

# The cards know

By Glenn Currier

The cards of the 30 year old deck  
festooned with Monet' prints  
swoosh so easily pliant in our hands  
we unthinking about what the cards must know.

The dealer endures rebuke for bad hands  
and pleads randomness and no malice  
but still has the cheek to brag of her own good lot.  
The cards bear unholy smudges of anger  
and oh the tales fingerprints could tell:  
loss of cool, onslaught of quiet ire  
if not murderous fancies  
all shielded by superb acting  
and control  
of facial muscles  
and the pace of breathing.

This drama plays out  
unspoken but with latently lurking  
hurts, slights, envy  
and long smoldering resentments.

Even patriarchy rears its ugly self-righteous head  
and cords of tolerance of the old man are strained  
and taut to the breaking point,  
Pete now realizing why Kit no longer plays when Dad's at table.

But then there is the rare event  
like when it's revealed that Liz had the better hand  
but folded because she knew Burt needed a win tonight.

Author's Note: This poem was inspired by a poem, "Playing cards," by lua on the website, HelloPoetry.com. Please see that poem: <https://hellopoetry.com/poem/4511018/playing-cards/>

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