

# Here is a game...

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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.

