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A Game of Life

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A Game of Life

elisa klaassen

I sit in my little plastic car—
its red paint as vibrant as a maraschino cherry.
A cherry I will never taste.

Giant hands reach down for me—
bad cuticles, dirty fingernails, and all—
crude
 clumsy
 careless
 creator.

I think
he tortures me.

Subsumed by the winds of fate,
I'm swept off my feet again.

You see,
I'm a plastic piece in the game of Life.

I brace myself in the cruel caresses of his hands
waiting for a rough landing.
He spins a wheel beside me.
I watch with
masked horror
as the wheel
lands on a fate that will

crush me.

I'll collide with a new life event—
the winds of my destiny nearly suffocating me as
I'm rushed across the road that
I
must
take.

For a second,
I'm flying.
But then I crash hard.

"Tornado hits house,"
my new tile says.
I helplessly survey the damage.
Looking up at the hands that control me,
I try to shake my own fists.
I
am
immutable.

At the end of my long road,
those familiar hands present me with
a monetary award and
a happy retirement.

My
 painted
 pained
 plastic
 perpetual
 smile

glares up at those hands hotly.
My coffin closes
again
as those rough hands place the lid
over my box
and
tuck me away in the closet.

A happy retirement.
A happy retirement.
A happy retirement.

Is this the meaning of my Life?