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The Players Club

Kim Tuffelmire

Here lies the letter I wrote to you; I bade you adieu.

I resigned from the Players Club, gave you my mask as your final souvenir. Here lie your kisses still melting my lips, your embrace drowning me. The sonnet that you wrote of devouring passion told me that Nabakov must have been your eager protege.

Your urbane philosophy inspired Nietzsche. You my darling were Freud's finest mentor.

I feigned belief of your suave excuses for detainment.

Pretended to believe that she was your sister. "Discourage inbreeding." Haven't you heard? I hope the two of you are really happy together, in another lifetime.

Kiss them all, see if I care; I'll not lament, not become a lesbian as most of your discarded lovers do. Even the men.

Your reasons for requesting positive cognitive perceptions are completely evident. A manipulation tactic that only a shrink could expect to pull off. And you did. Bravo, you win the Players Club Award!

Winners are executed by hanging.

Losers die of the broken heart disease.

I understand now why she tried to kill herself; she overdosed

on your charming deception. Be careful dear, you might fall.

I could wear the rose colored cognitive perception glasses.

Pretend that intimacy and honesty issues are merely distortions

of my negative mind. Since when are you so inarticulate?

Don't waste your precious time

pretending that your insipid heart is broken.

Your eloquent charm is fading faster than your license plate.

I bade you adieu today in a letter written with tears.

Checkmate Punchinello!