# Here is a game...

*by* I. R. Thibodeau

we can play while little tungsten light bulbs
splash a Fool's Gold glamor across your
face, neck, eyes; I give you three words
dripping wet with whatever and you
take them, harbor them, keep them safe
churn a trio, a menage a trios, covered in
bile for me to read back, interpret, misunderstand,
stumble, stammer try to write it better, harder,
fey with flecks of grey or red in its otherwise
brown coat; a thing more mature like a talisman
your grandad wore before he lost his mind.

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