

woodsmoke and burnt meat.  
To have chanced and lost would have been unbearable.  
Yet what would winning have meant?  
We still hold fast our dignity and dry dreams.  
Our fictions sustain us.

## Wilfred Höet

### DICE

twelve hours a day she sits and works,  
glueing black felt dots on white toy dice  
(and this is her life)

sometimes, just for fun, she sticks them crooked  
just for fun. No one knows

one would think  
she would sometimes wonder  
who rolled these dice  
that were her life ...

but she doesn't.  
you see,  
her mind is busy glueing black felt dots on white toy dice  
and this is her life.