

Wilderness House Literary Review 17/3

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A Record Of Morning

It is best to record morning
When old things end and the new begins

A car hums into a driveway
A key clicks the door open

A bird begins the morning happily
A dog sniffs the ground for clues

The moon quietly slips into a nap
A garbage truck wakes the sun

A wolf curls into its den
A flower begins to awake

Darkness divides into shadows
Shadows follow us

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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Sad Horse

for Sue Grim

Sad horse
silent
wooden neigh
rather be sliding
up and down
that twisted pole
child on your back
music whirling you
round and round
up and down
now you are motionless
flowers in the garden
rain makes them laugh
you cry
can a wooden horse cry
memories spin
around you like the carousel
you once adorned