

Crocodile Song

Moonlight settles
like sand
across the bony scales of your back,
pearly white and
calm on your crocodile skin.

Hues of white and silver weave
through the snake roots of the Mangrove trees,
drawing long and tangled lines of shadow
on the wood.
Making their own map of a place
that makes no sense.

Moonbeams radiate
into tiny places
known only by creatures living close in,
deep in the quiet earth.

I tiptoe following a path of light
and there, gleaming like buttons
I see a round and precious set of eyes.
The generous light of the moon
sheds a soft beam of white
into the drey of the fox squirrel
as the birthing begins.

Moonlight
settles all night long as the moon turns it's face
toward the pink of dawn.
Here tonight, in your world,
what is it you see?
As the moonlight settles.
It doesn't have to make sense.

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