

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Reza Tokaloo

Death for Tea

Looking down at my
Murky brew,
I wonder how many
Different forms of life
Could drown
In my tea?
Is it possible that
A million lives
Are sacrificed in order
For me to enjoy
This sweet warm drink?
Aren't all deaths
Real deaths?
I guess we never
Think about
These things – we
Never worry.
Because we know
We won't drown
In a mug of tea.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Potato Chip Umbrella

Potato chip umbrella snorting
Loudly due to a sniffing nose
Saturday night headache spleen
Really keen on having a tea
And a donut-muffin for lunch with
A side of concrete hollowed out
By dreary conversation overheard
By monotonous dromedaries looking
For new deserts as eyes behind a
Pair of dark sunglasses enjoy a
Set of smooth legs stretching and
Bending while becoming wider as you
Look higher toward her thighs.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Somewhere in the Peruvian Andes

Pale skull naked of its epidermal
Mask angry napkins with
Paper spine hyper-extended
45 degrees until a gentle
Popping sound is heard below
The equator somewhere in the
Peruvian Andes dancing
In isolated circles
With the spirits of birds
Drunk with honey wine
And peyote with faces
Decorated in gray clay
And stolen furniture
And speed bumps and frozen
Elevators and tractors
And S.W.A.T. teams practicing
Assassination drills in
City playgrounds being watched
By type-writers milking pigeons
As they defecate down the
Sides of a bronze monument.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Sun-Bathing Hub Cap

Plastic hub-cap sun bathing
Along a broken highway –
Northbound on the 93 –
Painted silver to appear
Chrome and beautiful.
As the sun burns a bed
Of pale dirt and
Broken glass,
Speaking the wasted dialects
Of
Lumbering traffic.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Forced to Pray

Rain forces shadows to pray.
Drowning all the Joan's of Arcs,
As lucid years leave their marks,
Bending rainbows and knees all the way.

Naked nostrils coughing fumes,
Repulsive snake on belly slides,
Along Eve's wicked sides,
While Adam runs amok through God's rooms.

Silver prayers feast on brains,
Of all the good little sinners,
Who wait in line to be the next winners,
Losing faith as a sink slowly drains.

Contemptible statue with tight collar,
Filled with words of begging praise,
Forgotten seeds of the first garden's days,
Ending sermon with a request for a dollar.

(Or two.)