We left the restaurant on the road to Pisa airport  
And flew between Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn.  
His lady co-pilot, the captain of our Boeing  
Coyly let us know, specialized in smooth landings.