

Solitaire

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The computer version
leaves me cold
I want the slippery
curlicue of cherubs
decking the backs
the shine of Hoyle
or Bicycle brand
brushing my fingertips
the way they softly flick
on the kitchen table
as I lay them out
or how when I flip
them up window-light
gleams off the Ace
of Spades the Queen
of Hearts both
one-eyed Jacks
for this gal
no cathode tube
or liquid crystal
cheap, porno-flick cascades
of virtual perfection
dutifully dancing

to the objective hand
of electronic chance
I prefer physical
relationships
with my 52
partners knowing
every time
win or lose
I'm the one responsible
for cheating.