

POKER/PRODDER

Show me the accent

That slips out of the corners of your mouth

When the night is black

And the wind is warm

I'll raise you the sound of

Sun slipping into twilight

At a baseball game

What weight do you carry

Simply because there's nowhere to

Put it down?

Who taught you how to play this game and

What were the sounds of your childhood and

Why can't I

After all of these years

Tell if you are bluffing?

Let your cards

And secrets

bleed

And I'll bury them in the soft

Defeat

Of folding.