

Chameleon in the Sunlight, Chameleon in the Moonlight

I don't know if I'm a
happy man
pretending to be
sad

or a sad man
pretending to be
happy

I don't know
which one is worse

I don't know
which one is more
popular
or
lucrative

I don't know if it is true
that life is a primarily sad affair
only broken up
by short bursts of happiness

all I know
is that it is a lie
that all artists
must be
in doldrums
for their
creative juices
to flow

I have never felt
so empty and alone and happy
all at once

I used to think
finding the right person
would solve all my problems
but then I realized
that I never would find
that person unless

I learned to be happy
myself

I feel this is the great mystery to love
and why so often it doesn't work

everyone's looking for their mate
their life preserver,
their golden ticket,
their savior

so they can feel normal,
so they can fit in like a chameleon
and worst of all
so they can feel loved for the sake of feeling loved

it's like filling your stomach
with rotten candy-
you're not hungry
but you're sick and vomiting-

people mistake
lonesomeness with sadness
and it leads them only
to misery for two

like adding on another person
to your dinner reservation

love becomes
a substitute
a crutch

and nothing is more
depressing

nothing more obviously
hiding sadness within the warm cloak of happiness

than watching an idea
deformed for the sake
of weakness