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D. G. Zorich

Wild Card Down

Enrolled, embosomed in the obese,
obstinate ego of gratuitous spectacles,
we play with a partial deck.

The hand that holds the hand
fanned modestly in front of me

is missing a part of a finger.
The cards themselves stutter absently.
The eyes of the face cards exchange
with studied effort their faces.
The numbers add and subtract themselves
in a foam of rabbit arithmetic—

Beyond remorse, unattended by exceptions,
in the manner of someone alone
undressing the facts of exuberant youth,
as if attempting, calmly, the desire to exploit
the possibility of experiencing
the genitals of another like-minded creature,
I finger gently the first card down.
The results are inconclusive,
a rebuff of tilted equivocation:

*We walk your footsteps out,
but where, at which edge, you would have paused,
there to simmer in its panoramic bribe,
instead, we jump —*

*The air accepted then
the arc of bodied night:
You never made it where you went.*

After the first card
there are simply others.

D. G. Zorich has published work in *The Pacific Review*, *Packington Review*, *The Listening Eye*, *Indefinite Space*, and elsewhere. He lives in California.