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The Strategist

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The Strategist

Gabrielle Lehmann

Like a general astride his mount overlooking a battle poised to begin, he scrutinized the field before him. Hunching forward, he studied the pieces in perfect grid formation.

Flicking his eyes at his adversary across the table, he considered his strategy. How many years had he been second? At last he had the first move advantage. He could manipulate the sequence of reactions.

He smiled inwardly. The approach was clear. He'd observed his opponent's weaknesses all his life. He leaned back savoring the moment. He sensed impatience directed toward him.

He leaned in and made his move.

“Your turn.”

He shoved the Dunkin' Donuts box toward his big brother.

My Dear

Kelli O'Dwyer

The trees unsuccessfully stretch to touch the sky,
with head tilted up, I see they are much closer than I.
The path's gravel was the only, little noise made,
but mine was not the quietest approach.

Before I know it's out of the brush and stands,
staring from further on down the path, for only a moment.
and we share a oncoming headlights stare.
but neither dares: to move, to threat, to change at all.

Then the pause runs away and it's gone.
It slips seamlessly into the bushes, the trees,
and the sound of my silent, still standing covers its retreat,
not even my thoughts can't be heard above it.

My feet finally find enough noise so I can continue further,
but my mind is still on my deer.