

## View From a Hill

The Chameleons

Feel myself falling to the ground  
Solitary silence there's no sound  
Open my eyes and look around  
Colours and concepts that confound  
All around

Pick myself up and take the air  
The fragrance of children everywhere  
Slowly absorbed into my square  
Debating what is and isn't there  
Who cares.

You wait until your time comes round again