

**Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1**

*Reza Tokaloo*  
**All Bones**

All bones;  
Stacked like  
Used tires:  
Smooth,  
Bald,  
Trackless,  
Without treading,  
Without a path  
To follow.

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### Gardens of Bright Fiends

Gardens filled with bright fiends;  
Each having torn through  
Its own shell of solid oblivion,  
With their withering fragrances  
Pointing green fingers at  
Golden accusations –  
Toward the sun and the  
Afternoon's strange visitors,  
Until succumbing to the  
Lustful hungers of the  
Worms of all vices;  
Those ageless sins picked  
From an apple tree  
On that first  
Perfect weekend.

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**In the Arms of the Manitou**

Stars above the wilderness,  
Weeping silver rivers,  
Gathering crystal whispers  
To fill the resting places  
Of all ivory memories,  
As the moon-glow falls  
Across a jagged brow of stone:  
Crimson and pale;  
Sleeping silently in the  
Arms of the Manitou.

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### The Lord High God of all Right Hand Turn Signals

Jelly bean squids cannot  
Draw parallel lines  
Without hands or  
Dental floss lined  
With flecks of  
Dandelion meat for  
Scraps after a big  
Holiday meal you didn't  
Need to steal as long  
As you can feel like  
Opening up old sores  
Like peeling potatoes  
Before you mash em'  
Up like dreams  
And hopes squashed  
And pressed and  
Oppressed by  
Television and the  
Internet and outernet  
And the culture that controls  
What we see on it  
And through it like the  
Skin of jellyfish  
Like aimless snow flakes  
Surfing on a silver breeze  
In January as  
We bow our heads solemnly  
And pray to the  
Lord High God of all  
Right hand turn  
Signals.