

House Rules

Summers in Maine were easy
back when my cousin let
me move both sides of
his board
stained with cheap
beer. I always made white
win.

He never explained the rules
so the first time I
showed up to Andrew's,
I left with
a losing streak
and enough change for
a call home.

I suppose I should be grateful
some habits take time.

It got to me
before the cruiser lights did,
before Andrew's older brother
put his truck in a ditch,
before I discovered
that luck and timing
are cousins too.

Somebody called it
double or nothing,

but no one ever offered
half
and enough.