

Catching Lizards near Vicenza

for Robin Russin

The path skirts a stone wall embroidered
with ivy and mottled lizards that stitch
the crevices in afternoon heat. The first
few escape, ruffling dry leaves into taunt.
Then Robin removes his Panama hat,
allowing sun to burnish his bald spot.
A Botticelli page with masses of hair, Ben
drives them to the slapped hat. Robin runs
a hand beneath and brandishes each catch.
Sarah, wife and mother, shakes her head, more
puzzled than upset, at her husband,
the tenured scholar, gone sudden thirteen
with the heat haze and cricket concerto
half way up the hill to La Rotunda.

Will Wells