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.