

## CHESS

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*Michael Dumanis*

Two Russians—Red Square,  
and one asks the other,  
“Papa, you think  
there is something to eat?”  
and his father  
pulls a long sausage out of his pocket.

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Two Russians, black square,  
and one asks the other,  
“Son, why do you refuse to eat your nettle soup?”  
“Spare me the nettles and feed me eclairs;  
I’ve just licked fondue off a woman’s bare chest.  
Don’t be a fool, Father.”

\*

Years die. Two Russians  
meet on a white square.  
They embrace one another.  
The son takes the blame for not bringing the pie,  
and then wins the game,  
eats his father.

*for my grandfather, 1912-1993*