

Chess

In the mental hospital	I am obliged	to let a man	teach me chess.	What else	am I to do?	I let a man.	I oblige.
He insists.	I am unteach- -able.		The pieces hum	made of lead.	I abscess hours	in the dew	(of) his breath.
		I make the first move					
			but it is a rookie mistake.				
How could I not	know the voice	septic in my skull?		He knows my	open -ings,	my shame- stilted	calls, my failure
to repress.	Over- medica- ted.	I regress.	I let him take all	pieces of me.	How he smiles	show- ing all	his teeth.