

Chameleon

I've worn a thousand different skins,
Each one stitched with quiet sins.
A smile for him, a laugh for her,
A shape that shifts, a constant blur.

I've learned to listen, bend, and please
To soothe, to soften, to appease.
To know what they need long before
They even reach to ask for more.

Approval is a sacred game
I play it well and bear the shame.
Each "thank you" like a sugar hit,
Each silence like a swallowed brick.

I am the helper, the golden friend,
The one who breaks but doesn't bend.
The fixer, joker, secret shrine,
For dreams that never once were mine.

And yet when night begins to press,
And I am left with nothingness,
No voice to mimic, mask to wear,
Just empty hands and too much air

I wonder what it might have been
To love myself beneath my skin.
To speak a thought without disguise,
To not be "good" just real. Alive.

But guilt is loud, and shame is slick
It wraps around my throat so quick.
It whispers, If you let them down,
You'll disappear. You'll surely drown.

Still... some days now, I pause, I breathe.
I sit alone. I will not leave.
I say a "no," however small
A single brick pulled from the wall.

And though the silence feels like blame,

It also feels a bit like flame.
Like maybe I could burn away
This need to serve, to bend, obey

And find beneath the scripts I knew,
Someone quiet, kind, and true.
Not perfect. Not adored. Just free.
Finally, maybe, just...
being me.