

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

Reza Tokaloo

Silver Breasts

Green sermons slowly becoming brown psalms.

The highway of creeping eyes never rests.

Withering limbs extending up-turned palms,

To hold shimmering faces, tightly pressing silver breasts.

Jagged Silhouettes

Orange horizons swallow
Jagged silhouettes.
While their feet rest
On rivers of black-azure
Rippling like satin blankets.
Shadows march in
Eccentric parades,
Casually remarking on
The attire of strangers.
Until every bottle
Of wine has evacuated
Its blood from their
Glass prisons.
I don't have wings,
But I want to fly.
Toward that strange
Parisian sky.
How de know if we
Have seen God?

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Ocean of Silent Galaxies

Dust particles float
Through a river of
Morning sunlight;
Ocean of silent
Galaxies.