

Outside Games

the woman's finger flicks the rook
that we won't ever see fall

just like we won't ever see
the inside games these two play

what does it matter anyway
they are dead

why else would they stay here
her gaze toward ground

and his toward sky
heaven and hell the jungle

beneath them will keep
growing though the birds

have found another place to bathe
why unicorn, skull, hands—

unnecessary questions
charcoal and pastel medium

answer: some past waiting
for its kindling and spark?

-Stephanie Choi



Joseph Holsapple
Outside Games, 2025