

# FAR Worse Than the Bug Dance

By Holly Lisle

Okay. So. I was mowing the lawn. Working my way along the drainage ditch in the front (filled with murky water, because we have had much rain).

So. I go to make the left turn around the drainage ditch and toward the drive.

So. I see movement just below my left foot, maybe six inches away, but in the tall grass, and I focus for a closer look.

☒ So. I see a triangular charcoal gray head with no eyes visible from my overhead view, with a narrower neck, heavy charcoal body, and coarse scales with a pronounced dorsal ridge running vertically down each scale.

So. I am WAY too fucking close to this snake, which is in fact a cottonmouth that, uncoiled, probably would run about two feet in length. Not the biggest cottonmouth ever, but respectable, and certainly the biggest one that's ever been less than a foot from my left sneaker. Unbothered by me and my noisy big lawnmower, he casually ambles down into the water in the ditch.

Two hours later and I'm STILL doing the snake dance. AAAAUGGGGH!

(The photo is not mine. The photo is just to let you see what I saw. I scored it off the internet. No way, no way, no WAY was I going to try to get a picture my ownself.)

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