

## Snake on the Stoop

Last night when I arrived home, there was a foot-long garter snake down in the pine bark by my door. What might it represent?

1. The heat - it was sunning itself .
2. It came around because we have chipmunks in the garden - likely because I removed all the cats in the neighborhood which have not returned, and I don't miss them.
3. I would rather have snakes than cats because snakes don't keep me up at night fighting and howling (unlike renters) and they don't piss everywhere (renters), or if they do it isn't enough to notice. As long as they don't over-reproduce or nest in my crawlspace (...), this snake is non-poisonous and also seasonal (...), being cold-blooded (...), so I should probably see it as a good omen or possibly an organizational change. Unlike cats and like snakes, renters are a necessary evil. After all, I've only owned my place since 2007.
4. But, I do hope they don't find their way to the crawlspace because I suppose they could eventually get in through the dryer vent or air ducts which might detract from the curb appeal. I mean snakes, not renters.
5. It represents the circle of life and suggests that everything amounts to a mouth and an anus, so I should get into grad school soon before life has another bowel movement.
6. I would estimate myself to be somewhere around the esophagus of the circle of life, just not sure how long the snake is.
7. If I'm lucky, the circle of life within which I've most recently been ingested could be an ouroboros (snake devouring it's tail) so there's a chance I could get recycled.
8. Too bad I lost my camera.
9. I thought about handling the snake but there's really no point in a personal welcome. I hope it eats the chipmunks. And a few of the renters, and possibly a couple of the maintenance crew.
10. I'm getting into a habit of kicking the tree outside at bedtime to shut up that one cicada. Either the neighbors think I'm nuts or they are relieved when it mysteriously goes silent. Again, much like a few of the renters.
11. I also like to run off the crows in front on Saturday mornings because they upset the mockingbirds who raise holy hell, and I like to imagine they think I'm helping which probably means I have low self esteem. But, actually those mockingbirds are collectively more annoying more frequently, although the crows are louder when they show up. They probably come around more often because I leave early, I'm not working from home as much now, and wouldn't know about them until the weekend. See renters.