

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

*Reza Tokaloo*

### **Faces Falling from the Air**

Strange faces fall from the air.  
Hiding the battered guises we all wear.  
That shields us from voracious solitudes  
And the apparitions that we scare.

### **Hammer Taunts the Bell**

The hammer taunts the bell.  
Casting an afternoon spell.  
From a magician's azure hat,  
Near a tree whose autumn leaves all fell.

### **Waters of Hunger**

Drink slowly the waters of hunger.  
Of which, our beaten lips are never quenched.  
Like the ancient fist that remains ever clenched.  
Its antique hate always pretending to be younger.  
Crystal ecclesiasts seek new miracles to measure.  
Ticking time-bomb afternoon explodes.  
Piling shrapnel and bones into heavy loads.  
Until every apparition loses its golden treasure.  
Pigeons murder a magician for his Saturday tricks.  
Children gather at the foot of a Turkish puppeteer.  
Wandering through strange bazaars without fear.  
A secret shadow observes the beds a shadow picks.  
In our eyes, appetites always are seething.  
Seeking something clear and sweet inside the glass,  
As every strange face makes a sauntering pass.  
While we listen to our mother's worn lungs deeply breathing.