

Wilderness House Literary Review 18/2

Zvi A. Sesling
Bad Day

Clouds look like wet rags
people rush about life like

squirrels storing up for winter
trees droop under the weight of gray

happiness has flown with the gray goose
ants think they are moles

TV news reports an increase in
accidents, suicides and murder

a policeman on private detail talks
to repairmen and sucks on a popsicle

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Beloved

Beloved you are the miracle
of my life, joy in a desert of
sadness, a raft on the river
of forget, light in the forest of anger,
It is you, you who guide me as
surely as any woman has led any
man to happiness

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Book Collector

—for L.S.

He collected books, thousands to be sure
placed neatly in bookshelves
stacked on the floor four feet high
even in the kitchen piled on
tables, in cabinets, under the counter
books of all sorts on top of dressers,
bureaus, the piano and the couch: history,
psychology, religion, poetry, sports,
astronomy and more -- more like a bookstore
than living space yet he read few of them
hoping to absorb their contents by osmosis,
become scholarly