

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

Zvi A Sesling
Open Casket

That gray-yellow face
eyes closed lay in an
open casket

He looked smaller than
remembered, dressed in
gray pinstripe suit rarely worn

Rosary beads intertwined
while the living pray for
the dead

The casket is closed
buried and by many
soon forgotten

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The Fools Are Marching

The fools are marching
in the streets carrying
symbols, waving flags
counting cadence, singing
drunken songs, marching
to victory, to defeat, to
cheers or madness, they
march over cliffs, into sewers
drowning waters, cleansing
waters, the fools march as if
ignorant, they march for love
they march for hate, they march
for the past, and for the future
while in the present
they are fools marching