1980

Viva James Dean

Kathy Callaway

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2647

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.
Viva James Dean · Kathy Callaway

Phillipe flew out of Paris, cursing,
in his black leather jacket
his one-eyed aviator glasses—
chasing a Dutch odalisque, his amazone
all the way to Sudan. He cried
over the Nubian desert,
sold her for kief and calvas
in the j’ma of Khartoum (arguing Céline
with the Blue Nile dealer).

He threatened Françoise
with suicide in the Trocadero,
his scarf
billowing out the seventh-floor window—
things had gone badly, crapule!
He was coaxed back in with hashish;
sold all her books, Algerian rugs,
her jewelry. Not to say
Phillipe was no good, for one day

out of the blue,
under the fists of an enraged lover
he wrapped me in his jacket,
flew me out of Paris
with a bottle of scotch for good measure.
Which only goes to show, hoopla!
that something must live
wherever the heart flourishes.