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In the Cards

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In the Cards

When death comes it is in the cards, like phone booths where breasts get revealed ears get scratched newspapers opened. When death comes it is a field of stones with eight dancers in black. Handcuffed and cufflinked, death answers the phone with only three fingers. It wears a training bra and turns itself into a little fat boy rearing itself up on eight long legs, eight courtesans climbing a ladder — freckled, silent, secure. A kimono with carp. An acorn against a wall in an alley. A dark shadow along the kitchen blinds. Death sits in the gallery, 49 little pebbles dancing across a hardwood floor, waving its striped tail across a field of dots.

Morrie Warshawski