

Poetry Project

Brian Tomasik

The Chameleon

On a branch,
The chameleon clings.
As he spots the most
Tempting of things:
A large insect with wings.

He moves slowly forward,
And adjusts his large eyes.
All of a sudden,
The extended tongue flies.
It's the insect's demise.

To the long tongue,
The insect stays glued.
The slow-moving lizard,
Begins chewing his food.
And his skin color changes,
Because of his mood.

-Brian Tomasik