

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Reza Tokaloo

Framework of Our Bones

Sunlight falls on face,
Revealing gold stones.
Rows of burning grace,
Framework of our bones.

Herds of sidewalks roll,
Raising souls of feet.
Fall from lip to bowl,
Spilling onto street.

Spring cues hold mountains,
By their jagged heels.
Tears rise like fountains,
Against cheeks each feels.

Build a splendid cage,
Housing precious days.
Trapping your doomed age,
Where every dream plays.

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Feasts of Horizons

Horizons hungrily feast
On all of our shadows.
The crumbs fall from
Azure lips and scatter
Like stars above
Plymouth Harbor in
Warm Aprils,
Reflecting in the eye
Of a small boy
Looking for the
Meaning of betrayal.

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The Freshly Mowed Grass

Sunlight hangs on trimmed blades
Of grass – crucified by the
Afternoon's hammer-
We use to run across
After it was freshly mowed.

We made pretend we
Were pro-wrestlers on that
Freshly mowed grass,

We would run and hide in a
Twisting garden on that
Freshly mowed grass,

And someone cried behind a tree
After a grandmother died
Near that freshly mowed grass.