HAYES
MOORE
Segue is published once a year in August. We accept submissions of high quality fiction, poetry, and creative nonfiction between August 1 and April 30 (closed May through July), and writing about writing year-round via email. Before submitting, please read past issues to understand the sort of work we publish, then read our submission guidelines.

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Gaming Romantic

Nyzhnyk’s teddy bear whispered knight takes queen, and so I did so.  
It’s not like this comes easily, not like sleep or gravity, not like the words  
To that one song, so simple, simple, so true, or was it the other way around,  
Not to mention the tune, never the same twice, though differently than a river  

Like the Hudson that ran beside us, smelling like we smelled, heavily breathing  
Like we breathed. These brackish straits burning my eyes are not like  
The harmony that was so easy and easily lost. Sport comes more naturally. Buy a  

A lob followed by a hard, two-wall-corner-shot will usually do the trick, particularly  
Lategame. Nyzhnyk’s brilliance is magic. His bear not so much so. Like wild horses  
In a blazing barn, sugarless and neck-nuzzling, fuck or be fucked with shafts of fire  
Which is less a choice than a low killer that doesn’t bounce, just rolls, and there’s  
nothing left but momentum.
Author Notes

Hayes Moore moved from NYC to Cambridge to finish up a dissertation last fall. After a long hiatus, he began submitting creative writing last winter. He has had poems published in Graffiti Rag and MaryMark Press. Segue is his first on-line publication.

About the Work

“Gaming Romantic” came into its final draft through an unusually clear process for me. I was reviewing a collection of random poetic scraps, lines, images, anecdotes, ideas, and saw that I had accumulated a number of gaming motifs that seemed to reflect some truism or another about romance. I pieced them together and in that first draft I recall references to football, baseball, track and field, bobbing for apples, table-top RPGs, and of course chess. I tried mixing the images up in different ways, as non-sequiturs, maxims, a narrative, and as a sex scene told in sporty euphemism. Indecision ruled the editor and the more-or-less penultimate draft was a confused hodge-podge with a nice rhythm and some striking images that made no sense but seemed like they were trying to. I work-shopped it with the friendly and insightful people in Charles River Writers, a Boston based poetry club. I took copious notes during the workshop. As an experiment, I tried to follow every suggestion they offered. When advice conflicted, I opted for the suggestions that were closest to what I had already drafted. The result was the current, final draft.