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## The Cabalist

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the apples rotting at the curb.  
Amos needs turning.

There is beauty in your absence  
and defiance in the fields.  
The sheep have no integrity  
and the shepherds tell lies.

## THE CABALIST

The cabalist  
takes off his gloves and sits  
beside me.

He crosses his legs and rolls a cigarette  
his fingers bent  
and sonant with the task.  
I cross the room to fix us drinks.  
Last night I stood here and watched the soldiers  
laughing.  
I pause at the window.

We almost embrace  
on the way up  
through fragments of souls we fought for.  
He thanks me for the drink.

He stops a young girl in the street and asks her for directions  
puts his gloves on  
tips his hat at a passing soldier.

There's a ladder for him at the pit.  
I watch as he goes down.  
Can't see him now  
shuffling through the decomposition  
trying on coats  
slipping rings off fingers.