Castling

Barry Silesky

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss25/21

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
So whose story is it anyway? Which one
holds the glass of whiskey while someone else dreams
another night, twists a damp hankie
and a withered leaf of wandering jew stares
back at the next blank morning?

I want to
erase the part that stuck in the middle,
the unnamed animal escaped from the zoo
whose invidious breath seeped into dinner,
and suddenly I didn’t understand

how we got here
and the city’s lights blinked off one by one
like secret weapons in someone else’s hands.
Now I just want to start over, without any memory
of those greasy clots mining the kitchen.

Here,
let’s take a walk in the bright afternoon, really,
I like your story, that elegant gesture
of hand, the way you touch something I can’t
explain and won’t leave me alone . . .

but it’s bitter
cold, sun glaring down the razored air,
and both of us frozen with what we can’t take
back. Still, I told you once, I don’t give up
easily; it costs too much to get here—

castling,
you called it, this trading back and forth,
hands, places, all right, I’m still playing . . .