

CHESS

Michael Dumanis

Two Russians—Red Square,
and one asks the other,
“Papa, you think
there is something to eat?”
and his father
pulls a long sausage out of his pocket.

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Two Russians, black square,
and one asks the other,
“Son, why do you refuse to eat your nettle soup?”
“Spare me the nettles and feed me eclairs;
I’ve just licked fondue off a woman’s bare chest.
Don’t be a fool, Father.”

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Years die. Two Russians
meet on a white square.
They embrace one another.
The son takes the blame for not bringing the pie,
and then wins the game,
eats his father.

for my grandfather, 1912-1993