

At the Bomb Testing Site

William Stafford

**At noon in the desert a panting lizard
waited for history, its elbows tense,
watching the curve of a particular road
as if something might happen.**

**It was looking for something farther off
than people could see, an important scene
acted in stone for little selves
at the flute end of consequences.**

**There was just a continent without much on
it
under a sky that never cared less.
Ready for a change, the elbows waited.
The hands gripped hard on the desert.**