

### Stripped Guise

Look at the chameleon, changing everything  
about itself—it's color, attitude, and thoughts, all to avoid  
the two moaning teenagers who roll around in the sticky night  
grass. It slowly retreats to avoid any threat the two interlocked bodies  
may pose, turning green with envy for the lovers, which helps  
it blend in and become part of the wilderness.

The boy stops his invasion of the girl's body  
to ponder about what will happen when  
they are done. *Will she want to date afterwards? Do I  
even like her? Does it matter?*

He never swears around girls like this one, tells them  
he has never looked up boobs on the internet  
and “gladly” watches any movie that was originally a book  
written by Nicholas Sparks. His friends  
call him whipped—he doesn't know  
what to call himself.

The chameleon doesn't change  
colors to blend in, like most people think.

The change is a visual signal of mood  
and aggression, territory and mating  
behavior. It becomes something else entirely,  
not because it needs to, but because it wants to.

The wind hisses in his ear and he notices  
the girl is losing interest.

Reverting back to scumbag mode  
to appease her, he analyzes every move she makes  
and her reaction to every move he makes—optimizing  
her pleasure and fading  
into the background  
as he does it.

*Is this who I am?*