

## Shuck and Jive

By Robin B Lipinski

Sliding dice across the line,  
Bouncing seven or eleven,  
"Snake eyes!" they said.

Broken down,  
Without a job,  
Walking down the dead-beat street.

Glimpsing hope,  
An easy way out,  
I wonder what all that money is about?

"Come on in man, roll to win."  
Like a mouse to cheese,  
I followed his smile.

Dark street filled with greasy shadows,  
Greasy shadows covering dark men,  
With sweaty palms I rolled,  
Again,  
Again,  
Again,  
Till my last dollar and then I rolled again...

"Sorry cool cat, you lose, so where is my money at?"  
There was no earlier smile.

Running like a mouse away from the trap,  
Only to find an eternal maze of shadows.

The End