

Miseries of Bridge
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The expert says we only play
With some degree of badness.
And this is true, we know because
We suffer night time madness.

We didn't find the queen,
We didn't follow suit.
We lie awake all night —
Opponent was a brute.

We read in all the books
of how to play a hand,
of counting tricks, and what to lead
when they have bid a grand,

of noting spots, and don't forget
what they have bid, what they have led
what cards were played,
what partner said...

of pulling trumps, but not too soon
of squeezes, end-plays, fancy doubles
of hands you never saw before,
of brand new kinds of troubles.

There's bids that mean three different things,
opponents who will take all day
until your mind goes dry and then
who knows what card to play?

And then there is our greatest fear:
We doubled them and watched them make it.
We know that we should sit and take it,
But a stubborn mind can't learn to shake it.

We close our eyes and manage sleep.
But then we hear that dreaded shout:
"Director! She has claimed the hand
Before all trumps were out!"

But still we gamely play again
And ask ourselves — what is defeat?
Defeat is staying home, and giving up
And resting in a comfy seat

While watching soaps, or nightly news.
It's best to rise, go back to the table
And face whatever mistakes we make
And celebrate when we are able

To take what comes, and do our best.
For cards may behave, and partners smile,
Finesses win, while trumps divide,
And bids come true, just for a while.