

## **Chameleon One**

By: Charlene L. Edge

Numbers blink one, two, three  
Till ten shudders stopped.  
Doors swish aside,  
Top floor meets my feet.  
I have reached the pinnacle—  
My cubicle awaits!

Cameleon one,  
Turned bright to pale.  
Survival green, yellow, creamy brown  
Fading.  
Dim the tones.  
Be another's color now.  
Dull the green.  
Mute the yellow muse.  
Put on brown yes-man hues.  
Convert to minion.  
Turn outside in  
With a flick  
Of survival's palette.

Camouflage  
Pigment by pigment cell.  
Till dullest shades  
Fill marketplace demands.

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