

1973

Poem B: Saul Is Crowned the Second Time

Meir Wieseltier

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



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Wieseltier, Meir. "Poem B: Saul Is Crowned the Second Time." *The Iowa Review* 4.2 (1973): 68-68. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1516>

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.

Poem B

SAUL IS CROWNED THE SECOND TIME

Down your curls the new oil flows;
Do you feel the hidden difference, Saul?
Can you tell oil from oil? The look on the faces in the crowd
Is not so springy now. The time that has passed
From crowning to crowning,
Like a shaft of light that cuts across a melodic strain, has
Salted the heart
Spiced the scoff
Muddled the innocence.
The “how come?” started to be heard
(At the beginning, secretly).
The “every-man-to-his-tent” floated.
The waiting filled
The brains.
The blossoming of hearts is short
In the nature of things. New
Things, but not hoped for,
Are already racing in your blood: the new
Sword, which in the future will fulfill its mission,
Given to you as a present
From legions expressing in this
Their renewed loyalty on this ceremonious occasion,
Saul.