

VIST
Maybe

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Ta telefon helises. Torust kõlas vaikselt naise hääl, mis sai lühikesele jutule vastuseks naeratuse ja mühatuse. Minu uuriva pilgu peale tegi mees ettepaneku minna tema õde juurde pokkerit mängima. Ma ei olnud kunagi selles korteris käinud ja ta õde ning kõik ta sõbrad olid minu jaoks täiesti tundmatud. Kui kohale jõudsime, ootas meid tumerohelise sametiga kaetud hiiglaslik õmar laud, mille ääres istus terve kari võõraid. Kõigil olid ees suuremad või väiksemad hunnikud pokkeri žetoone ja paar mänguks tarvilikku kaarti. Nad vaatasid mind veidi võõristavalt ja tundusid üllatunud. Toas oli klaver. Malbest suveõhtusest valgusest ja suitsuvinest õrsinakas õhk oli tihe. Sametist roheline laudlina ei lubanud žetoonidel lauale kukkudes kõra teha ja vaikus tundus üle kanduvat ka neid sinna hooletult loopinud mänguritele. Töö õhtu ma pokkerit mängima ei õppinud.



Hes phone rang. When he picked up, i heard a quiet womans voice saying something for a short period of time. He answered with a smile and gave a snort of laughter. After seeing my confused face, he proposed going to a poker game at her sisters apartment. I had never been there and his sister and friends where unknown to me. When we got there, the first thing i saw was this big round table, covered with a tablecloth made of green velvet and around it where complete strangers. On the table there where poker chips. They had cards in their hands. They where looking at me with a mixture of confusion and estrangement. There was a piano in the room. The air was thick and light blue from cigaret smoke and the mildness of a summer evenings light. The velvet tablecloth let the stillness of everything remain even with chips thrown on it quite inadvertently. The stillness of the room actually permeated more than the tabelcloth. It was in everything and everyone. I didn't learn how to play poker that evening.



She rang the phone. The tube in accordance quiet voice of a woman that was on a short story for a smile and a mühatuse. My investigative look at the man proposes to his sister to play poker. I had never visited the apartment, and her sister and all her friends were completely unknown to me. When we reached the place, we waited for dark green velvet covered with a giant round table, which sat along the whole pack of strangers. All were in front of larger or smaller piles of poker chips and play a couple of useful maps. They looked at me and seemed a bit surprised vöörstavalt. Inside the Piano. Malbest suitsuvinest õrnsinakas summer night light and the air was dense. Green velvet tablecloth on the table did not allow the chips to fall from tumult and silence seemed to be passing into a negligent loopinud Gamers. Bring dinner, I never learned to play poker.



She called on her phone. A short story of a woman with a quiet voice, according to the tube was discovered. He proposed a poker game to his sister, who is an investigator of things unknown to me. We waited for the dark green velvet cover next to the strange round table. All where in front of piles of useful maps. They looked surprised in the piano. The Air was dense and the tablecloth didn't allow the chips to stop and look around. The silence told the gamers to bring dinner and i never learned to play poker.

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