Camouflage

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2310

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Then it was autumn & the leaves fell down,
  Full of the odors of tobacco
& coffee; when the uncles burped & smoked,
  Repeated their little histories
Because weren’t they after all still children?
  & you hid your secret body in the room,
Behind the drapes, down-flowing as a coming rain,
  Wrapping yourself in such robes
Of velvet-&-lilac-patterns of crimson—
  An India from which to listen:

And began to be not so taken with life’s
  Events: a meal, a coming storm.
But nuance—yes, that was the tangible thing
  That a child’s body could take in—
A connection from this day to that one.
  Like the seasons: their terrible
Seemingly effortless labor to simply become.
  So you turned briefly to the storm,
Where in the distance some men in a camouflage
  Of coats were just beginning to run.