

Venti-uno/Twenty-one

Francesca's brow tightens
with the thought of playing card games.

"Just one. I'll show you." I persist.

She turns her card over
exposing the Queen of Spades.

"You're not supposed to show it!"

"Why not?"

"You need another one at least."

"What then?"

Smothering impatience, I deal another card.

"What now?" she questions,
holding up an ace.

— *Joseph Maviglia*