

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/3

Reza Tokaloo

2 Shiny Bits

Do you have 2 shiny bits,
To put inside a beggar's hat?
While he sings his parody,
Of some forgotten melody.
In the same shady place where
Last he sat.

Do you have 2 shiny bits,
To put inside a beggar's hat?
Sleeping in the mid-day like
A careless child.
Without family or friend, like a
Beast in the wild.
In the same shady place where
Last he sat.

Do you have 2 shiny bits,
To put inside a beggar's hat?
So that he can save for a
Comforting drink,
Leaving his afternoon bed, taking
With him his unbearable stink.
In the same shady place where
Last he sat.

Do you have 2 shiny bits,
To put inside a beggar's hat?
Without remarking on his worn clothes,
Or the dangling line of silver snot,
Hanging from his nose.
In the same shady place where
Last he sat.

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Green Beds

The day has awakened
Her new green beds.
As crowds of daisies proudly
Lift their heads.
While a hawk quietly spies,
And a blackbird announces lies.
When the sky's blue blanket
Gently spreads.

Beneath an April Rain

Beneath an April rain, strangers
Gather and linger.
Looking for some place to
Sit and drink.
Or a dry sanctuary to let a
Wandering pen think.
As some city driver gives me
An angry finger.

Beneath an April rain, strangers
Gather and linger.
Tossing spent cigarettes from under
Weathered eaves.
Buttoning tightly their Saturday sleeves.
As some city driver gives me
An angry finger.

Beneath an April rain, strangers
Gather and linger.
Without comfort for the passengers
Inside their wet shoes.
While the sky's silver bandits fall
With nothing to lose.
As some city driver gives me
An angry finger.

Beneath an April rain, strangers
Gather and linger.
Looking for another face to collude.
Leaving the temporary service
Of solitude.
As some city driver gives me
An angry finger.