

Wilderness House Literary Review 15/3

Niloufar Behrooz
Your Silence

As you stood in the doorway,
your silence
entered the room.

It crept
on the walls
and touched
the prudish portraits.

It stopped
the clock from ticking
and muted
all the noise outside.

And then
it slowly sat
on the chair
and stared
right into my soul
and spoke
all the words
you never said.

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First Rain

When the proud pines
zipped up their green overcoats,
The naïve barren birches
dizzily took off
their pollution masks,
And laid bare their cracked skins
To the tender touch of
The rain.

Grandma's Hair

Unbraiding her long
silver strands,
I start combing
those fickle yet unyielding roots.
Each one pregnant
with an ancient story.
Forbidden tales
Of yesterday.

The ritual
used to be different
when grandma had
younger luscious auburn hair
that would cascade down
to her waist.

Since then
her hair has grown weaker,
sparser,
thinner.
But her roots
have never been
stronger,
wiser,
and more resistant,
bearing infinite
secret passageways
to the history
of Man.

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5 Haiku

a weather for two;
how charming it was to walk
with my loneliness.

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cold winter morning--
our eyes meet in the hallway--
suddenly summer.

-

chameleon turns gold in the sun
how everyone
changes colors.

-

willows in the wind
whisper to the empty park
man's primordial secrets

-

a shroud of milk
splashed upon the horizon
the road
and your empty seat