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## Camouflage

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# Camouflage

by Terry W. Ford

I removed my wedding ring today.  
After thirty years, I just took it off,  
rolled it between my fingers,  
and gazed at the track  
it left behind:  
deeply incised upon my finger,  
a thin, pale, bluish band of skin,  
the color of an oxygen-starved infant.

I selected the ring myself,  
much as if a slave  
had selected her own shackle,  
a prisoner, his own chains.

The hand lay empty,  
freed of its metallic bond  
but deeply marked by an  
ugly, ineradicable strip  
of repulsive, lifeless-looking skin.

I slipped the metallic circlet back in place  
where it settled into its accustomed task—  
hiding the stain of an ugly little scar.

