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## A Morning Walk with Lover

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**A Morning Walk with Lover**  
**by Meghan Sullivan**

Green anoles scurry to the side,  
roll out the blue cloud carpet,  
to drum in the arrival of love.  
Southern Louisiana plant glossary in hand, lover introduces herself to  
plumeria,  
tropical hibiscus,  
prepossessing fragrant flowers,  
smell so good you wanna taste 'em!  
Angel trumpet, cued in by the streetcar's lizard conductor, squeezes  
out a scent. The brass vibration sends you skipping and tickles the  
question you've been courting. Spit it out already!

"Do you love me diamond and gold?"

Lover spots a cajun chorus frog,  
takes its croak as her call to respond,  
with two hands, grabs you by the waist, kisses you on your forehead  
and cheeks. Neighbors, leaping off the edges of rocking chairs,  
abandon their haint blue bug nets,  
roll into a fais do-do.  
Now, love, it belongs to the city!  
It belongs to the babies and the lizards.  
The lizards!