

CHAMELEONS

She comes into our office our new Boss
Hair high, stilettos sharp, lipstick ruby
Skin pummelled into delicate smoothness
Nails polished bedded on fingers that swoop.

Focussed silence on screens, keyboards busy
Plants discrete, coffee cups drained now hidden
And yet each feels the watching so tensely
The swivelling eyes are here there everywhere

The prey has been caught and is whining soft
Sighs barely heard when a victim is spared
But where and who we cannot see so wait
For a perfumed waft in your radared space.

This creature will lure, flatter but coldly
Turns the colour of the message with threats
Cleverly disguised to make you unsure
Confusing meanings, murky intentions.

There are some who are clever and know how
To appease the behaviour of this being
Who can interchange in equal measure
A crawling compliment, might save their day.

It's a question of survival for sure
We slip and slide to protect our corner
From those who wait to pounce and devour us
Look around we're everywhere - Chameleons!

Anne White