

**Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2**

*Reza Tokaloo*

**“Nourishing Our Concrete Gardens”**

Azure faces bronzed by  
Indecisions nourishing our  
Concrete gardens;  
Those cold man-made  
Landscapes we have constructed  
Out of our own delusions,  
And inadequacies,  
That we use to measure  
Our happiness – and joys –  
With the happiness of strangers.

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**"I Doubt it fell for My Story"**

I spent four hours trying to  
Convince a shadow,  
In the corner of my living room,  
That I was really a turtle.  
The shadow, cut from a beam of  
Late morning sun, lay draped –  
Partly across a small vintage  
Reading chair; the rest of its  
Form sprawled across a  
Yellowish-brown wooden floor –  
Lingering in a cynical silence.  
I doubt it fell for my story.

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“The Coming Day”

Eyes becoming dim,  
Bright snakes turning gray,  
In twilight they swim,  
By morning they pray,  
Not to *her* or *him*,  
But the coming day.