

# Lost in Crowds

Ian Anderson

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.