

Chameleon

Altering my perception of life within these gates,
Gathering insight, as I conform my mind to another state...
Modifying my thoughts, adjusting my actions,
Shaped by my surroundings, causing misguided reactions...
Irritated with all that is a part of my environment,
Perplexed by the habitat, it's challenging experiments...
Intangible mind games, played out behind these walls,
Confused that I never succumbed to the many calls...
Impartial to all the chaos and drama that goes on,
In order to survive I had to become a chameleon.