

Lost in Crowds

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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.

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.

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, etc.

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
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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.