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## Order Up

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# ORDER UP

Elena Bishop

My enemy is my only friend, a chess game played on Sunday.

Mates having breakfast at Tom's Diner, wondering whose picking up the check.

What happens when I start thinking; I end up going the wrong way.

I think he knows my next move; we stroll down State Street.

Cigarette in hand, smoke snakes through the air looking for its prey.

My enemy is my only friend, a chess game played on Sunday.

His dark complexion drains the sun; when he smiles I know he will stay.

Fingers twirl and tangle auburn hair while hazel eyes flirt with his masculinity.

What happens when I start thinking; I end up going the wrong way.

My snake as found its way as we approach O'Malley's midday.

Orders up: two shots of tequila, dos of Dos Equis, slurs of philosophy.

My enemy is my only friend, a chess game played on Sunday.

Another round, another sip, I am the most interesting woman in the world.

Another check, another mate, this is how my Sunday plays.

What happens when I start thinking; I end up going the wrong way.

His features fade as I continued to toast; I've left him behind.

Monday morning arrives with clips of many faces, body slowed.

My enemy is my only friend, a chess game played on Sunday.

What happens when I start thinking; I end up going the wrong way.