

## Impromptu

Written by Burton Beerman

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She stood tall with her lizard-like skin  
unafraid of the scorching sun  
yet I felt sorry for her  
the way one might feel sorry for an ant  
before stepping on it.

Nightfall sailed like a lanky insurance salesman  
unafraid of the barking dogs  
but I only could pine for her as they lunch on the dead ants.