

The Dealer's Left

The play must start at the dealer's left
and rotate around the room
you must throw your knife at the cellar door
and play at the game, the game
and call all the neighbors in
and serve lemonade, aphasia, and tea
you must throw your fork at the cellar door
and chew up your crackers well

for the play must start at the dealer's left
and rotate around the room

you must thrust all your spoons at the cellar door
and choke at your partner's luck
and spill all the tea on your Bigelow floor
trump trump bump
crumpets and tea
crumpets and tea

but the play must start with the cut of the cards
and the players must whisper their names
and write down the score on the table in flames
and play and play and play

forever you pick up each trick that you can
and empty your glass on the floor
and cry to the singing bassoon—I must go!
and gather your pencils and cards and dubbloons

(for the play must start at the dealer's left)

and pick up your fork and your knife and your spoon
and carry out joyful each giddy bassoon
and sing—Merry! Merry! I finished my tea!
and then stand at the window
and stare at the moon