

Calamity strikes

A female of few utterances
Referred to by the press as taciturn
Her withering glance deterred questions
And caused cub reporters heartburn
Half fear and half admiration
They would clamour for photographs
To capture that enigmatic smile
For she never, ever laughed.
Whatever else she may, or may not be,
Cecilia remains a chameleon
A total mystery.

Rising to fame in the eighties
As Boy George's inspiration,
She oozed the karma he sang of,
object of spiritual adulation
With her prehensile tail, zygodactyl feet
And sensuous, swaying gait
She hypnotised fans with eyes
That would independently rotate and
A projectile tongue abiding no muzzle
Cecilia the celebrity chameleon
Was more than just a puzzle.

In her arboreal mansion
She would lavishly entertain
Celebrated fashionistas
In her flamboyant domain

Her indupitable genius
In co-ordinating colour
Made even the sun and the northern lights
Appear muted and duller
So frankly it was no great surprise when
Cecilia the Celebrity chameleon
Won the Turner prize

Pride comes before a fall they say
Our nemesis lies in wait
So, despite the song, it wasn't long
Before Cecilia met her fate
In a psychedelic paisley scarf
approaching a Macleod tartan rug
A lethal colour combination
A psychoactively lethal drug
And as she stepped upon it –
her ectothermic brain overloaded
and Cecilia the celebrity chameleon



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