

When I was a teenager, living on Chandler Street | dodging traffic— | sess-sliding with my
homemade * Hosoi-nose Gonzales-back skateboard— | my father the actuary stopped
me when I finally dragged home, said, * death comes in **threes**. | We talked mortality. |
Risk. | Losing a friend. * **Threes**. That's always been my experience. | I'd like to tell you
I slowed down after that talk. * It only got worse. | I am obsessed with the number three.
Threes. | Three times I check my wallet * because, once, my card was stolen— | gone. |
In front of my very eyes. * Right now in my town, | three hearses—body bags, | polished
shoes and impending grief. * Three times I speak to myself | until I realize you are star-
ing. * Look closer now | and I'll try and quit— | just tap tap tap * until the voices, |
sometimes one | sometimes two... * I know everything, | right now, | might be better
than fine. * It could all go to hell | in a basket of three hand-me-downs— | smash, illness
and demise. * Can you see the itch? | Twitch? | Tic toc... Tic? * Don't look in my medi-
cine cabinet. | Don't read the post-it notes | behind its mirror. * **3:33** | I wait by the near-
est clock— | wish and skin and bone. * But also, there are three people | I come home
to | in this house— * luv and kin. | Three of my favorite words— | **sin, win and voodoo**.
* 321 | 21 | 1 * 1 | 12 | 123 * Why? | I have tasted my karma | and triple dog dares-
this I am sure of. * I'm still walking from | these tricks— | unscathed.

Triple Dog Dares

BY JIM REESE

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