

‘Players’ by Theo H. (U6)

They laugh too loudly at their own lines,
jackets slung like trophies,
and their eyes darting around for a new exchange.

The ‘night out’ is a marketplace,
and smiles are their currency –
a wink here –
a brush there.

The laughter is looping,
and the music resets.
Is it really a game
if it never ends?