THE CHESS GAME

Batya Weinbaum

He stumbled over his pawns and told me about his four wives
two of whom he'd married and two, not.
One of them he left over the phone calls.
I called check and he told me about his desire to mate.
First he thought he'd seduce me by telling me about his
plan to move to France to buy a castle.
I kept having to remind him to make moves.
Your turn I said as he pontificated over his viceroys.
Oh, yes, he'd say, and break – off muttering about his
search for a companion, and back his castle back into the place
where it last was. Again, I'd call check.
Beethoven played on the radio. Together we enjoyed the sonatas.
Grass grew, leaves fell. I listened to plans to finance
his castles through the teaching profession. He ignored
my move with the bishop. As we traced out, who would be king,
and who queen, when we made our chessboard of Northampton
he fell into the trap, and the game was done.