

Chessgame

You hand me a screwdriver,
pull out trophy pictures:
a dog on a leash, a wife
you screw around on.

Place your fist on the table—
the game's begun:
your king trots out,
thrusts his spear.

My knight sidesteps,
nods to your queen.

You shake your fist,
and my pawns are shaken off
the table. As you approach
for one decisive blow,
I lure your queen
out of position.

Angred, you'd
smash the board
between us, instead
you fume with an
empty glass, your
hold broken

— *Stephen Ager*