

# *All I Know About Pool*

CHARLES HARPER WEBB

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.