

Diane Cluck, Yatzee Dice

I am dreaming of the oxtail soup
and the hot fry of scrapple
and the clattering of yatzee dice
across your kitchen table
so i've rolled a snake eyes
you keep score on the brown bag
sharpen pencil with pen knife
like you have done your whole life
in the middle of the county
and you seem so content
buttering your saltine
the pattern on your juice glass
the hole in your door screen
in the middle of the wire
na na na na na na na
have you ever known a lover
besides my grandfather
did you ever discover
you can't sleep beside each other
in the middle of the night
and grandma you're smiling though you've heard no word i've said
I recognize that smile means
her hearing aid's gone bad
and she's coasting in the silence
cut free from conversation
grandma looks beneath the table
says I see your secret now
you wear white shoes past labor day
but I promise I won't tell
and if you wanna know why men fall asleep after sex
it's cos they've thrown off their need
that's why we women stay awake tossing dice
cos' we've just been shot through with seed
and it's electrifying
like fireflies sown into your lining