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Solitaire in the Corner

by Corinna Bolon

When he is an old man
his memoirs will fill pages and pages
like an old Bible
soiled by stories of blood and dirt.

Even so, I want to touch his world, and him in it
because he reclines in the corner alone, rejected repeatedly by friends and even lovers,
if the rumors are legit.

(They rarely ever are, I'm told.)

Now he must shuffle his cards repeatedly to reach desired disarray
since the only thing he can play over there is solitaire.

"I know crazy eights," I offer, shoving my eight fingers into my pockets,
which are too narrow to fit my thumbs, as well.

And when he looks at me, I finally know how gorgeous his victims feel.

His eager eyes regard me as if I am an archangel, present now in order to love him.

It's all I really wanted to do, anyway.

When he is an old man
maybe me and my game of crazy eights
will brighten a page in his gritty memoirs,
otherwise ruled by blood and dirt.