

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Reza Tokaloo

Reenactment at the Powder House Mill

The Powder House Mill in
Somerville, Massachusetts,
Sits like a somber phalli.
A relic of some
Dead antiquity.
A group of pines and small
Oak trees whisper
At its feet.
A young musician blows
Ancient reminders
On his golden trombone.
While I load and aim
My invisible French musket
Scattering the ghosts of
Invading British soldiers
With the booming sounds
Of my mighty rifle.

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The Belgian Truffle House

Here I sit nestled in a small
Coffee shop on Broadway in
Somerville.

The morning is bright as
An afternoon,
The sounds of metal tapping
Ceramic fills the place.

Voices flow together,
Blending into a calm river.

Here I sit,
Staring through a window
At the sign for the
“Belgian Truffle House,”
Wishing that I had
Gone in and tried
One of their chocolates
Before they went
Out of business.