

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

*Zvi A. Sesling*

### **Beethoven In Indiana**

Two a.m. I have been driving  
thirteen, fourteen, fifteen hours  
Indiana night is black, hills blacker  
no lights in houses at this hour  
even the new moon sleeps  
stars twinkle as in a movie  
radio pulls in a piano solo of  
Beethoven's Sixth Symphony  
in the movement that a storm rages  
then calms to spring birds singing  
just as the announcer  
is about to name the pianist  
a rock station takes over  
another announcer says  
That was Twisted Sister  
faint hint of morning begins

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### Wine Glasses And Bats

Whoever invented the rack  
that holds wine glasses at a  
  
bar probably got the idea from  
from watching bats hang upside down

Bats fly out of caves at dusk  
to catch as many beetles, moths

and mosquitoes as possible  
more than a bat's own

weight – the mosquito bloated  
with human blood, carrying diseases

they pass on to birds and people are  
scooped up by bats whose unerring

sonar detects the flying insects and  
swallow the little creatures  
who may have been celebrating a  
hemoglobin meal only to suddenly

become the main course along  
with all manner of flying insects

So bat guano used as fertilizer to grow  
vegetables that feed people comes

from insects and mosquitoes that feed  
off people, a cycle as sure as the seasons

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when one enters a bar to have a cold beer  
in summer or a glass of wine – red wine

like blood – to be sipped from a glass  
hanging upside down waiting

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Memory of the Lost Soldier

Khe San or Baghdad or Kabul  
he is not forgotten—still alive they think  
someone remembers he was shipped home  
but never got there  
lost perhaps on the way  
or at arrival—maybe Rome or Paris or London  
perhaps New York or Los Angeles  
they are big enough to be lost in  
or to build from the rubble  
with drugs or without  
with alcohol or without  
finding a bed with a woman or without  
finding warmth with a fire or without  
finding something to keep him going  
or not