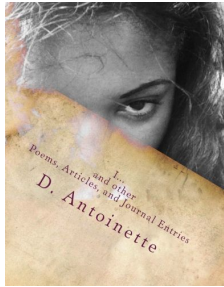


I...



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(cover photo)

Chameleon

Though I consider myself to be real,
Sometimes it's hard to calculate how I feel.
I try to deal,
With conflicting thoughts.
I search for answers, but none can be sought.
Instead of thinking it through, I just change my pace.
Instead of accessing the situation, I just change my face.
I'm normally green but I do change,
When my feelings and emotions are rearranged.
It may sound strange,

But trust me, it's in my nature, let me explain.
When it rains,
Or when I'm pained,
Blue is the tone of my life.
The color of depression,
An unhealthy obsession,
The color of melancholy and strife.
I get so angry at times, I can't see the gray area, neither the black nor the white.
So instead,
Of green,
I'm red,
When I'm mean.
My personality at those times less than a dream.
Why does a situation have to be black or white, why can't it just be crème?
And red can also represent,
The color passion for my lover but only when he is present.
See, he sets my love on fire,
So one can see why red is the color of my desire.
And when I'm in a cool ambience,
This may only happen, once
A month.
I'm mellow,
So I'm yellow.
Like when a girl meets her fellow,
And whispers her first, "Hello".
Every time the environment change,
I found out more about the true meaning of my name.
It may sound pretty lame,
But I'm no ordinary dame,
And I'm not insane,
But in order for me to survive, I must know what I claim.
Some say I'm funny-acting, phony, fickle and fake.
I can't help the way that I am and the very thought makes me ache!
For heaven's sake,
Why am I in such a moral dilemma?
Why does it seem like with each passing day, my life gets grimmer and grimmer?
Why can't I have more light in my universe, why does it just get dimmer?
I know what I am and what I am not, whether I have a penny or a million.
I want to object,
But I have to accept,
That until my dying day I will always be a chameleon.

