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"Forgetting David Weinstock"

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Forgetting David Weinstock

GRAY JACOBIK

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.