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Chess Moves

Gregory W. Randall

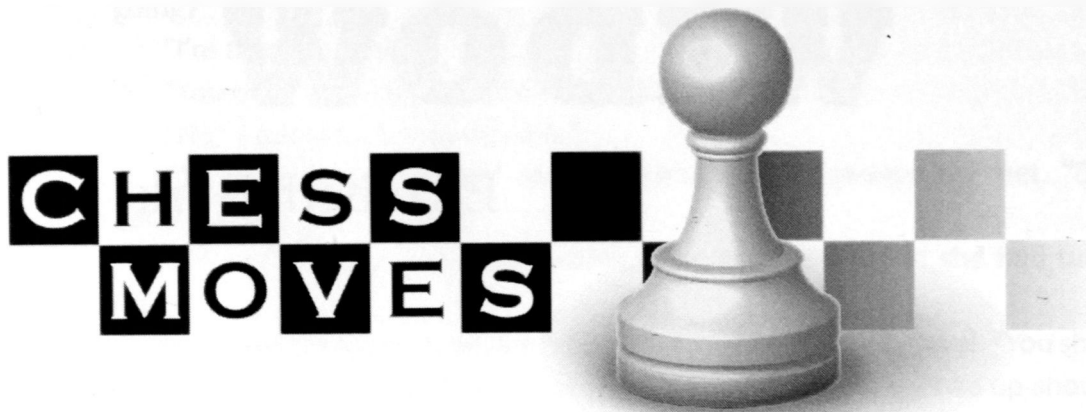
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Gregory W. Randall

A lighthouse keeper off the coast of
Ireland once flashed his chess moves
on cloud cover to his opponent on the
shore. And so a kingdom once fell

when a king slew a bishop. On clear nights,
the keeper of light would contemplate
the death cry of sea winds and the
inhabitants of cobalt surges engulfing

his perch in the universe. At times, he'd even
consider the expanse of continents. Nights,
devoid of clouds, he'd rotate the chessboard,
root first for a black cavalier, then position

an ivory rook for the kill. Like Yahweh on
Old Testament battlefields, fickle and cruel,
he'd pick his teeth with a fishbone, then
flip a coin: black or white? black or white?