

*tiny wren lit*

*Self-Portrait As Anticipation*

folding tents  
holding, tense

Frances Boyle

*Self-Portrait as Poem*

After midnight a parade of stars  
is a silent song,

a performance  
for swallows basking in petrichor.

The wind is a conductor  
turning tender shadows into a circus  
of elephants.

How they mirror my relevance.  
How they armor me against

the drums of war,  
against the vacant pews in the sky.

After midnight the moon is a fulcrum  
against blue.

The night needle is sweet with heroin.  
I am alive with rhyme.

Natalie Marino

*Peace*

Slumped  
and holding up

a palm  
with a white flower

spiked through it  
like a nail,

I am the lily

pleading,

“Stop,”

though no one ever does.

Chris Bullard

*self-portrait without container*

We're so brief. The best

of me was gifted from people

who no longer are. I'm giving them

back to them. I'm back at the start,

happening again.

Cheyenne Avila

## *All Poems Are Ghosts*

Arriving in 2023

a print anthology  
of tiny, haunting poems

with guest editor  
Louisa Schnaithmann



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