

Camouflage · Jon Anderson

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.