

# Chameleon

We stand at morning's window,  
Praise the golden needles in our eyes  
Embroidering the sun  
Like an Imperial Dragon  
On our silken lids.

Turned from the wooden frame  
We admire our tapestry.  
I pull a stray thread  
from your forehead—

—you unravel.

The dragon's tail falls cold  
on the stone window-ledge.

By Kathleen Moore