The Players Club

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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, 
I understand now why she overdosed 
on your charming decadence 
that might fall. 

I could wear the rose 
perception glasses 
Pretend that intimacy 
distortions 
of my negative mind. 
so inarticulate? 
Don't waste your precious breath pretending that your 
Your eloquent charm 
plate. 
I bade you adieu today 
with tears. 
Checkmate Punchine
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!