

Two Poems by Bernard Horn

Bernard Horn

Follow this and additional works at: <https://corescholar.libraries.wright.edu/mrr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Horn, B. (). Two Poems by Bernard Horn, *Mad River Review*, 4 (1).

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by CORE Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Mad River Review by an authorized editor of CORE Scholar. For more information, please contact corescholar@www.libraries.wright.edu, library-corescholar@wright.edu.

Bernard Horn

To My Wife

Then there was my awakening
in Ricadi to the swish and swirl
of three voices, faint, barely
above whispering, words
not perceptible at all:
women's voices, yes, yours,
Hedi's, Gabi's, too, in conversation,
syncopated with the notes
of eleven-month Roni
and nineteen-month Louis
poking in sharply, above the fluid
variations in the trio of women,
the solos, the duets, the silences, the *tzlil*,
the pitch and timbre
of each voice distinct as they slide
from earnest softness to passion to laughter
to still small chiding of the kids,
"shhhh . . . Lyla . . . sleeping," I barely discern,
". . . so's Papa," who, I figure,
could lie here listening-in
forever, doing his job,
dutifully recording it all
for you.

Above Leuk

When the pile of hollow skulls and dry bones
was discovered 100 years back
beneath the altar of the 12th century church
above Leuk, who got the job of heaping and shaping
the tangled chaos of human remains
into the even inner walls
of a chapel? Did he do his building as carefully and
rapidly as the master wall builders of Connecticut,
who worked mortarless, as they tossed
stone rubble from a cleared field perfectly
into place? Who taught him to throw in
an occasional femur here and there to make
the wall to ceiling construction entirely
self-supporting, each breathless skull, each dry bone,
holding all the others up so neatly and
economically that if one shard gave way
in an instant we would find ourselves
buried as the bones were, waiting for centuries
among the crumbling remains?