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V I P - O K E R

by

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A hushed murmur floats with the smoke in the air like a London fog poured into the back room of the casino. The heavy, buttoned leather door closes slowly pinching off the show music behind you. Music which does not belong in this room. You are noticed but not recognized, and the sound of voices muffled under the low lamps dips imperceptibly acknowledging your presence as you first survey the room with your eyes then cross to table number five. Your table. One of several green felt islands of promise set in a sea of dark browns and the reds of mystery.

Today you play poker. Thinking of the next hours, the thrill, the power, the politics of poker acts on