

GAMBLERS

Julie Anne Buchsbaum

You doze in a castle of eggshells, Tartar,
While rain soaks the cornfields outside.
This is not about me; I have nothing to do with it.

Who are you, ruminating in the corner like that?
The bar is dark; it's time to go home.
Stop ransacking the apst for what ruined you.

See, outside, how the sweet cicely holds
Its tiny white umbrellas in the storm?
You thought you were safe here?

Somewhere the sea drags itself over the faces
Of the drowned. Somewhere gamblers
Are cutting their losses as another day creeps by.

Alumroot blanches the roadside from here
To wherever you're going.
Nodules that no one but you knows are alive,

Lives that are their own reason for being,
With the whiteness of what is thrown open
To the dead silence of the universe.

While someone face the hazards of loving you,
The clouds overhead foam like boiling milk
And you turn solemn and cold and formal.

Go ahead, avail yourself of elegance and ice—
It's only a story after all
And the weeds will have their dominion.