The Gamblers

Stefani Waits
Western Michigan University

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A game of hate is easy.
Yet a game of love is tough.
It
challenges and erupts, a side none of us,
animal nor human,
Thought we could encompass.
Most of us gamble a try a few times in life.
We scrape what good, what pure we have to win a game
we’ve known no one to have had.
Cheaters get close, strategic players play rough,
Passionate, consistent ones get the closest
Until just when they think they’ve won it,
And suddenly they’re shot with a gun of jealousy.
And the game of love, has suddenly faded.

the early afternoon sun breaks
through his dusty window shades
loud but gentle all the same
the warmth falls in strips across that sleepy
body, I watch the dust float around us
like confetti or glitter made of dead skin and hairs,
and I can’t help but trace his new stripes
with my fingertips as he slumbers cozy
dreaming of lemonade and freckles
and sand beneath fingernails.
I kissed those scruffy cheeks tight eyelids
hoping to be some influence on his
sleep’s reality that my mouth’s warmth would be warm enough
I start to count the heavy kisses
falling like coins onto his beard when
my heart plunges into my pelvis
as he opens his eyes—
and it’s in the way he looks at me, as if he almost wished he hadn’t
for I am not the lightness he seeks has sought in his dreams
the dust still floats and we continue to breathe it in—
but this time there’s less magic in the act
the sun hides behind the clouds (of course)
and his stripes disappear.