

Gambling

When Death came
I wore a grin
and said to him
“How’ve you bin?”
he said to me
“I want your soul.”
I said
“Let’s give the dice a roll.
If you win,
you have me all.
If you lose,
you go to Hell!”
He said to me
with a smile
“I haven’t gambled
in a while.”

I passed the dice
so he could roll
and as they fell
I felt cold
They were
four sixes and a five
I’d need five sixes
to stay alive
I picked them up
and rolled them out
and turned and left
before the shout

I gambled with
the Grim Reaper
but of my soul
I was keeper
I walked away
with a grin
said to myself
“I always win!”

By The Wolf