Winning depends on the right numbers and hues.
If White rolls in a hole, like a dog, you scratch.
If the 8 rolls in, like a dieter, you lose.

Colliding balls are said to kiss: a Judas-smooch that dumps the kissed one in a hole,
and leaves the kisser victorious and bereft:

ambivalence perfect for Art, which pool-
playing has been called, as has trimming
a hedge to look like Rodin’s head.

Men think they’re studly, circling the table
in tight tees, stroking their wood.
Women bend to line up shots, breasts rolling

out of tank-tops as their skirts ride high.
I love to watch a woman “run
the table,” knocking every ball into a “pocket”

she “calls” while her male opponent—cue
dangling uselessly—prays, “Miss!”
I lost a woman I loved to Darwinian pool.

My cue wilted; my balls broke. I should
have hung around more pool halls when I could,
not whizzed my youth away in school.