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"Forgetting David Weinstock"

Gray Jacobik

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Forgetting David Weinstock

GRAY JACOBİK

Afternoons of bed, of touch, of easy talk,
 slatted venetian light,
 a bowl of floating roses on a desk.
 Copper evening radiance
 on the buildings we walked past, late meals
 in outdoor cafés, the shared
 carnival of city streets, all I swore I would
 remember, all
 I engraved in my brain with the stylus
 of intention, is now,
 for the most part, irretrievable.

What did he say the moment
 my breast bone cracked with his betrayal?
 The loss is nothing to me now—
 only his name sounds familiar. A heated
 argument, and later I broke
 into his apartment and took back a painting
 he said I'd given him.

The Theory of Multiple Universes
 says everything is always
 continuing in a world inaccessible to us,
 yet real. Each moment
 of pleasure and of anguish, torrid sex
 and horrific suffering,
 time and all possible variants, forever
 replayed. Does this thought
 console or terrify me? An autumn afternoon.

He hasn't yet said he loves me
 but I hope he will, and I've brought a painting—
 he hangs it on the wall
 opposite his bed. It's myself I want to give him.
 Slats of light through his blinds.

Blossoms of roses float in a bowl. On the tape deck
Gould's deliberate intense piano.
He reaches for a pack of Camels, brushes
my breast with his arm, stops
and kisses it, nibbles at my nipple. We smile.
He'll finish his cigarette.
We'll make love again, then go out and find
that Italian place on M Street,
dine in the back courtyard in the warm
October air. I make this up
because it has vanished, because it must have
been something like this.
Perhaps there were no blinds; that detail is too
cinematic. Maybe it wasn't October,
but April. Would he have broken off
the stems of roses and floated
the blossoms? Only a vague quick-flickering
montage of sensations.
This is Washington years ago, I am
in my twenties. He thought I'd given him
the still life: a pewter cup, three eggs, a lemon,
caught in a sharp northern light.