

# Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

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Volume 6 | Issue 2

Article 3

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January 2007

## Camouflage

Lisa Titus Caloro

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### Recommended Citation

Caloro, Lisa Titus (2007) "Camouflage," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 6: Iss. 2, Article 3.  
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol6/iss2/3>

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# Caloro: Camouflage

## MILTON KESSLER MEMORIAL PRIZE FINALIST

### CAMOUFLAGE

Lisa Titus Caloro

A hunted animal communicates  
better than the hunter, a man who only listens  
for a certain crackle in the forest of his mind,  
can hear a deer snort a mile upwind, but can't  
identify a heartbeat in the fingertips of a woman.

Lawn scattered with animal carcasses in various  
degrees of decay, hearts eaten by the kind of wolf  
only known in midnight's howlings, you're guided  
by a moon unable to sympathize with animal pain  
for she has given birth to too much joy.

The rage this causes stalks you, bites at your fingertips  
like the raccoon you tried to tame one summer who  
left you with a house-full of trash and a litter of helpless  
little angers you had no idea how to feed.

So when you start listing the three things a woman  
is good for, I stop listening, think of a tenderness  
only heard once: the night your truck smashed into  
a hulk of bear and it whimpered

a story more painful than its broken back;  
a tale you could never track like a coyote  
in a snowstorm, yielding to your fingertips, a woman's  
surrender, with one last, lonely cry.