HAND

Agony gambling: it is with unglued thumbs we track won hands, a blue tally.

Poker chit skin tags, knucklebone dice. Come blow--roll 'em--get organ-spliced.

Modular body parts are what this game's played for: the pot's a basket fingers'

intricate clasp weaves a cauldron abrim with salt dripped from the kidneys squeezing.

Plays hinges on interpreting bent knuckles, cast-off phalanges. In loss, you have to pop a valuable piece off, deep or surface, argue its worth, and plunge it in. The trick's

which bit gets bartered away: those that aren't careful to keep spare organs all end up sprawled

out limbless where their last bid meant a bad transplant, they part ways with the wrong artery

and hemorrhage. And not a drop of threat's left on the tongue. Straight flushed of bluff and blood, no pair