

Ian Anderson, Lost In Crowds

I get lost in crowds: if I can, I remain invisible
to the hungry mouths. I stay unapproachable.
I wear the landscape of the urban chameleon.
Scarred by attention. And quietly addicted to innocence.

At starry parties where, amongst the rich and the famous
I'm stuck for words: or worse, I blether with the best of them.
I see their eyes glaze and they look for the drinks tray.
Something in the drift of my conversation bothers them.

So, who am I? Come on: ask me, I dare you.
So, who am I? Come on: question me, if you care to.
And why not try to interrogate this apparition?

I melt away to get lost in this quaint condition.

In scary airports, in concourses over-filled,
I am detached in serious observation.
As a passenger, I become un-tethered when
I get lost in clouds: at home with my own quiet company.

Herald Tribune or USA Today. Sauvignon Blanc or oaky Chardonnay.
Asleep for the movie. Awake for the dawn
dancing on England and hedgerows
embossed on a carpet of green. I descend and
forgive me I mean to get lost in crowds.