

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.