

The chameleons in your speech mate with the chameleons on your tongue.

Will we get to see the off-springs of your mouth?

I've started seeing chameleons everywhere. Beyond a market of the actual animal, there's an image market borrowing the face of the chameleon to distinguish just how visible you are now and how much more invisible you could be. It preaches that you should allow your cover to be visible, for you to give a face to this cover. Something to ignore needs a bland appearance. There should be a visible face to the invisible. It's important for the absent things to be beautiful, looks are important when we like seeing what isn't there.

We can own chameleons. We don't become chameleons but we can wear them. Non-toxic, washable ones, applicable ones. I didn't think I could go into a shop and step into the camouflage market. The visible face of the chameleon is on consumable packages. Packages that sell chameleonic nail polish, a responsible nude cover you rub off your nail when you're done hiding. How does it feel to keep buying and plastering new patches of skin onto damaged bodies?

Did you approach me or was it I that approached you first? Did you lay down your eyes on me? Did you look down? There's an intolerable height difference between us. Or, at least where I assume your eyes to be on the face of this building.

Everything seems upside down.

You, at last, look up.

I wonder how I look for someone with so many eyes? I've only been looked at with two eyes. Close your eyes, if it's still within your powers, and picture this. You should be able to describe back my features better than I could with a mirror in front of me. Even if I tried, I am not my mirror; maybe a photograph resembles my face more.

How far do your eyes see? How far can you see with those eyes?

I've been seeing the same chameleons everywhere. I cracked their cover. I didn't mean to get involved, not seeing wasn't that bad. I won't lie now that I've been seeing for a while and every corner that used to be dark is no longer an opportunity to hide. No mood lighting, just a constant light source to fake the sunlight indoors. Not even good enough to be called an Artificial Sun. It's the spotlight you might get to step into in interrogation rooms.

Now, when you start seeing, you realise how long you've been watched and how much watching there's still to be done. Most choose to return your looks, make it no accident that your intense scrutiny is returned with the accuracies and insecurities of your bedroom mirror. A mirror where your body and your hands get manipulated, shaping the poor reflection of your self that is not of your flesh and blood.

Why has the cover failed the chameleons? They've taken the camouflage off them and are selling it now as a beauty cover-up. Nude is safe. It's the default, without features, just a sleek bodysuit for a body without a nude. (or a nude without a body?)

The first image that seemed to emerge from your body, chameleon, was a failed cover. I looked the other way, give you a chance to try to generate another. The second time you failed again, this mocking cover-up of a cover is only working on the blind. Too bad you're fighting them all into opening up their eyes. Is your habit to fail every cover you produce going to continue? It's only left a pile of discarded outer skins I go through, extracting only those that look like they could be used for some impromptu coverage. I'm not sure anymore if a cover isn't just something to cloth your body in, but let's keep pretending for the sake of reverting to my normal state of blindness where you watch me without permission. Please don't tell me you are playing an act of faith and there's real meaning to your chameleonic properties. I believe a lie when I see it. Even your third lucky cover is yet another failure.

Needless, I mustn't go on like this. You've taken up to be an eye bully and you couldn't choose another pair of eyes to play your pranks on but mine. It's the blind leading the blind.

I might be seeing more than I should. Keeping my eyes open way past their curfew. It's you I am seeing more of than I should. You're either letting me in on a secret or leading me on.

Is it such a mystery being invisible to you?

Can we lose all visible forms, become invisible people? You choose who to shut your eyes to, or have no eyes for someone else.

I'm keen on not being disregarded here, you see. After all, it's common to feel penitent.

There's no cure, but luckily, for me, there is healing from penitence, but no cure from seeing.

Statues are covered in cloth in churches celebrating the resurrection and I can't stop thinking about eye tests. I wonder if we should aim to have nothing to look at to count as new blindness. If there's nothing to look at then maybe I can just shut my eyes.

They make you pray to a memory of a sculpture you looked at once before they covered it. A cruel eye test that ends when they remove the cover to symbolically give you your eyesight back. You decide if you've ever lost it. They make it seem like our eyes only matter when they look at something, not when they just look.

And I thought I cheated on all the eye tests I ever took.

Did I get recruited by chameleons?

Did chameleons get ahead of us, of our eyes?

They are still in cover, an exhausted camouflage. It makes plain sight a game of hide and seek where you play until someone sees you, then you're out of the game. Most of us like to play it like this. Hide and seek is only fun when you're hiding. At the very least, then it turns into a game of looking, an exercise in watching without being seen. Perfect your angles to

see more without showing more. Show less, assume that you don't exist for anyone's eyes if nothing that amounts to your own body is in sight, and they won't look your way.

I keep thinking about how I'm performing with a reference screen, another pair of eyes either yours or mine, like trying to move your whole body, control the clothes you're wearing, inside a room with a motion sensor that can trigger the neon strip light circuit to turn on quicker than it takes you to blink. You've been noticed, that's what they say.

If you can see them and they can see you, can you say anymore that we are secure in what we see? So long for seeing as the symptomatic loophole in a system put off by blindness, where the blind-from-birth should live their lives curing their blindness, and where we eventually get to watch them die seeing. We should all die an open-eye death. To die humanely.

And yet I didn't know that the first thing I would want to do is to see my reflection in the mirror. And yet, your reflection is the first thing they deny you. We keep our mirrors clothed in fabric to stir the dead away from the vanity of their reflection. I guess where there's a mirror an eye falls for it. Foolish eye.

There are many accounts of how they reshape your eyelids to keep appearances. Of course, not blinking for so long can distort your eyelids. Don't worry, you'll be dead with your eyelids pulled down, it's important to see while you're alive. They mold and push and prop your eyelids up -that's what an eye should look like closed, if you've forgotten, but maybe you've never seen one anyway. All I wish is to have a mirror where I can see through my eyelids and see them closed, pulled down over my eyes and reassured that I won't have to open them again. I want to go back to believing I'm invisible if I hide my eyes under closed eyelids.

Chameleons. They are creatures of cover. They take cover when we show up, they are constantly disturbed sensibilities with poor nerve endings. Cover up, you are showing too

much. Maybe distance isn't so much on your mind? You've adopted strategical positions so your lenses maintain the focus and avoid becoming overwhelmed. I don't get to fill your lenses.

You've got to be good looking cause you're so hard to see, or so the lyrics say.

It's more than glasses, it's a headgear. Bodies in helmets.

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