

1971

The Adulteress

David Schloss

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Schloss, David. "The Adulteress." *The Iowa Review* 2.2 (1971): 18-19. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1187>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

THE ADULTERESS

She already has another lover.
Or am I wrong? Is it too much to ask
For her to be alone all day without
Weeping her deep nostalgia for the past?

The food we eat piles up behind us
Weighing tons; a children's song next door
Turns to an immense wingspan of sound;
And between one thing and another

The sun is back along its track—yes, it is
A most literate time between us . . .
Her hobby now is keeping up her figure
With a whole warehouse full of clothes.

She leans against the wall defending it
With her gift for vehemence: "Fools like you
Take everything seriously, remaining depressed
By always having just enough in every closet!"

Bitterly I pull away from her then in our room,
Her imposition of the cluttered, common space:
A world without distinct emotion—catalog
Of remonstrance, repugnance, refusals,

Reflecting mindless, self-sufficient,
The life we led—the two of us
Loving the same cheap blood we shared
With a kind of gregarious self-pity.

She would pull it down upon us with the shade
As the brittle glass behind it showed off
Its deadly shapes: images of old loves,
Her body carved up ten or fifteen ways—

As she murdered our future together . . .
Father, brother, confessor, lover: I was
All the relations—a congregation
Of the jealous blood which sustained her.

And now I can see she is emptying out
Rapidly. She'll probably go back to him
Within a week, needing someone else
To take my place, walking the streets,

Killing time, trying to sleep—a rushed
Concentration of the continual past:
As I see her face now dreaming at last
With no comfort in the aftermath.