

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 9 | Issue 2

Article 46

January 2010

Queen of Spade

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Recommended Citation

Smith, Theresa D. (2010) "Queen of Spade," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*. Vol. 9: Iss. 2, Article 46.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol9/iss2/46>

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Smith: Queen of Spade

QUEEN OF SPADES

Theresa D. Smith

Until I cut the card in half, the Queen
of Spades will never see her backwards-
facing twin, will be joined at the waist
with her, unseeing. You and I always
liked those black and red velvets. And her large
black eyes. Gray lips, almost smiling.
Forget the Queen of Hearts. I've always found
Spades' dame the saddest beauty. And then

there's you, hairbrush or paintbrush raised
like a scepter. We don't look at how
our lives have begun to face away
from each other's. I would cut myself
in half to look in your eyes. But our eyes
are meant to look inward, or away.