

Lizard Summons

Sleeping where shamans sing
datura-dream words that bind
you to your lizard-self.
Your black forked tongue
darts, probing for damp,
sides heave in the glare of sun.

Invisible against the bear grass,
you call the bones
of the ancestors, wait,
slit-eyes drunk, white
like the trumpet bell promise
of oblivion.

Summoned, they come,
muttering, tongues clacking,
gray with dust.
Words pierce your body;
long-ago evil explodes
like fire-blooms in your mind.

Datura white,
the chill of moonlight wakes you.
Fire burned to ash, all around you
barren like whispers of bone-dust.
Lizard track into the grass.

Anya Peterson Royce

**Datura candida*, a plant of the nightshade family, all parts of which are poisonous, can be used to promote visions. Its white, trumpet-shaped flowers hang down like bells.

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