

STEVE PRICE

Postal Chess

You'll go somewhere.

You'll read my opening:
obvious madness.

You'll counter defensively.
Remembering how our eyes kept meeting
and slipping.

We'll have separate boards.
I'll look at mine more.

You'll move a pawn,
I'll call you Sweetheart in Persian.
Not able to take it back.

Come winter, just bills.
Dust on the pieces.

Your eyes like ink soaking into itself.

It will get dark, Mashuq.
You'll cry, and I won't know.