

In the shadowed desert tiling
Stood a solitary pawn,
And if not for the lack of nothing
Even this would be long gone.

Twas in the secret marshy woods,
The sunken chessboard square:
I found an ancient bible text,
With no one there to hear.

I wrote this poem all today.
(That's what it says in this)
But in my rush, my panicked haste,
Something's gone amiss.

For in the desert tiling
My pawn stands yet unmoved.
She dreams of brilliant, knife-edge games
And one day being used.