

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

Zvi Sesling
Bird In A Cage

*A bird that likes its cage
Has no reason to sing
--Thanh Thao*

The man who learns to love prison
has no need to be free

The man who learns to love war
has no need to seek peace

The singing bird in its cage continues
to seek its freedom

Everything dark comes out of the light
Daytime is no prison for those with sun

Night is where the dark becomes fear
Fear is the prison from which to be free

No prisons no cages except those who
build it for themselves

Note: The line "Everything dark comes
out of the light"
is from the lyrics *Color of the Skin*
by Pamela Means

Beethoven's Seventh

The street is long, dark
light from street lamps
filters through fine mist
a lone walker wears
a jacket and hat to
repel chill

Hands in jacket pocket
head down he ignores
a dog across the street
does not see the light
in the house on
Beacon Street

He is deaf to the loud
recording of Beethoven's
Seventh Symphony as
different thoughts rumble
like a train, the walker turns
heads home

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Larry's Car

Twenty years he drove that
1977 Datsun B210
Datsun didn't even think it
could last that long
a bit moldy where water
had leaked in, rust all over
the car, its brownish orange
blending with the car's blue
like Believe It Or Not, seats
torn, *A real mess anyone would say*
but he drove on refusing to dump it
he drove on until someone ran
a red light and totaled it

Now he drives a '95 Olds Achieva,
moldy where water leaked in, rust
blending with blue...