

## 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.