

## *The Trifecta*

“I haven’t been here in twenty years but it’s the exact same,”

He tells me,

“When your mother and I were dating,

I took her and my grandfather here.

She had never been to the track before.

She knew nothing about horse racing.

I gave her 10 bucks and told her to bet on whoever she wanted.

Pop loved the races, but he couldn’t bet for his life.

He never won big even once.

Your mother won over 300 dollars that day.

Pop was pissed, it drove him crazy until the day he died.”

I can only imagine these people I never truly knew.

A young couple accompanying an old man to the races.

Beginner’s luck preserved only in the memories of a dead man,

two longing for their misplaced youth,

and now me.