

The Lizard King

by Tim G. Young

Jim Morrison moved
ever so slightly
in the cold of his grave

Somehow Ray Manzarek's
stray note
found its way
through the earth
to Jim's thigh bone

In the darkness
the bone slid down
to nudge another

The Lizard King's
greasy eye ball
opened to cradle the note

The note sang like a baby
cutting through tears
of torment and grief

A melody crouched by the
eye ball and crept
inside The Lizard's mind
where began dancing and gyrations
unusual but for
Jim Morrison

Then dreamed taking a shower
with a roomful of strangers
passing the soap

tied up with string

When the call came with the time
to perform
Jim recognized the funeral
that surrounded him

He called a friend
and won a million dollars
sent to the
starving children of Paris

After a while
the opportunity to perform
perhaps one last time
made its offer and
could not be ignored

The new song lifted his head
from the dead
and propelled him through the
familiar, starry, strange night

Flying fast his hand
reached out and expertly
attached to the microphone

His sleepy voice
pushed forward
in each raspy bone
of his head

A keyboard riff
began its solemn pitch
As Jim lifted his leg

and fell on both knees

Then the microphone
touched his thin lips
A screech rang out
across France and
danced with the bones
in the cold of the grave
Until by surprise
the closed eyes of
Pamela opened wide

In an exquisite moment
Ray, Pamela and Jim
shared one last cigarette

Just as the song cried
and the
melody died

